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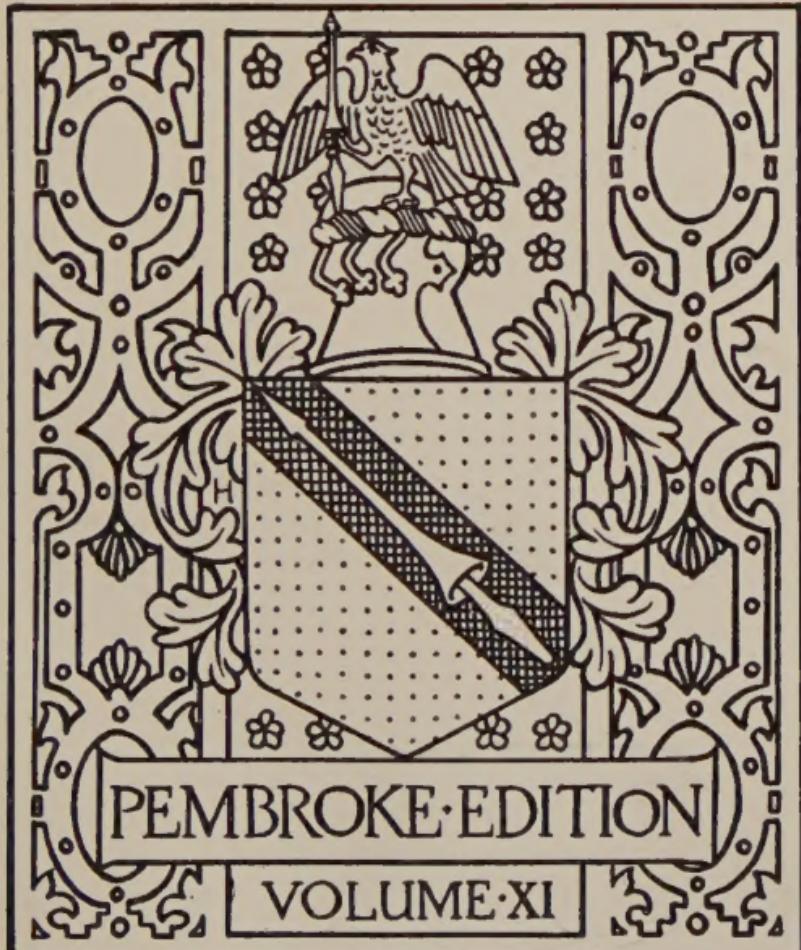




## THE PAGE BUST

Mr. William Page, a well-known artist of New York, made a bust of Shakespeare in 1875 from the Death Mask, in Darmstadt, with reference also to the Stratford Bust,— which tallies closely in measurement,— the Droeshout Engraving, and the Chandos Portrait. The result is a more pleasing and natural expression than that of the Death Mask, and an excellent composite likeness of the poet. A copy of this done in crayon is the original of the present engraving.

# SHAKESPEARE'S COMPLETE WORKS



THOMAS Y CROWELL  
& COMPANY NEW YORK

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## *EXPLANATORY*

### *Text.*

First Folio, 1623.

### *Line Numbering.*

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

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Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

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In margins, thus, *1 blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

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1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; Qq. equals all early Quartos.

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# THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE

First printed in First Folio, 1623



## INTRODUCTION ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

‘THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE’ is a ‘tragedie’ only in its initial situations and trend, the *finale* being pleasing and romantic. Like the story of Othello, the devoted wife suffers through misguided jealousy on the part of her lord, but is rescued from the sinister fate which overwhelms Desdemona.

Imogen, daughter of Cymbeline, King of Britain, weds Posthumus, a gentleman at court, who is banished for his presumption. Posthumus goes to Rome, where he meets a treacherous Italian, Iachimo, who wagers that Imogen, in common with all women, is open to temptation. Posthumus consents to a trial, and the Italian goes to the British court and makes advances to Imogen.

Not succeeding, Iachimo is driven to trickery. He gains secret entrance into her apartments (Act II) and obtains a description of her person, together with a bracelet, which he uses to convince Posthumus of her guilt.

The misguided husband sends an order that his wife shall be put to death (Act III); but she flees from court disguised in male attire, thus escaping also from the malignity of the queen, her stepmother, and the persecution of the queen’s son, Cloten. The fugitive

## CYMBELINE

takes refuge in a cave and is sheltered by supposed peasants.

Cloten pursues Imogen (Act IV) and is slain by one of her hosts. She takes a sleeping-potion treacherously prepared by the queen, and is overcome by a death-like slumber. On awakening she is led to believe her husband dead, and she joins a Roman army.

Cymbeline's forces engage and rout the Romans (Act V). Iachimo and Imogen are taken prisoners. The Italian reveals his villainy, and Imogen is restored to the pardoned Posthumus, who had fought on the British side. The supposed peasants of the cave prove to be an exiled nobleman and the king's two long-lost sons.

### SOURCES

The plot of 'Cymbeline' must be divided into three threads in order to trace its sources. In other words, the play represents a deft interweaving of widely separated strands.

(1) The story of the trial of a wife's chastity was well adapted to the romancers of the days of chivalry, when brave knights left their castles and rode far in quest of adventure, while their fair ladies remained alone to guard the fireside. We find several versions of the tale, one of the earliest being a French romance by Gerbert de Montruil, entitled 'The Romance of the Violet' (about 1225). This may have been the ultimate source of a story told by Boccaccio in his 'Decameron,' the argument of which is as follows: 'Bernabo of Genoa, duped by Ambrogiuolo, loseth his good and commandeth that his innocent wife be put to death. She escapeth and serveth the Soldan in a man's habit. Here she lighteth upon the deceiver of

## INTRODUCTION

her husband and bringeth the latter to Alexandria, where her traducer being punished, she resumeth woman's apparel and returneth with her husband, rich.' Boccaccio's story also tells that the traducer obtained his falsely used evidence by being conveyed into the lady's chamber in a chest ; and his points of description tally with those employed by Iachimo.

Shakespeare, therefore, must have been directly or indirectly indebted to Boccaccio for this portion of 'Cymbeline.' No English version of the 'Decameron' is known to have existed before Shakespeare's time. A crude version of the tale in 1518 was described by Steevens. And still another appeared in a tract called 'Westward for Smelts' (1620). German and Scandinavian stories of 'The Four Merchants ; or, The Virtuous Wife,' current about this time, were probably founded on the French rather than the Italian.

(2) Imogen's adventures, her persecution by her stepmother, her flight to the forest and pleasant life in the cave, and her death-trance, are elements not found in the above sources. The playwright may have found this material ready to his hand in the folk-lore stories of his day, a notably close parallel being given in the tale of 'Snow-white' found in English fairy-tales.

(3) The episode of early British history is based upon Holinshed's 'Chronicles.' But the few incidents which the historian records are so sparingly used as to be scarcely worth mentioning. They amount to the use of the king's name and period, and his relations with the Romans. The mere names of Guiderius and Arviragus are mentioned, as also is that of Imogen.

The scattered and scanty material thus brought together and molded into a symmetrical drama affords



# THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE

T.C. I.

## [DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CYMBELINE, *king of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, } sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the  
ARVIRAGUS, } names of Polydore and Cadwal, sup-  
posed sons to Morgan.

PHILARIO, friend to Posthumus, } Italians.

IACHIMO, friend to Philario,

CAIUS LUCIUS, general of the Roman forces.

PISANIO, servant to Posthumus.

CORNELIUS, a physician.

A Roman Captain.

Two British Captains.

A Frenchman, friend to Philario.

Two Lords of Cymbeline's court.

Two Gentlemen of the same.

Two Gaolers.

QUEEN, wife to Cymbeline.

IMOGEN, daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.

HELEN, a lady attending on Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, a Sooth-sayer, a Dutchman, a Spaniard, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Apparitions.

SCENE: *Britain; Rome.]*

# THE TRAGEDIE OF CYMBELINE



*Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*

[*Britain. The garden of Cymbeline's palace.*] ]

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1. Gent.*

YOU do not meet a man but Frownes.  
Our bloods<sup>1</sup> no more obey the Heavens  
Then our Courtiers: <sup>1</sup>temperaments  
Still seeme, as do's the Kings.

*2. Gent.* But what's the matter?

*1. [Gent.]* His daughter, and the heire of's king-dome (whom |  
He purpos'd to his wives sole Sonne, a Widdow 10  
That late he married) hath referr'd her selfe  
Unto a poore, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,  
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all  
Is outward sorrow, though I thinke the King  
Be touch'd at very heart.

*2 [Gent.]* None but the King?

4-6. 2 ll. ending bloods, courtiers—Rowe.

7. Kings: king—KNIGHT.

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1 [Gent.] He that hath lost her too: so is the Queene,  
 That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,  
 Although they weare their faces to the bent  
 Of the Kings lookes, hath a heart that is not      20  
 Glad at the thing they scowle at.

2 [Gent.] And why so?

1 [Gent.] He that hath miss'd the Princesse, is a thing  
 Too bad, for bad report: and he that hath her,  
 (I meane, that married her, alacke good man,  
 And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,  
 As to seeke through the Regions of the Earth  
 For one, his like; there would be something failing  
 In him, that should compare. I do not thinke,  
 So faire an Outward,<sup>1</sup> and such stiffe Within <sup>1 outside</sup>  
 Endowes a man, but hee.      31

2 [Gent.] You speake him farre.<sup>2</sup> <sup>2</sup> praise him highly

1 [Gent.] I do extend him (Sir) within himselfe,  
 Crush him together, rather then unfold  
 His measure duly.

2 [Gent.] What's his name, and Birth?

1 [Gent.] I cannot delve him to the roote: His  
 Father |

Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did joyne his Honor  
 Against the Romanes, with *Cassibulan*,  
 But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom      40  
 He serv'd with Glory, and admir'd Successe:  
 So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.

And had (besides this Gentleman in question)  
 Two other Sonnes, who in the Warres o'th'time  
 Dy'de with their Swords in hand. For which, their Father  
 Then old, and fond of yssue, tooke such sorrow  
 That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady

39. *Cassibulan*: Cassibelan, and so throughout—2-4F.

Bigge of this Gentleman (our Theame) deceast  
 As he was borne. The King he takes the Babe  
 To his protection, cals him *Posthumus Leonatus*,   50  
 Breedes him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,  
 Puts to him all the Learnings that his time  
 Could make him the receiver of, which he tooke  
 As we do ayre, fast as 'twas ministred,  
 And in's Spring, became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court  
 (Which rare it is to do) most prais'd, most lov'd,  
 A sample to the yongest: to th'more Mature,  
 A glasse that feated<sup>1</sup> them: and to the graver, <sup>1</sup>fashioned  
 A Childe that guided Dotards. To his Mistris,  
 (For whom he now is banish'd) her owne price   60  
 Proclaimes how she esteem'd him; and his Vertue  
 By her election may be truly read, what kind of man he is.

2 [Gent.] I honor him, even out of your report.  
 But pray you tell me, is she sole childe to'th'King?

1 [Gent.] His onely childe:  
 He had two Sonnes (if this be worth your hearing,  
 Marke it) the eldest of them, at three yeares old  
 I'th'swathing cloathes, the other from their Nursery  
 Were stolne, and to this houre, no ghesse in knowledge  
 Which way they went.                                   70

2 [Gent.] How long is this ago?

1 [Gent.] Some twenty yeares.

2 [Gent.] That a Kings Children should be so con-  
 vey'd, |  
 So slackely guarded, and the search so slow  
 That could not trace them.

1 [Gent.] Howsoere, 'tis strange,  
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at:  
 Yet is it true Sir.

2 [Gent.] I do well beleeve you.

1 [Gent.] We must forbeare. Heere comes the Gentleman, | 80  
The Queene, and Princesse. *Exeunt*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Enter the Queene, Posthumus, and Imogen.*

Qn. No, be assur'd you shall not finde me (Daughter)  
After the slander of most Step-Mothers,  
Evill-ey'd unto you. You're my Prisoner, but  
Your Gaoler shall deliver you the keyes  
That locke up your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,  
So soone as I can win th'offended King,  
I will be knowne your Advocate: marry yet 90  
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good  
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what patience  
Your wisedome may informe you.

Post. 'Please your Highnesse,  
I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the perill:  
Ile fetch a turne about the Garden, pitting  
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King 98  
Hath charg'd you should not speake together. *Exit*

Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds? My deerest Husband,  
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing  
(Alwayes reserv'd my holy duty) what  
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,  
And I shall heere abide the hourely shot  
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,  
But that there is this Jewell in the world,

82. *Scena Secunda: out-ROWE.*

84. Qn.: misprint 1F.

99-100. new l. at Dissembling—CAPELL.

That I may see againe.

*Post.* My Queene, my Mistris:  
 O Lady, weepe no more, least I give cause      110  
 To be suspected of more tendernes  
 Then doth become a man. I will remaine  
 The loyall'st husband, that did ere plight troth.  
 My residence in Rome, at one *Filorio's*,  
 Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me  
 Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)  
 And with mine eyes, Ile drinke the words you send,  
 Though Inke be made of Gall.

*Enter Queene.*

*Qu.* Be briefe, I pray you:      120  
 If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not  
 How much of his displeasure: [*Aside*] yet Ile move him  
 To walke this way: I never do him wrong,  
 But he do's buy my Injuries, to be Friends:  
 Payes deere for my offences.      [Exit.]

*Post.* Should we be taking leave  
 As long a terme as yet we have to live,  
 The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:  
 Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,      130  
 Such parting were too petty. Looke heere (Love)  
 This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (Heart)  
 But keepe it till you woo another Wife,  
 When *Imogen* is dead.

*Post.* How, how? Another?  
 You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,  
 And seare up my embracements from a next,  
 With bonds of death. [*Putting on the ring.*] Remaine,  
 remaine thou heere, |

114. *Filorio's: Philario's-Rowe.*

While sense can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,  
 As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you      140  
 To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles  
 I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,  
 It is a Manacle of Love, Ile place it  
 Upon this fayrest Prisoner.

[Putting a bracelet upon her arm.]

*Imo.* O the Gods!.  
 When shall we see againe?

*Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.*

*Post.* Alacke, the King.

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoyd hence, from my sight:  
 If after this command thou fraught the Court      150  
 With thy unworthiness, thou dyest. Away,  
 Thou'rt poyson to my blood.

*Post.* The Gods protect you,  
 And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:  
 I am gone.

*Exit.* .

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
 More sharpe then this is.

*Cym.* O disloyall thing,  
 That should'st repayre my youth, thou heap'st      160  
 A yeares age on mee.

*Imo.* I beseech you Sir,  
 Harme not your selfe with your vexation,  
 I am senselesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare  
 Subdues all pangs, all feares.

*Cym.* Past Grace? Obedience?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.

*Cym.* That might'st have had  
 The sole Sonne of my Queene.

*Imo.* O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,  
And did avoyd a Puttocke.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>kite 170

*Cym.* Thou took'st a Begger, would'st have made my  
Throne, a Seate for basenesse.

*Imo.* No, I rather added a lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vilde one!

*Imo.* Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:  
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is  
A man, worth any woman: Over-buyes mee  
Almost the summe he payes.

*Cym.* What? art thou mad?

180

*Imo.* Almost Sir: Heaven restore me: would I were  
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*  
Our Neighbour-Shepheards Sonne.

*Enter Queene.*

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing;  
They were againe together: you have done  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*Qu.* Beseech your patience: Peace  
Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soveraigne, 190  
Leave us to our selves, and make your self some comfort  
Out of your best advice.

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day, and being aged  
Dye of this Folly.      *Exit [Cymbeline and Lords].*

*Enter Pisaniō.*

*Qu.* Fye, you must give way:  
Heere is your Servant. How now Sir? What newes?

*Pisa.* My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

*Qu.* Hah?

200

No harme I trust is done?

*Pisa.* There might have beene,  
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,  
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted  
By Gentlemen, at hand.

*Qu.* I am very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part  
To draw upon an Exile. O brave Sir,  
I would they were in Affricke both together,  
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke      210  
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

*Pisa.* On his command: he would not suffer mee  
To bring him to the Haven: left these Notes  
Of what commands I should be subject too,  
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

*Qu.* This hath beene  
Your faithfull Servant: I dare lay mine Honour  
He will remaine so.

*Pisa.* I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

*Qu.* Pray walke a-while.

220

*Imo.* About some halfe houre hence,  
Pray you speake with me;  
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboord.  
For this time leave me.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

[Scene ii. *The same. A public place.*]

*Enter Clotten, and two Lords.*

1. [Lord] Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shirt; the  
Vio- lence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice:

222-4. 2 ll. ending least, me—CAPELL.

1. *Scena Tertia:* out—ROWE.

2. *Clotten:* Cloten—ROWE.

where | ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so | wholesome as that you vent.

*Clot.* If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.  
Have I hurt him?

2 [Lord] [Aside] No faith: not so much as his patience. |

1 [Lord] Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee | not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt. | II

2 [Lord] [Aside] His Steele was in debt, it went o'th' Backe-side the | Towne.

*Clot.* The Villaine would not stand me.

2 [Lord] [Aside] No, but he fled forward still, toward your face. |

1 [Lord] Stand you? you have Land enough of your owne: |

But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 [Lord] [Aside] As many Inches, as you have Oceans (Puppies.) |

*Clot.* I would they had not come betweene us.

2 [Lord] [Aside] So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole | you were upon the ground. 21

*Clot.* And that shee should love this Fellow, and refuse mee.

2 [Lord] [Aside] If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd. |

1 [Lord] Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine | go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I have seene | small reflection of her wit.

2 [Lord] [Aside] She shines not upon Fooles, least the reflection |

Should hurt her.

*Clot.* Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had  
beene some hurt done. 31

*2 [Lord] [Aside]* I wish not so, unlesse it had bin  
the fall of an Asse, | which is no great hurt.

*Clot.* You'l go with us?

*1 [Lord]* Ile attend your Lordship.

*Clot.* Nay come, let's go together.

*2 [Lord]* Well my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

### Scena Quarta.

[Scene iii. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

*Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.*

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'th' Haven,  
And questioned'st every Saile: if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost  
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pisa.* It was his Queene, his Queene.

*Imo.* Then wav'd his Handkerchiefe? 10

*Pisa.* And kist it, Madam.

*Imo.* Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:  
And that was all?

*Pisa.* No Madam: for so long  
As he could make me with his eye, or eare,  
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe  
The Decke, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchife,  
Still waving, as the fits and stirres ot's mind  
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,  
How swift his Ship.

*Imo.* Thou should'st have made him 20  
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left  
To after-eye him.

I. Scena Quarta: out-Rowe.

*Pisa.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings;  
Crack'd them, but to looke upon him, till the dimi-  
nation |

Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:  
Nay, followed him, till he had melted from  
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then  
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisanio*,  
When shall we heare from him. 30

*Pisa.* Be assur'd Madam,  
With his next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him  
How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,  
Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,  
The Shees of Italy should not betray  
Mine Interest, and his Honour: or have charg'd him  
At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,  
T'encounter me with Orisons, for then 40  
I am in Heaven for him: Or ere I could,  
Give him that parting kisse, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,  
And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,  
Shakes all our buddes from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*La.* The Queene (Madam)  
Desires your Highnesse Company.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,  
I will attend the Queene. 50

*Pisa.* Madam, I shall.

*Exeunt.*

*Scena Quinta.*

[Scene iv. *Rome. Philario's house.*]

*Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.*

*Iach.* Beleeve it Sir, I have seene him in Britaine; hee was then of a Crescent note, expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I could then have look'd on him, without the help of Admiration, though the Catalogue of his endowments had bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

*Phil.* You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd, then now hee is, with that which makes him both without, and within. 12

*French.* I have seene him in France: wee had very many there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as hee.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter, wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the matter.

*French.* And then his banishment. 20

*Iach.* I, and the approbation of those that weepe this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him, be it but to fortifie her judgement, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a Begger without lesse quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourne with you? How creepes acquaintance?

*Phil.* His Father and I were Souldiers together, to whom I have bin often bound for no lesse then my life.

1. *Scena Quinta: out--Rowe.*

*Enter Posthumus.*

29

Heere comes the Britaine. Let him be so entertained among'st you, as suites with Gentlemen of your knowing, to a Stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better knowne to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a Noble Friend of mine. How Worthy he is, I will leave to appeare hereafter, rather then story him in his owne hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have knowne togither in Orleance.

*Post.* Since when, I have bin debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still. 39

*French.* Sir, you o're-rate my poore kindnesse, I was glad I did attone<sup>1</sup> my Countryman and you: it had beene pitty you should have beene put together, with so mortall a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and triviall a nature. <sup>1</sup>reconcile

*Post.* By your pardon Sir, I was then a young Traveller, rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, then in my every action to be guided by others experiences: but upon my mended judgement (if I offend to say it is mended) my Quarrell was not altogether slight. 49

*French.* Faith yes, to be put to the arbiterment of Swords, and by such two, that would by all likelyhood have confounded<sup>2</sup> one the other, or have falne both.

*Iach.* Can we with manners, aske what was the difference? <sup>2</sup>destroyed

*French.* Safely, I thinke, 'twas a contention in publicke, which may (without contradiction) suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman, at that time vouching (and

30. *Britaine:* Briton, and so throughout—2 THEOBALD.

48. *offend:* offend not—ROWE.

upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more Faire, Vertuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and lesse attemptible then any, the rarest of our Ladies in Fraunce.

63

*Iach.* That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's opinion by this, worne out.

*Post.* She holds her Vertue still, and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so farre preferre her, 'fore ours of Italy.

*Posth.* Being so farre provok'd as I was in France: I would abate her nothing, though I professe my selfe her Adorer, not her Friend.

71

*Iach.* As faire, and as good: a kind of hand in hand comparison, had beeene something too faire, and too good for any Lady in Britanie; if she went before others. I have seene as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could not beleeve she excelled many: but I have not seene the most pretious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

*Post.* I prais'd her, as I rated her: so do I my Stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteeme it at? 80

*Post.* More then the world enjoyes.

*Iach.* Either your unparagon'd Mistirs is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be solde or giuen, or if there were wealth enough for the purchases, or merite for the guift. The other is not a thing for sale, and onely the guift of the Gods.

*Iach.* Which the Gods have given you?

*Post.* Which by their Graces I will keepe. 89

*Iach.* You may weare her in title yours: but you

61. *Constant, Qualified:* constant-qualified—STEEVENS.

74. *Britanie:* Britain—JOHNSON. 76. *not:* not but—MALONE.

82. *Mistirs:* misprint iF.

85. *or if:* if—ROWE. *purchases:* purchase—ROWE.

I know strange Fowle light upon neighbouring Ponds.  
Your Ring may be stolne too, so your brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one is but fraile, and the other Casuall;. A cunning Thiefe, or a (that way) accomplish'd Courtier, would hazzard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy, containes none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince<sup>1</sup> the Honour of my Mistris: if in the holding or losse of that, you terme her fraile, I do nothing doubt you have store of Theeves, notwithstanding I feare not my Ring. 1 overcome 101

*Phil.* Let us leave heere, Gentlemen?

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy Signior I thanke him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your faire Mistris; make her go backe, even to the yeilding, had I admittance, and opportunitie to friend.

*Post.* No, no. 110

*Iach.* I dare thereupon pawne the moytie of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my opinion o're-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, then her Reputation. And to barre your offence heerein to, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

*Post.* You are a great deale abus'd<sup>2</sup> in too bold a perswasion, and I doubt not you sustaine what y'are worthy of, by your Attempt. 2 deceived

*Iach.* What's rhat? 120

*Posth.* A Repulse though your Attempt (as you call it) deserve more; a punishment too.

*Phi.* Gentlemen enough of this, it came in too so-

dainely, let it dye as it was borne, and I pray you be better acquainted.

*Iach.* Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbors on th' approbation<sup>1</sup> of what I have spoke, <sup>1</sup>attestation

*Post.* What Lady would you chuse to assaile? 128

*Iach.* Yours, whom in constancie you thinke stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousands Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more advantage then the opportunitie of a second conference, and I will bring from thence, that Honor of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

*Posthumus.* I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I holde deere as my finger, 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are a Friend, and there in the wiser: if you buy Ladies flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot presevre it from tainting; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you feare. 141

*Posthu.* This is but a custome in your tongue: you beare a graver purpose I hope.

*Iach.* I am the Master of my speeches, and would under-go what's spoken, I sweare.

*Posthu.* Will you? I shall but lend my Diamond till your returne: let there be Covenants drawne between's. My Mistris exceeds in goodnesse, the hugenesse of your unworthy thinking. I dare you to this match: heere's my Ring. 150

*Phil.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the Gods it is one: if I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the deerest bodily part of your Mistris: my ten thousand Duckets are yours,

130. *thousands:* thousand-3-4F.

138. *a Friend:* afraid-THEOBALD.

139-40. *presevre:* preserve-2-4F.

so is your Diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; Shee your Jewell, this your Jewell, and my Gold are yours: provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

*Post.* I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us: onely thus farre you shall answe, if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevayl'd, I am no further your Enemy, shee is not worth our debate. If shee remaine unseduc'd, you not making it appeare otherwise: for your ill opinion, and th'assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

*Iach.* Your hand, a Covenant: wee will have these things set downe by lawfull Counsell, and straight away for Britaine, least the Bargaine should catch colde, and sterue: I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

171  
*Post.* Agreed. [*Exeunt Posthumus and Iachimo.*]

*French.* Will this hold, thinke you.

*Phil.* Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

*Exeunt*

### Scena Sexta.

[Scene v. *Britain.* A room in Cymbeline's palace.]

*Enter Queene, Ladies, and Cornelius.*

*Qu.* Whiles yet the dewe's on ground,  
Gather those Flowers,  
Make haste. Who ha's the note of them?

*Lady.* I Madam.

*Queen.* Dispatch.

*Exit Ladies.*

170. sterue: starve—3-4F.

1. *Scena Sexta:* out—Rowe.

174-5. prose—CAPELL.

3-4. 1 l.—Rowe.

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those drugges?  
*Cor.* Pleaseth your Highnes, I: here they are, Madam:

[Presenting a small box.]

But I beseech your Grace, without offence      10  
 (My Conscience bids me aske) wherefore you have  
 Commanded of me these most poysous Compounds,  
 Which are the moovers of a languishing death:  
 But though slow, deadly.

*Qu.* I wonder, Doctor,  
 Thou ask'st me such a Question: Have I not bene  
 Thy Pupill long? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
 To make Perfumes? Distill? Preserve? Yea so,  
 That our great King himselfe doth woo me oft  
 For my Confectiones? Having thus farre proceeded, 20  
 (Unlesse thou think'st me divellish) is't not meete  
 That I did amplifie my judgement in  
 Other Conclusions?<sup>1</sup> I will try the forces <sup>1</sup> experiments  
 Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as  
 We count not worth the hanging (but none humane)  
 To try the vigour of them, and apply  
 Allayments to their Act, and by them gather  
 Their severall vertues, and effects.

*Cor.* Your Highnesse  
 Shall from this practise, but make hard your heart: 30  
 Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
 Both noysome, and infectious.

*Qu.* O content thee.

*Enter Pisano.*

[*Aside*] Heere comes a flattering Rascall, upon him  
 Will I first worke: Hee's for his Master,  
 And enemy to my Sonne. How now *Pisanio*?

25. *humane: human*—Rowe.

Doctor, your service for this time is ended,  
Take your owne way.

*Cor.* [Aside] I do suspect you, Madam, 40  
But you shall do no harme.

*Qu.* [To Pisanio] Hearke thee, a word.

*Cor.* [Aside] I do not like her. She doth thinke she  
ha's |

Strange ling'ring poysons: I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice, with  
A drugge of such damn'd Nature. Those she ha's,  
Will stupifie and dull the Sense a-while,  
Which first (perchance) shee'l prove on Cats and Dogs,  
Then afterward up higher: but there is  
No danger in what shew of death it makes, 50  
More then the locking up the Spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect: and I, the truer,  
So to be false with her.

*Qu.* No further service, Doctor,  
Untill I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave. *Exit.*

*Qu.* Weepes she still (saist thou?)  
Dost thou thinke in time <sup>1 become cool</sup>  
She will not quench,<sup>1</sup> and let instructions enter 60  
Where Folly now possesses? Do thou worke:  
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Sonne,  
Ile tell thee on the instant, thou art then  
As great as is thy Master: Greater, for  
His Fortunes all lye speechlesse, and his name  
Is at last gaspe. Returne he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is: To shift his being,<sup>2</sup> <sup>2 dwelling</sup>  
Is to exchange one misery with another,

And every day that comes, comes to decay  
 A dayes worke in him. What shalt thou expect 70  
 To be depender on a thing that leanes?  
 Who cannot be new built, nor ha's no Friends'  
 So much, as but to prop him? [The Queen drops the  
 box: Pisano takes it up.] Thou tak'st up |  
 Thou know'st not what: But take it for thy labour,  
 It is a thing I made, which hath the King  
 Five times redeem'd from death. I do not know  
 What is more Cordiall.<sup>1</sup> Nay, I prythee take it,  
 It is an earnest of a farther good <sup>1</sup>reviving to the spirits  
 That I meane to thee. Tell thy Mistris how  
 The case stands with her: doo't, as from thy selfe; 80  
 Thinke what a chance thou changest on, but thinke  
 Thou hast thy Mistris still, to boote, my Sonne,  
 Who shall take notice of thee. Ile move the King  
 To any shape of thy Preferment, such  
 As thou'l desire: and then my selfe, I cheefely,  
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
 To loade thy merit richly. Call my women.

Exit Pisa. |

Thinke on my words. A slye, and constant knave,  
 Not to be shak'd: the Agent for his Master, 89  
 And the Remembrancer<sup>2</sup> of her, to hold <sup>2</sup>be who reminds  
 The hand-fast<sup>3</sup> to her Lord. I have given him that,  
 Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
 Of Leidgers<sup>4</sup> for her Sweete: and which, she after  
 Except she bend her humor, shall be assur'd  
 To taste of too.                   <sup>3</sup>engagement   <sup>4</sup>ambassadors

*Enter Pisano, and Ladies.*

So, so: Well done, well done:  
 The Violets, Cowslippes, and the Prime-Roses

93. *Leidgers: liegers*—HANMER.

98. *Prime-Roses: primroses*—CAPELL.

Beare to my Closset: Fare thee well, *Pisanio*.  
 Thinke on my words. *Exit Qu. and Ladies.* 100  
*Pisa.* And shall do:  
 But when to my good Lord, I prove untrue,  
 Ile choake my selfe: there's all Ile do for you. *Exit.*

*Scena Septima.*

[Scene vi. *The same. Another room in the palace.*]

*Enter Imogen alone.*

*Imo.* A Father cruell, and a Stepdame false,  
 A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded-Lady,  
 That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,  
 My supreame Crowne of grieve, and those repeated  
 Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-stolne,  
 As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable  
 Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those  
 How meane so ere, that have their honest wills, 10  
 Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

*Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.*

*Pisa.* Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,  
 Comes from my Lord with Letters.

*Iach.* Change you, Madam:  
 The Worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,  
 And greetes your Highnesse deerely. [*Presents a letter.*]

*Imo.* Thanks good Sir,  
 You're kindly welcome.

*Iach.* [Aside] All of her, that is out of doore, most  
 rich: | 20  
 If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare  
 She is alone th' Arabian-Bird; and I

1. *Scena Septima:* out-ROWE.

9. *desires:* desire-2-4F.

Have lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:  
 Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,  
 Orlike the Parthian I shall flying fight,  
 Rather directly fly.

*Imogen reads.*

*He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most in- | finitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your | trust.*

Leonatus. 30

So farre I reade aloud.

But even the very middle of my heart  
 Is warm'd by'th'rest, and take it thankefully.  
 You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I  
 Have words to bid you, and shall finde it so  
 In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thankes fairest Lady:

What are men mad? Hath Nature given them eyes  
 To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop  
 Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt      40  
 The firie Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones  
 Upon the number d Beach, and can we not  
 Partition make with Spectales so pretious  
 Twixt faire, and foule?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i'th'eye: for Apes, and Monkeys  
 'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and  
 Contemne with mowes<sup>1</sup> the other. Nor i'th'judgment:  
 For Idiots in this case of favour, would      1 *grimaces*  
 Be wisely definit: Nor i'th'Appetite.      50  
 Sluttry to such neate Excellence, oppos'd  
 Should make desire vomit emptinesse,  
 Not so allur,d to feed.

33. *take: takes*—POPE.

53. *allur,d:* misprint 1F.

43. *Spectales: spectacles*—3-4F.

*Imo.* What is the matter trow?

*Iach.* The Cloyed will:

That satiate yet unsatisfi'd desire, that Tub  
Both fill'd and running: Ravening first the Lambe,  
Longs after for the Garbage.

*Imo.* What, deere Sir,

Thus rap's you? Are you well? 60

*Iach.* Thanks Madam well: [To Pisanio] Beseech  
you Sir, |

Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:  
He's strange and peevish.

*Pisa.* I was going Sir,

To give him welcome.

*Exit.*

*Imo.* Continues well my Lord?

His health beseech you?

*Iach.* Well, Madam.

*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there, 70  
So merry, and so gamesome: he is call'd  
The Britaine Reveller.

*Imo.* When he was heere

He did incline to sadnessse, and oft times

Not knowiug why.

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one  
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loves  
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces 79  
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the jolly Britaine,  
(Your Lord I meane) laughes from's free lungs: cries oh,

61-4. 3 ll. ending desire, he, sir—STEEVENS (1793).

63. He's: he Is—STEEVENS (1793). 66-7. 1 l.—HANMER.

72. Britaine: Briton—STEEVENS (1778).

75. knowiug: knowing—2-4F.

80. Britaine: Briton—2 THEOBALD.

Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes  
 By History, Report, or his owne proofe  
 What woman is, yea what she cannot choose  
 But must be: will's free houres languish:  
 For assured bondage?

*Imo.* Will my Lord say so?

*Iach.* I Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,  
 It is a Recreation to be by  
 And heare him mocke the Frenchman:                   90  
 But Heaven's know some men are much too blame.

*Imo.* Not he I hope.

*Iach.* Not he:

But yet Heaven's bounty towards him, might  
 Be us'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;  
 In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.  
 Whil'st I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
 To pitty too.

*Imo.* What do you pitty Sir?

*Iach.* Two Creatures heartly.                         100

*Imo.* Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack diserne you in me  
 Deserves your pitty?

*Iach.* Lamentable: what  
 To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace  
 I'th'Dungeon by a Snuffe.

*Imo.* I pray you Sir,  
 Deliver with more opennesse your answeres  
 To my demands. Why do you pitty me?

*Iach.* That others do,                                 110  
 (I was about to say) enjoy your —— but  
 It is an office of the Gods to venge<sup>1</sup> it,             <sup>1</sup> avenge

85. *will's:* will his—Rowe.

85-6. new l. at Assured—STEEVENS (1793).

90-1. new l. at Some—POPE.

93-4. 1 l.—Rowe.

Not mine to speake on't.

*Imo.* You do seeme to know  
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you  
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties  
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,  
The remedy then borne. Discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

120

*Iach.* Had I this cheeke

To bathe my lips upon: this hand, whose touch,  
(Whose every touch) would force the Feelers soule  
To'th'oath of loyalty. This object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)  
S lavver with lippes as common as the stayres  
That mount the Capitoll: Joyne gripes, with hands  
Made hard with hourely falsehood (falsehood as  
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye      130  
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light  
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit  
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My Lord, I feare  
Has forgot Brittaine.

*Iach.* And himselfe, not I  
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce  
The Beggerie of his change: but 'tis your Graces  
That from my mutest Conscience, to my tongue,    140  
Charmes this report out.

*Imo.* Let me heare no more.

*Iach.* O deerest Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart  
With pitty, that doth make me sicke. A Lady

126. Fiering: Fixing—2-4F.      127. S lavver: Slaver—2-4F.

131. illustrious: unlustrous—Rowe.

So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie  
 Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd  
 With Tomboyes hyr'd, with that selfe exhibition  
 Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures  
 That play with all Infirmitie's for Gold,  
 Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyld stiffe  
 As well might poyson Poyson. Be reveng'd, 151  
 Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you  
 Recoyle from your great Stocke.

*Imo.* Reveng'd:

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,  
 (As I have such a Heart, that both mine eares  
 Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,  
 How should I be reveng'd?

*Iach.* Should he make me

Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold sheets, 160  
 Whiles he is vaulting variable Rampes  
 In your despight, upon your purse: revenge it.  
 I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,  
 More Noble then that runnagate to your bed,  
 And will continue fast to your Affection,  
 Still close, as sure.

*Imo.* What hoa, *Pisanio*?

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lippes.

*Imo.* Away, I do condemne mine eares, that have  
 So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable 170  
 Thou would'st have told this tale for Vertue, not  
 For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:  
 Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre  
 From thy report, as thou from Honor: and  
 Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines  
 Thee, and the Divell alike. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

The King my Father shall be made acquainted  
 Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,  
 A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart  
 As in a Romish Stew, and to expound      180  
 His beastly minde to us; he hath a Court  
 He little cares for, and a Daughter, who  
 He not respects at all. What hoa, *Pisanio*?

*Iach.* O happy *Leonatus* I may say,  
 The credit that thy Lady hath of thee  
 Deserves thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse  
 Her assur'd credit. Blessed live you long,  
 A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever  
 Country call'd his; and you his Mistris, onely  
 For the most worthiest fit. Give me your pardon,    190  
 I have spoke this to know if your Affiance  
 Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,  
 That which he is, new o're: And he is one  
 The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,  
 That he enchant's Societies into him:  
 Halfe all men hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;  
 He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,  
 More then a mortall seeming. Be not angrie    200  
 (Most mighty Princesse) that I have adventur'd  
 To try your taking of a false report, which hath  
 Honour'd with confirmation your great Judgement,  
 In the election of a Sir, so rare,  
 Which you know, cannot erre. The love I beare him,  
 Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you  
 (Unlike all others) chaffelesse. Pray your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well Sir:

Take my powre i'th' Court for yours.

*Iach.* My humble thankes: I had almost forgot 210  
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request,  
And yet of moment too, for it concernes:  
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends  
Are partners in the businesse.

*Imo.* Pray what is't?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romanes of us, and your Lord  
(The best Feather of our wing) have mingled summes  
To buy a Present for the Emperor:  
Which I (the Factor for the rest) have done  
In France: 'tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels 220  
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,  
And I am something curious, being strange  
To have them in safe stowage: May it please you  
To take them in protection.

*Imo.* Willingly:

And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since  
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them  
In my Bed-chamber.

*Iach.* They are in a Trunke  
Attended by my men: I will make bold 230  
To send them to you, onely for this night:  
I must aboord to morrow.

*Imo.* O no, no.

*Iach.* Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word  
By length'ning my returne. From Gallia,  
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise  
To see your Grace.

*Imo.* I thanke you for your paines:  
But not away to morrow.

*Iach.* O I must Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please 240  
To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night,

I have out-stood my time, which is materiall  
To'th'tender of our Present.

*Imo.* I will write:  
Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,  
And truely yeelded you: you're very welcome. *Exeunt.*

*Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.*

[*Britain. Before Cymbeline's palace.*]

*Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.*

*Clot.* Was there ever man had such lucke? when I kist  
the Jacke<sup>1</sup> upon an up-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-  
dred pound on't: and then a whorson Jacke-an-Apes,  
must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine  
oathes of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1. [*Lord*] What got he by that? you have broke his  
pate [with your Bowle. <sup>1</sup> *bowl aimed at in bowling*

2. [*Lord*] [*Aside*] If his wit had bin like him that  
broke it: it would [have run all out. II

*Clot.* When a Gentleman is dispos'd to sweare: it is  
not for any standers by to curtall his oathes. Ha?

2. [*Lord*] No my Lord; [*Aside*] nor crop the eares  
of them. |

*Clot.* Whorson dog: I gave him satisfaction? would  
he had bin one of my Ranke.

2. [*Lord*] [*Aside*] To have smell'd like a Foole.

*Clot.* I am not vext more at any thing in th'earth: a  
pox on't. I had rather not be so Noble as I am: they dare  
not fight with me, because of the Queene my Mo-  
ther: every Jacke-Slave hath his belly full of Fighting,  
and I must go up and downe like a Cock, that no body  
can match. 23

13. *curtall:* curtail-4F.

15. *gave:* give-2-4F.

2. [Lord] [Aside] You are Cocke and Capon too,  
and you crow | Cock, with your combe on.

*Clot.* Sayest thou?

2. [Lord] It is not fit you Lordship should undertake  
every | Companion, that you give offence too.

*Clot.* No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit  
offence to my inferiors. 30

2 [Lord] I, it is fit for your Lordship onely.

*Clot.* Why so I say.

1. [Lord] Did you heere of a Stranger that's come  
to Court | night?

*Clot.* A Stranger, and I not know on't?

2. [Lord] [Aside] He's a strange Fellow himselfe, and  
knowes it not. |

1. [Lord] There's an Italian come, and 'tis thought  
one of | *Leonatus* Friends.

*Clot.* *Leonatus*? A banisht Rascall; and he's another,  
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this Stranger? 40

1. [Lord] One of your Lordships Pages.

*Clot.* Is it fit I went to looke upon him? Is there no  
derogation in't?

2. [Lord] You cannot derogate my Lord.

*Clot.* Not easily I thinke.

2. [Lord] [Aside] You are a Foole graunted, there-  
fore your Issues | being foolish do not derogate.

*Clot.* Come, Ile go see this Italian: what I have lost  
to day at Bowles, Ile winne to night of him. Come: go.

2. [Lord] Ile attend your Lordship.

*Exit*

[*Cloten and First Lord*].

That such a craftie Divell as is his Mother

51

Should yeild the world this Asse: A woman, that

Beares all downe with her Braine, and this her Sonne,

27. *you:* *your*-3-4F.

34. *night:* *to-night*-2-4F.

Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
 Aud leave eightene. Alas poore Princesse,  
 Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,  
 Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,  
 A Mother hourelly coyning plots: A Wooer,  
 More hatefull then the foule expulsion is  
 Of thy deere Husband. Then that horrid Act 60  
 Of the divorce, heel'd make the Heavens hold firme  
 The walls of thy deere Honour. Keepe unshak'd  
 That Temple thy faire mind, that thou maist stand  
 T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord: and this great Land. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Secunda.*

[*Imogen's bedchamber in Cymbeline's palace: a trunk  
in one corner of it.*] ]

*Enter Imogen, in her Bed, and a Lady.*

*Imo.* Who's there? My woman: *Helene?*

*La.* Please you Madam.

*Imo.* What houre is it?

*Lady.* Almost midnight, Madam.

*Imo.* I have read three houres then:

Mine eyes are weake,

Fold downe the leafe where I have left: to bed.

Take not away the Taper, leave it burning: 10

And if thou canst awake by foure o'th'clock,

I prythee call me: Sleepe hath ceiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*] ]

To your protection I commend me, Gods,

From Fayries, and the Tempters of the night,

55. *Aud:* And-2-4F.  
7-8. 1 l.-ROWE.

61. *make the:* make! The-THEOBALD.  
12. *ceiz'd:* seized (seiz'd)-2-4F.

Guard me beseech yee.

*Sleepes.*

*Iachimo from the Trunke.*

*Iach.* The Crickets sing, and mans ore-labor'd sense  
Repaires it selfe by rest: Our *Tarquine* thus  
Did softly presse the Rushes, ere he waken'd  
The Chastitie he wounded. *Cytherea,* 20  
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed; fresh Lilly,  
And whiter then the Sheetes: that I might touch,  
But kisse, one kisse. Rubies unparagon'd,  
How deerely they doo't: 'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the Chamber thus: the Flame o'th'Taper  
Bowes toward her, and would under-peep her lids.  
To see th'inclosed Lights, now Canopied  
Under these windowes, White and Azure lac'd  
With Blew of Heavens owne tinct. But my designe.  
To note the Chamber, I will write all downe, 30  
Such, and such pictures: There the window, such  
Th'adornement of her Bed; the Arras, Figures,  
Why such, and such: and the Contents o'th'Story.  
Ah, but some naturall notes about her Body,  
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables  
Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inventorie.  
O sleepe, thou Ape of death, lye dull upon her,  
And be her Sense but as a Monument,  
Thus in a Chappell lying. Come off, come off;

[*Taking off her bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard. 40  
'Tis mine, and this will witnesse outwardly,  
As strongly as the Conscience do's within:  
To'th'madding of her Lord. On her left brest  
A mole Cinque-spotted: Like the Crimson drops  
I'th'bottome of a Cowslippe. Heere's a Voucher,  
Stronger then ever Law could make; this Secret  
Will force him thinke I have pick'd the lock, and t'an

The treasure of her Honour. No more: to what end?  
 Why should I write this downe, that's riveted, 49  
 Screw'd to my memorie. She hath bin reading late,  
 The Tale of *Tereus*, heere the leaffe's turn'd downe  
 Where *Philomele* gave up. I have enough,  
 To'th' Truncke againe, and shut the spring of it.  
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning  
 May beare the Ravens eye: I lodge in feare,  
 Though this a heavenly Angell: hell is heere.

*Clocke strikes*

One, two, three: time, time.

*Exit.*

[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*]

### Scena Tertia.

[*An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's apartments.*]

*Enter Clotten, and Lords.*

I. [Lord] Your Lordship is the most patient man in losse, the | most coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

*Clot.* It would make any man cold to loose.

I. [Lord] But not every man patient after the noble temper | of your Lordship; You are most hot, and furious when | you winne.

[*Clo.*] Winning will put any man into courage: if I could get | this foolish *Imogen*, I should have Gold enough: it's al- | most morning, is't not? 11

I [Lord] Day, my Lord.

*Clot.* I would this Musicke would come: I am advised to give her Musicke a mornings, they say it will penetrate.

*Enter Musitians.*

Come on, tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, so: wee'l try with tongue too: if none will do, let

55. beare: bare—STEEVENS.

14. a: o'—THEOBALD.

her remaine: but Ile never give o're. First, a very excellent good conceyted thing; after a wonderful sweet aire, with admirable rich words to it, and then let her consider.

21

## SONG.

*Hearke, bearke, the Larke at Heavens gate sings,  
and Phœbus gins arise,  
His Steeds to water at those Springs  
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:  
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes  
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:  
Arise, arise.*

29

[*Cllo.*] So, get you gone: if this pen trate, I will consider your | Musicke the better: if it do not, it is a voyce in her eares | which Horse-haires, and Calves-guts, nor the voyce of | unpaved Eunuch to boot, can never amed.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

Enter Cymbaline, and Queene.

2 [*Lord*] Heere comes the King.

*Clot.* I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so earely: he cannot choose but take this Service I have done, fatherly. Good morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious Mother.

39

*Cym.* Attend you here the doore of our stern daughter Will she not forth?

*Clot.* I have assayld her with Musickes, but she vouch-safes no notice.

*Cym.* The Exile of her Minion is too new,

27-8. 4 ll. ending begin, eyes, is, arise—POPE.

30. pen trate: penetrate—2-4F.

31. voyce: vice—ROWE.

33. amed: amend—2-4F.

42. Musickes: music (musick)—HANMER.

She hath not yet forgot him, some more time  
 Must weare the print of his remembrance on't,  
 And then she's yours.

*Qu.* You are most bound to' th' King,  
 Who let's go by no vantages, that may  
 Preferre you to his daughter: Frame your selfe      50  
 To orderly solicity, and be friended  
 With aptnesse of the season: make denials  
 Encrease your Services: so seeme, as if  
 You were inspir'd to do those duties which  
 You tender to her: that you in all obey her,  
 Save when command to your dismission tends,  
 And therein you are senselesse.

*Clot.* Senselesse? Not so.

[Enter a Messenger.]

*Mes.* So like you (Sir) Ambassadors from Rome;  
 The one is *Caius Lucius.*      60

*Cym.* A worthy Fellow,  
 Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;  
 But that's no fault of his: we must receyve him  
 According to the Honor of his Sender,  
 And towards himselfe, his goodnesse fore-spent on us  
 We must extend our notice: Our deere Sonne,  
 When you have given good morning to your Mistris,  
 Attend the Queene, and us, we shall have neede  
 T'employ you towards this Romane.      69  
 Come our Queene.      *Exeunt [all but Cloten].*

*Clot.* If she be up, Ile speake with her: if not  
 Let her lye still, and dreame: [Knocks.] by your leave  
 hoa, |  
 I know her women are about her: what

46. on't: out—ROWE.

69-70. I l.—ROWE.

51. solicity: soliciting—2COLLIER.

*Enter a Lady.*

*La.* Who's there that knockes?

*Clot.* A Gentleman.

*La.* No more.

*Clot.* Yes, and a Gentlewomans Sonne.

*La.* That's more

Then some whose Taylors are as deere as yours, 90  
Can justly boast of: what's your Lordships pleasure?

*Clot.* Your Ladies person, is she ready?

*La.* I, to keepe her Chamber.

*Clot.* There is Gold for you,

Sell me your good report.

*La.* How, my good name? or to report of you  
What I shall thinke is good. The Princesse.

*Enter Imogen.*

98

*Clot.* Good Morrow fairest, Sister your sweet hand.

*Imo.* Good morrow Sir, you lay out too much paines  
For purchasing but trouble: the thankes I give,  
Is telling you that I am poore of thankes,  
And scarce can spare them.

*Clot.* Still I sweare I love you.

*Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deepe with me:  
If you sweare still, your recompence is still  
That I regard it not.

*Clot.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say, I yeeld being silent,  
I would not speake. I pray you spare me, 'faith  
I shall unfold equall discourtisie      111  
To your best kinduesse: one of your great knowing  
Should learne (being taught) forbearance.

*Clot.* To leave you in your madnesse, 'twere my sin,  
I will not.

*Imo.* Fooles are not mad Folkes.

*Clot.* Do you call me Foole?

*Imo.* As I am mad I do:

If you'l be patient, Ile no more be mad,  
That cures us both. I am much sorry (Sir)      120  
You put me to forget a Ladies manners  
By being so verball:<sup>1</sup> and learne now, for all, <sup>1 wordy</sup>  
That I which know my heart, do hecre pronounce  
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,  
And am so neere the lacke of Charitie  
To accuse my selfe, I hate you: which I had rather  
You felt, then make't my boast.

*Clot.* You sinne against  
Obedience, which you owe your Father, for      129  
The Contract you pretend with that base Wretch,  
One, bred of Almes, and foster'd with cold dishes  
With scraps o'th'Court: It is no Contract, none;  
And though it be allowed in meaner parties  
(Yet who then he more meane) to knit their soules  
(On whom there is no more dependancie

112. *Kinduesse:* misprint 1F.

But Brats and Beggery) in selfe-figur'd knot,  
 Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement, by  
 The consequence o'th' Crowne, and must not foyle  
 The precious note of it; with a base Slave,      139  
 AHilding<sup>1</sup> for a Livorie, a Squires Cloth, <sup>1</sup>mean fellow  
 A. Pantler;<sup>2</sup> not so eminent.      <sup>2</sup>keeper of the pantry

*Imo.* Prophane Fellow:  
 Wert thou the Sonne of Jupiter, and no more,  
 But what thou art besides: thou wer't too base,  
 To be his Groome: thou wer't dignified enough  
 Even to the point of Envie. If twere made  
 Comparative for your Vertues, to be stil'd  
 The under Hangman of his Kingdome; and hated  
 For being prefer'd so well.

*Clot.* The South-Fog rot him.      150

*Imo.* He never can meeete more mischance, then come  
 To be but nam'd of thee. His mean'st Garment  
 That ever hath but clipt<sup>3</sup> his body; is dearer<sup>3</sup> enclosed  
 In my respect, then all the Heires above thee,  
 Were they all made such men: How now Pisanio?

*Enter Pisanio,*

*Clot.* His Garments? Now the divell.

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.

*Clot.* His Garment?

*Imo.* I am sprighted<sup>4</sup> with a Foole,      <sup>4</sup>haunted  
 Frighted, and angred worse: Go bid my woman  
 Search for a Jewell, that too casually  
 Hath left mine Arme: it was thy Masters. Shrew me  
 If I would loose it for a Revenew,  
 Of any Kings in Europe. I do think,  
 I saw't this morning: Confident I am.

<sup>138.</sup> foyle: soil—HANMER.

<sup>157.</sup> Garments: garment—2-4F.

<sup>154.</sup> Heires: hairs—3-4F.

Last night 'twas on mine Arme; I kiss'd it,  
 I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord  
 That I kisse aught but he.

*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.

170

*Imo.* I hope so: go and search. [Exit *Pisanio.*]

*Clot.* You have abus'd me:

His meanest Garment?

*Imo.* I, I said so Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call witnesse to't.

*Clot.* I will enforme your Father.

*Imo.* Your Mother too:

She's my good Lady; and will concieve, I hope

But the worst of me. So I leave your Sir, 179  
 To'th'worst of discontent. Exit.

*Clot.* Ile bereveng'd:

His mean'st Garment? Well.

Exit.

### Scena Quarta.

[Rome. *Philario's house.*]

Enter *Posthumus*, and *Philario*.

*Post.* Feare it not Sir: I would I were so sure  
 To winne the King, as I am bold, her Honour  
 Will remaine her's.

*Phil.* What meanes do you make to him?

*Post.* Not any: but abide the change of Time,  
 Quake in the present winters state, and wish  
 That warmer dayes would come: In these fear'd hope  
 I barely gratifie your love; they fayling 10  
 I must die much your debtor.

*Phil.* Your very goodnessse, and your company,

181. *bereveng'd:* be revenged—2-4F.

9. *fear'd hope:* sear'd hopes—KNIGHT.

Ore-payes all I can do. By this your King,  
 Hath heard of Great *Augustus*: *Caius Lucius*,  
 Will do's Commission throughly. And I think  
 Hee'le grant the Tribute: send th'Arrerages,  
 Or looke upon our Romaines, whose remembrance  
 Is yet fresh in their grieve.

*Post.* I do beleeve

(Statist<sup>1</sup> though I am none, nor like to be) 20  
 That this will prove a Warre; and you shall heare  
 The Legion now in Gallia, sooner landed <sup>1</sup> statesman  
 In our not-fearing-Britaine, then have tydings  
 Of any penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen  
 Are men more order'd, then when *Julius Cæsar*  
 Smil'd at their lacke of skill, but found their courage  
 Worthy his frowning at. Their discipline,  
 (Now wing-led with their courages) will make knowne  
 To their Approvers, they are People, such  
 That mend upon the world. *Enter Iachimo.* 30

*Phi.* See *Iachimo*.

*Post.* The swiftest Harts, have posted you by land;  
 And Windes of all the Corners kiss'd your Sailes,  
 To make your vessell nimble.

*Phil.* Welcome Sir.

*Post.* I hope the briefenesse of your answere, made  
 The speedinesse of your returne.

*Iachi.* Your Lady,  
 Is one of the fayrest that I have look'd upon 39

*Post.* And therewithall the best, or let her beauty  
 Looke thorough a Casement to allure false hearts,  
 And be false with them.

*Iachi.* Heere are Letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenure good I trust.

22. *Legion*: legions—THEOBALD. 28. *wing-led*: mingled—2-4F.  
 44. *tenure*: tenour—THEOBALD.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Post.* [Phi.] Was *Caius Lucius* in the Britaine Court,  
When you were there?

*Iach.* He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet, 50  
Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach.* If I have lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in Gold,  
Ile make a journey twice as farre, t'enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortnesse, which  
Was mine in Britaine, for the Ring is wonne.

*Post.* The Stones too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,  
Your Lady being so easy. 60

*Post.* Make note Sir  
Your losse, your Sport: I hope you know that we  
Must not continue Friends.

*Iach.* Good Sir, we must  
If you keepe Covenant: had I not brought  
The knowledge of your Mistris home, I grant  
We were to question farther; but I now  
Professe my selfe the winner of her Honor,  
Together with your Ring; and not the wronger  
Of her, or you having proceeded but 70  
By both your willes.

*Post.* If you can mak't apparent  
That yon have tasted her in Bed; my hand,  
And Ring is yours. If not, the foule opinion  
You had of her pure Honour; gaines, or looses,  
Your Sword, or mine, or Masterlesse leave both

53. *bave:* had—2SINGER.

73. *yon:* you—2-4F.

61. *note:* not—2-4F.

76. *leave:* leaves—Rowe.

To who shall finde them.

*Iach.* Sir, my Circumstances  
 Being so nere the Truth, as I will make them,  
 Must first induce you to beleeve; whose strength    80  
 I will confirme with oath, which I doubt not  
 You'l give me leave to spare, when you shall finde  
 You neede it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.* First, her Bed-chamber  
 (Where I confesse I slept not, but professe  
 Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd  
 With Tapistry of Silke, and Silver, the Story  
 Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her Roman,  
 And *Sidnus* swell'd above the Bankes, or for    90  
 The presse of Boates, or Pride. A peece of Worke  
 So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
 In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd  
 Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought  
 Since the true life on't was——

*Post.* This is true:

And this you might have heard of heere, by me,  
 Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars  
 Must justifie my knowledge.                                100

*Post.* So they must,  
 Or doe your Honour injury.

*Iach.* The Chimney  
 Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-peece  
 Chaste *Dian*, bathing: never saw I figures  
 So likely to report themselves; the Cutter  
 Was as another Nature dumbe, out-went her,  
 Motion, and Breath left out.

*Post.* This is a thing  
 Which you might from Relation likewise reape,    110

Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.* The Roofe o'th' Chamber,

With golden Cherubins is fretted. Her Andirons  
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids  
Of Silver, each on one foote standing, nicely  
Depending on their Brands.

*Post.* This is her Honor:

Let it be granted you have seene all this (and praise  
Be given to your remembrance) the description  
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves      120  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then if you can      [*Showing the bracelet.*]

Be pale, I begge but leave to ayre this Jewell: See,  
And now 'tis up againe: it must be married  
To that your Diamond, Ile keepe them.

*Post.* Jove——

Once more let me behold it: Is it that  
Which I left with her?

*Iach.* Sir (I thanke her) that

She stript it from her Arme: I see her yet:      130  
Her pretty Action, did out-sell her guift,  
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,  
And said, she priz'd it once.

*Post.* May be, she pluck'd it off  
To send it me.

*Iach.* She writes so to you? doth shee?

*Post.* O no, no, no, 'tis true. Heere, take this too,  
[*Gives the ring.*]

It is a Basiliske unto mine eye,  
Killes me to looke on't: Let there be no Honor, 139  
Where there is Beauty: Truth, where semblance: Love,  
Where there's another man. The Vowes of Women,

Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Then they are to their Vertues, which is nothing:  
O, above measure false.

*Phil.* Have patience Sir,  
And take your Ring againe, 'tis not yet wonne:  
It may be probable she lost it: or  
Who knowes if one her women, being corrupted  
Hath stolne it from her.

*Post.* Very true, 150  
And so I hope he came by't: backe my Ring,  
Render to me some corporall signe about her  
More evident then this: for this was stolne.

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her Arme.  
*Post.* Hearke you, he sweares: by Jupiter he sweares.  
'Tis true, nay keepe the Ring; 'tis true: I am sure  
She would not loose it: her Attendants are  
All sworne, and honourable: they induc'd to steale it?  
And by a Stranger? No, he hath enjoy'd her,  
The Cognisance<sup>1</sup> of her incontinencie 160  
Is this: she hath bought the name of Whore, thus deerly  
There, take thy hyre, and all the Fiends of Hell  
Divide themselves betweene you. <sup>1</sup>visible token

*Phil.* Sir, be patient:  
This is not strong enough to be beleev'd  
Of one perswaded well of.

*Post.* Never talke on't:  
She hath bin colted by him.

*Iach.* If you seeke  
For further satisfying, under her Breast 170  
(Worthy her pressing) lyes a Mole, right proud  
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my life  
I kist it, and it gave me present hunger

To feede againe, though full. You do remember  
This staine upon her?

*Post.* I, and it doth confirme  
Another staine, as bigge as Hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you heare more?

*Post.* Spare your Arethmaticke, 180  
Never count the Turnes: Once, and a Million.

*Iach.* Ile be sworne.

*Post.* No swearing:  
If you will sweare you have not done't, you lye,  
And I will kill thee, if thou do'st deny  
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

*Iach.* Ile deny nothing.

*Post.* O that I had her heere, to teare her Limb-meale:  
I will go there and doo't, i'th' Court, before  
Her Father. Ile do something. 190 *Exit.*

*Phil.* Quite besides  
The government of Patience. You have wonne:  
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himselfe.

*Iach.* With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

[Scene v. *Another room in Philario's house.*]

*Enter Posthumus.*

*Post.* Is there no way for Men to be, but Women  
Must be halfe-workers? We are all Bastards,  
And that most venerable man, which I  
Did call my Father, was, I know not where  
When I was stamp't. Some Coyner with his Tooles  
Made me a counterfeit: yet my Mother seem'd

The *Dian* of that time: so doth my Wife  
 The Non-pareill of this. Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!  
 Me of my lawfull pleasure she restrain'd,      10  
 And pray'd me oft forbearance: did it with  
 A pudencie<sup>1</sup> so Rosie, the sweet view on't  
 Might well have warm'd olde Saturne;      <sup>1</sup>modesty  
 That I thought her  
 As Chaste, as un-Sunni'd Snow. Oh, all the Divels!  
 This yellow *Iachimo* in an houre, was't not?  
 Or lesse; at first? Perchance he spoke not, but  
 Like a full Acorn'd Boare, a Iarmen on,      20  
 Cry'de oh, and mounted; found no opposition  
 But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she  
 Should from encounter guard. Could I finde out  
 The Womans part in me, for there's no motion  
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirme  
 It is the Womans part: be it Lying, note it,  
 The womans: Flattering, hers; Deceiving, hers:  
 Lust, and ranke thoughts, hers, hers: Revenges hers:  
 Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Disdaine,  
 Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability;  
 All Faults that name, nay, that Hell knowes,  
 Why hers, in part, or all: but rather all For even to Vice  
 They are not constant, but are changing still;      31  
 One Vice, but of a minute old, for one  
 Not halfe so old as that. Ile write against them,  
 Detest them, curse them: yet 'tis greater Skill  
 In a true Hate, to pray they have their will:  
 The very Divels cannot plague them better.      *Exit.*

13-14. i l.—POPE.

18. *Iarmen on:* German one—ROWE.29. *that name:* *that may be named*—2-4F.30. *For .. Vice:* separate l.—CAPELL.

*Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.*

[*Britain. A hall in Cymbeline's palace.*]

*Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queene, Clotten, and Lords at one doore, and at another, Caius, Lucius, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Now say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?

*Luc.* When *Julius Cæsar* (whose remembrance yet Lives in mens eyes, and will to Eares and Tongues Be Theame, and hearing ever) was in this Britain, And Conquer'd it, *Cassibulan* thine Unkle (Famous in *Cæsars* prayses, no whit lesse Then in his Feats deserving it) for him, And his Succession, granted Rome a Tribute, Yeerely three thousand pounds; which (by thee) lately Is left untender'd. 10

*Qu.* And to kill the mervaile,  
Shall be so ever.

*Clot.* There be many *Cæsars*,  
Ere such another *Julius*: Britaine's a world  
By it selfe, and we will nothing pay  
For wearing our owne Noses. 20

*Qu.* That opportunity  
Which then they had to take from's, to resume  
We have againe. Remember Sir, my Liege,  
The Kings your Ancestors, together with  
The naturall bravery of your Isle, which stands  
As Neptunes Parke, ribb'd, and pal'd in  
With Oakes unskaleable, and roaring Waters,  
With Sands that will not beare your Enemies Boates,

18-19. *Britaine's:* Britain is, with new l. at **A world-Pope**.

27. *Oakes:* rocks—HANMER.

But sucke them up to'th' Top-mast. A kinde of Conquest  
*Cæsar* made heere, but made not heere his bragge 30  
 Of Came, and Saw, and Over-came: with shame  
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried  
 From off our Coast, twice beaten: and his Shipping  
 (Poore ignorant Baubles) on our terrible Seas  
 Like Egge-shels mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd  
 As easily 'gainst our Rockes. For joy whereof,  
 The fam'd *Cassibulan*, who was once at point  
 (Oh giglet<sup>1</sup> Fortune) to master *Cæsars* Sword, <sup>1</sup>wanton  
 Made *Luds-Towne* with rejoicing-Fires bright,  
 And Britaines strut with Courage. 40

*Clo.* Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid: our  
 Kingdome is stronger then it was at that time: and (as I  
 said) there is no mo such *Cæsars*, other of them may have  
 crook'd Noses, but to owe such straite Armes, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your Mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard  
 as *Cassibulan*, I doe not say I am one: but I have a hand.  
 Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If *Cæsar*  
 can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket, or put the Moon  
 in his pocket, we will pay him Tribute for light: else Sir,  
 no more Tribute, pray you now. 51

*Cym.* You must know,  
 Till the injurious Romans, did extort  
 This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsars* Ambition,  
 Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
 The sides o'th' World, against all colour heere,  
 Did put the yoake upon's; which to shake off  
 Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
 Our selves to be, [*Clo.* and *Lords*] we do. [*Cym.*]  
 Say then to *Cæsar*, |

Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which 60  
 Ordain'd our Lawes, whose use the Sword of *Cæsar*  
 Hath too much mangled; whose repayre, and franchise,  
 Shall (by the power we hold) be our good deed,  
 Tho Rome be therfore angry. *Mulmutius* made our lawes  
 Who was the first of Britaine, which did put  
 His browes within a golden Crowne, and call'd  
 Himselfe a King.

*Luc.* I am sorry *Cymbeline*,  
 That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*  
 (*Cæsar*, that hath moe Kings his Servants, then  
 Thy selfe Domesticke Officers) thine Enemy: 71  
 Receyve it from me then. Warre, and Confusion  
 In *Cæsars* name pronounce I 'gaintst thee: Looke  
 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defide,  
 I thanke thee for my selfe.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome *Caius*,  
 Thy *Cæsar* Knighted me; my youth I spent  
 Much under him; of him, I gather'd Honour,  
 Which he, to seeke of me againe, perforce,  
 Behoooves me keepe at utterance.<sup>1</sup> I am perfect, 80  
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
 Their Liberties are now in Armes: a President  
 Which not to reade, would shew the Britaines cold:  
 So *Cæsar* shall not finde them. <sup>1 all hazards</sup>

*Luc.* Let proofe speake.

*Clot.* His Majesty biddes you welcome. Make pa-  
 stime with us, a day, or two, or longer: if you seek us af-  
 terwards in other tearmes, you shall finde us in our Salt-  
 water-Girdle: if you beate us out of it, it is yours: if you  
 fall in the adventure, our Crowes shall fare the better for  
 you: and there's an end. 91

32. *President:* precedent—4F.

*Luc.* So sir.

*Cym.* I know your Masters pleasure, and he mine:  
All the Remaine, is welcome. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Secunda.*

[*Another room in the palace.*] .]

*Enter Pisanio reading of a Letter.*

*Pis.* How? of Adultery? Wherfore write you not  
What Monsters her accuse? *Leonatus:*  
Oh Master, what a strange infection  
Is falne into thy eare? What false Italian,  
(As poysonous tongu'd, as handed) hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyall? No.  
She's punish'd for her Truth; and undergoes  
More Goddesse-like, then Wife-like; such Assaults 10  
As would take in<sup>1</sup> some Vertue. Oh my Master,  
Thy mind to her, is now as lowe, as were <sup>1</sup> overcome  
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should murther her,  
Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vowes; which I  
Have made to thy command? I her? Her blood?  
If it be so, to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How looke I,  
That I should seeme to lacke humanity,  
So much as this Fact comes to? [*Reading.*] Doo't: The  
Letter. |

*That I have sent her, by her owne command,* 20  
*Shall give thee opportunitie.* Oh damn'd paper,  
Blacke as the Inke that's on thee: senselesse bauble,  
Art thou a Fœdarie<sup>2</sup> for this Act; and look'st  
So Virgin-like without? Loe here she comes.

<sup>2</sup> confederate

4. accuse: accuser—CAPELL.

*Enter Imogen.*

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Imo.* How now *Pisanio*?

*Pis.* Madam, heere is a Letter from my Lord.

*Imo.* Who, thy Lord? That is my Lord *Leonatus*?  
 Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer                   30  
 That knew the Starres, as I his Characters,  
 Heel'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,  
 Let what is heere contain'd, rellich of Love,  
 Of my Lords health, of his content: yet not  
 That we two are asunder, let that grieve him;  
 Some griefes are medicinable, that is one of them,  
 For it doth physicke Love, of his content,  
 All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be  
 You Bees that make these Lockes of counsaile. Lovers,  
 And men in dangerous Bondes pray not alike,           40  
 Though Forfeytours you cast in prison, yet  
 You clafpe young Cupids Tables: good Newes Gods.

[Reads.]

*Justice, and your Fathers wrath (should be take me  
 in his | Dominion) could not be so cruell to me, as you:  
 (oh the dee- | rest of Creatures) would even renew me  
 with your eyes. Take | notice that I am in Cambria  
 at Milford-Haven: what your | owne Love, will out of this  
 advise you, follow. So he wishes you | all happinesse,  
 that remaines loyall to his Vow, and your encrea- | sing  
 in Love.*    Leonatus Posthumus. |

Oh for a Horse with wings: Hear'st thou *Pisanio*? 50  
 He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me

36. medicinable: medicinable-4F.

42. clafpe: misprint 1F.

How farre 'tis thither. If one of meane affaires  
 May plod it in a weeke, why may not I  
 Glide thither in a day? Then true *Pisanio*,  
 Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st  
 (Oh let me bate) but not like me: yet long'st  
 But in a fainter kinde. Oh not like me: <sup>1</sup> rapidly  
 For mine's beyond, beyond: say, and speake thicke<sup>1</sup>  
 (Loves Counsailor should fill the bores of hearing,  
 To' th'smothering of the Sense) how farre it is      60  
 To this same blessed Milford. And by' th'way  
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
 T' inherite such a Haven. But first of all,  
 How we may steale from hence: and for the gap  
 That we shall make in Time, from our hence-going,  
 And our returne, to excuse: but first, how ger hence.  
 Why should excuse be borne or ere begot?  
 Weele talke of that heereafter. Prythee speake,  
 How many store of Miles may we well rid  
 Twixt houre, and houre?      70

*Pis.* One score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,  
 Madam's enough for you: [Aside] and too much too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to's Execution Man,  
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of Riding wagers,  
 Where Horses have bin nimbler then the Sands  
 That run i' th' Clocks behalfe. But this is Foolrie,  
 Go, bid my Woman faigne a Sicknesse, say  
 She'le home to her Father; and provide me presently  
 A Riding Suit: No costlier then would fit  
 A Franklins<sup>9</sup> Huswife.      <sup>2</sup> freeholder's 80

*Pisa.* Madam, you're best consider.

*Imo.* I see before me (Man) nor heere, not heere;  
 Nor what ensues but have a Fog in them

66. *ger:* misprint 1F.    69. *store:* score--2-4F. *rid:* ride--2-4F.  
 73. *Excution:* misprint 1F.

That I cannot looke through. Away, I prythee,  
 Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say:  
 Accessible is none but Milford way. Exeunt.

*Scena Tertia.*

[*Wales: a mountainous country with a cave.*] [

*Enter [from the cave] Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus [following]. |*

*Bel.* A goodly day, not to keepe house with such,  
 Whose Roofe's as lowe as ours: Sleepe Boyes, this gate  
 Instructs you how t'adore the Heavens; and bowes you  
 To a mornings holy office. The Gates of Monarchs  
 Are Arch'd so high, that Giants may jet<sup>1</sup> through  
 And keepe their impious Turbonds on, without <sup>1</sup>strut  
 Good morrow to the Sun. Haile thou faire Heaven,  
 We house i'th' Rocke, yet use thee not so hardly    10  
 As prouder livers do.

*Guid.* Haile Heaven.

*Arvir.* Haile Heaven.

*Bela.* Now for our Mountaine sport, up to yond hill  
 Your legges are yong: Ile tread these Flats. Consider,  
 When you above perceive me like a Crow,  
 That it is Place, which lessen's, and sets off,  
 And you may then revolve what Tales, I have told you,  
 Of Courts, of Princes; of the Tricks in Warre.  
 This Service, is not Service; so being done,    20  
 But being so allowed. To apprehend thus,  
 Drawes us a profit from all things we see:  
 And often to our comfort, shall we finde  
 The sharded<sup>2</sup>-Beetle, in a safer hold    2 scaly-winged

4. *Sleepe:* Stoop—HANMER.

8. *Turbonds:* turbans—SINGER.

Then is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this life,  
 Is Nobler, then attending for a checke:  
 Richer, then doing nothing for a Babe:  
 Prouder, then rustling in unpayd-for Silke:  
 Such gaine the Cap of him, that makes him fine,  
 Yet keepes his Booke uncros'd: no life to ours. 30

*Gui.* Out of your proofe you speak: we poore unfledg'd  
 Have never wing'd from view o'th'nest; nor knowes not  
 What Ayre's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,  
 (If quiet life be best) sweeter to you  
 That have a sharper knowne. Well corresponding  
 With your stiffe Age; but unto us, it is  
 A Cell of Ignorance: travailing a bed,  
 A Prison, or a Debtor, that not dares  
 To stride a limit.

*Arvi.* What should we speake of 40  
 When we are old as you? When we shall heare  
 The Raine and winde beate darke December? How  
 In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse  
 The freezing houres away? We have seene nothing:  
 We are beastly; subtle as the Fox for prey,  
 Like warlike as the Wolfe, for what we eate:  
 Our Valour is to chace what flyes: Our Cage  
 We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,  
 And sing our Bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speake. 50  
 Did you but know the Citties Usurries,  
 And felt them knowingly: the Art o'th'Court,  
 As hard to leave, as keepe: whose top to climbe  
 Is certaine falling: or so slipp'ry, that  
 The feare's as bad as falling. The toyle o'th'Warre,  
 A paine that onely seemes to seeke out danger

27. *Babe:* bauble—Rowe.32. *knowes:* know—2-4F.29. *bim:* 'em—CAPELL.38. *or:* for—POPE.

I' th' name of Fame, and Honor, which dyes i' th' search,  
 And hath as oft a sland'rous Epitaph,  
 As Record of faire Act. Nay, many times  
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse      60  
*Mnst* curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boyes, this Storie  
 The World may reade in me: My bodie's mark'd  
 With Roman Swords; and my report, was once  
 First, with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,  
 And when a Souldier was the Theame, my name  
 Was not farre off: then was I as a Tree  
 Whose boughes did bend with fruit. But in one night,  
 A Storme, or Robbery (call it what you will)  
 Shooke downe my mellow hangings: nay my Leaves,  
 And left me bare to weather.      70

*Gui.* Uncertaine favour.

*Bel.* My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft)  
 But that two Villaines, whose false Oathes prevayl'd  
 Before my perfect Honor, swore to *Cymbeline*,  
 I was Confederate with the Romanes: so  
 Followed my Banishment, and this twenty yeeres,  
 This Rocke, and these Demesnes, have bene my World,  
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedome, payed  
 More pious debts to Heaven, then in all      79  
 The fore-end of my time. But, up to' th' Mountaines,  
 This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes  
 The Venison first, shall be the Lord o' th' Feast,  
 To him the other two shall minister,  
 And we will feare no poyson, which attends  
 In place of greater State:  
 Ile meete you in the Valleys.      *Exeunt*

[*Guiderius and Arviragus*].

How hard it is to hide the sparkes of Nature?

These Boyes know little they are Sonnes to'th' King,  
Nor *Cymbeline* dreames that they are alive.

They thinke they are mine,

90

And though train'd up thus meanely

I' th' Cave, whereon the Bowe their thoughts do hit,

The Roofes of Palaces, and Nature prompts them

In simple and lowe things, to Prince it, much

Beyond the tricke of others. This *Paladour*,

The heyre of *Cymbeline* and Britaine, who

The King his Father call'd *Guiderius*. Jove,

When on my three-foot stoole I sit, and tell

The warlike feats I have done, his spirits flye out

Into my Story: say thus mine Enemy fell,

100

And thus I set my foote on's necke, even then

The Princely blood flowes in his Cheeke, he sweats,

Straines his yong Nerves, and puts himselfe in posture

That acts my words. The yonger Brother *Cadwall*,

Once *Arviragus*, in as like a figure

Strikes life into my speech, and shewes much more

His owne conceyving. Hearke, the Game is rows'd,

Oh *Cymbeline*, Heaven and my Conscience knowes

Thou didd'st unjustly banish me: whereon

At three, and two yeeres old, I stole these Babes,

110 Thinking to barre thee of Succession, as

Thou refst me of my Lands. *Euriphile*,

Thou was't their Nurse, they took thee for their mother,

And every day do honor to her grave:

My selfe *Belarius*, that am *Mergan* call'd

They take for Naturall Father. The Game is up. *Exit*.

90-1. 11.—*Rowe*.

92. *whereon the Bowe: wherein they bow*,—*WARBURTON*.

95. *Paladour*: *Polydore* (*Polydor*)—*Rowe*.

112. *refst*: *refst'st*—*Rowe*.

115. *Mergan*: *Morgan*—2-4F.

*Scena Quarta.*

[Country near Milford-Haven.]

*Enter Pisanio and Imogen.*

*Imo.* Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the place |

Was neere at hand: Ne're long'd my Mother so  
 To see me first, as I have now. *Pisanio, Man:*  
 Where is *Posthumus?* What is in thy mind  
 That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh  
 From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus  
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
 Beyond selfe-explication. Put thy selfe      10  
 Into a haviour of lesse feare, ere wildnesse  
 Vanquish my stayder Senses. What's the matter?  
 Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with  
 A looke untender? If't be Summer Newes  
 Smile too't before: if Winterly, thou need'st  
 But keepe that count'nance stil. My Husbands hand?  
 That Drug-damn'd Italy, hath out-craftied him,  
 And hee's at some hard point. Speake man, thy Tongue  
 May take off some extreamitie, which to reade  
 Would be even mortall to me.      20

*Pis.* Please you reade,  
 And you shall finde me (wretched man) a thing  
 The most disdain'd of Fortune.

*Imogen reads.*

*Thy Mistris (Pisanio) bath plaide the Strumpet in  
 my | Bed: the Testimonies whereof, lyes bleeding in me.  
 I speak | not out of weake Surmises, but from prooфе as  
 26. lyes: lie (lye)-Rowe.*

strong as my greefe, and as certaine as I expect my Revenge. That part, thou (Pisanio) must acte for me, if thy Faith be not tainted with the breach of hers; let thine owne bands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven. She bath my Letter for the purpose; where, if thou feare to strike, and to make mee certaine it is done, thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyall. 34

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper Hath cut her throat alreadie? No, 'tis Slander, Whose edge is sharper then the Sword, whose tongue Out-venomes all the Wormes of Nyle, whose breath Rides on the posting windes, and doth belye All corners of the World. Kings, Queenes, and States, Maides, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave 41 This viperous slander enters. What cheere, Madam?

*Imo.* False to his Bed? What is it to be false? To lye in watch there, and to thinke on him? To weepe 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge Nature, To breake it with a fearfull dreame of him, And cry my selfe awake? That's falfe to's bed? Is it?

*Pisa.* Alas good Lady.

*Imo.* I false? Thy Conscience witnesse: *Iachimo*, Thou didd'st accuse him of Incontinencie, 50 Thou then look'dst like a Villaine: now, me thinkes Thy favours good enough. Some Jay of Italy (Whose mother was her painting) hath betraid him: Poore I am stale, a Garment out of fashion, And for I am richer then to hang by th'walles, I must be ript: To peeces with me: Oh! Mens Vowes are womens Traitors. All good seeming By thy revolt (oh Husband) shall be thought

47. *falfe: false*-2-4F.

Put on for Villainy; not borne where't growes,  
But worne a Baite for Ladies.

60

*Pisa.* Good Madam, heare me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false *Aeneas*,  
Were in his time thought false: and *Synons* weeping  
Did scandall many a holy teare: tooke pitty  
From most true wretchednesse. So thou, *Posthumus*  
Wilt lay the Leaven on all proper men;  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd  
From thy great faile: Come Fellow, be thou honest,  
Do thou thy Masters bidding. When thou seest him,  
A little witnesse my obedience. Looke 70  
I draw the Sword my selfe, take it, and hit  
The innocent Mansion of my Love (my Heart:) Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:  
Thy Master is not there, who was indeede  
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike,  
Thou mayst be valiant in a better cause;  
But now thou seem'st a Coward.

*Pis.* Hence vile Instrument,  
Thou shalt not damne my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must dye: 80  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No Servant of thy Masters. Against Selfe-slaughter,  
There is a prohibition so Divine,  
That cravens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:  
Something's a-foot: Soft, soft, wee'l no defence,  
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,  
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus*,  
All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away  
Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more  
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles 90

Beleeve false Teachers: Though those that are betraid  
 Do feele the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor  
 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou *Posthumus*,  
 That didd'st set up my disobedience 'gainst the King  
 My Father, and makes me put into contempt the suites  
 Of Princely Fellowes, shalt heereafter finde  
 It is no acte of common passage, but  
 A straine of Rarenesse: and I greeve my selfe,  
 To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,  
 That now thou tyrest<sup>1</sup> on, how thy memory      100  
 Will then be pang'd by me. Prythee dispatch,  
 The Lambe entreats the Butcher. Wher's thy knife?  
 Thou art too slow to do thy Masters bidding  
 When I desire it too.

<sup>1</sup> preyest

*Pis.* Oh gracious Lady:  
 Since I receiv'd command to do this businesse,  
 I have not slept one winke.

*Imo.* Doo't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* Ile wake mine eye-balles first.

*Imo.* Wherefore then

110

Didd'st undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
 So many Miles, with a pretence? This place?  
 Mine Action? and thine owne? Our Horses labour?  
 The Time inviting thee? The perturb'd Court  
 For my being absent? whereunto I never  
 Purpose returne. Why hast thou gone so farre  
 To be un-bent? when thou hast 'tane thy stand,  
 Th'elected Deere before thee?

*Pis.* But to win time

To loose so bad employment, in the which  
 I have consider'd of a course: good Ladie

120

93-5. 4 ll. ending woe, up, father, suits—CAPELL.

94. That: Thou that—CAPELL.

109. first: blind first—HANMER.

95. makes: make—MALONE.

Heare me with patience.

*Imo.* Talke thy tongue weary, speake:  
 I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine eare  
 Therein false strooke, can take no greater wound,  
 Nor tent,<sup>1</sup> to bottome that. But speake.      <sup>1</sup>probe

*Pis.* Then Madam,  
 I thought you would not backe againe.

*Imo.* Most like,  
 Bringing me heere to kill me.

130

*Pis.* Not so neither:  
 But if I were as wise, as honest, then  
 My purpose would prove well: it cannot be,  
 But that my Master is abus'd. Some Villaine,  
 I, and singular in his Art, hath done you both  
 This cursed injurie.

*Imo.* Some Roman Curtezan?

*Pisa.* No, on my life:  
 Ile give but notice you are dead, and send him  
 Some bloody signe of it. For 'tis commanded      <sup>140</sup>  
 I should do so: you shall be mist at Court,  
 And that will well confirme it.

*Imo.* Why good Fellow,  
 What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?  
 Or in my life, what comfort, when I am  
 Dead to my Husband?

*Pis.* If you'l backe to'th'Court.

*Imo.* No Court, no Father, nor no more adoe  
 With that harsh, noble, simple nothing:  
 That *Clotten*, whose Love-suite hath bene to me      <sup>150</sup>  
 As fearefull as a Siege.

*Pis.* If not at Court,  
 Then not in Britaine must you bide.

134-6. 3 ll. ending abused, art, injury—CAPELL.

150. *Clotten:* Cloten—Rowe.

*Imo.* Where then?

Hath Britaine all the Sunne that shines? Day? Night?  
Are they not but in Britaine? I'th' worlds Volume  
Our Britaine seemes as of it, but not in't:  
In a great Poole, a Swannes-nest, prythee thinke  
There's livers out of Britaine.

*Pis.* I am most glad

160

You thinke of other place: Th'Ambassador,  
*Lucius* the Romane comes to Milford-Haven  
To morrow. Now, if you could weare a minde  
Darke, as your Fortune is, and but disguise  
That which t'appeare it selfe, must not yet be,  
But by selfe-danger, you should tread a course  
Pretty, and full of view: yea, happily, neere  
The residence of *Posthumus*; so nie (at least)  
That though his Actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourelly to your eare, 170  
As truely as he mooves.

*Imo.* Oh for such meanes,  
Though perill to my modestie, not death on't  
I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well then, heere's the point:  
You must forget to be a Woman: change  
Command, into obedience. Feare, and Nicenesse  
(The Handmaides of all Women, or more truely  
Woman it pretty selfe) into a waggish courage,  
Ready in gybes, quicke-answer'd, sawcie, and 180  
As quarrellous as the Weazell: Nay, you must  
Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheeke,  
Exposing it (but oh the harder heart,  
Alacke no remedy) to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing *Titan*: and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty Trimmes, wherein  
167. *happily:* haply—POPE.

You made great *Juno* angry.

*Imo.* Nay be breefe?

I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

190

*Pis.* First, make your selfe but like one,  
Fore-thinking this. I have already fit  
('Tis in my Cloake-bagge) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all  
That answer to them: Would you in their serving,  
(And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season) 'sore Noble *Lucius*  
Present your selfe, desire his service: tell him  
Wherein you're happy;<sup>1</sup> which will make him know,  
If that his head have eare in Musicke, doubtlesse 199  
With joy he will imbrace you: for hee's Honourable,  
And doubling that, most holy. Your meanes abroad:  
You have me rich, and I will never faile      <sup>1</sup>gifted  
Beginning, nor suppliment.

*Imo.* Thou art all the comfort  
The Gods will diet me with. Prythee away,  
There's more to be consider'd: but wee'l even <sup>2</sup>  
All that good time will give us. This attempt,  
I am Souldier too, and will abide it with      <sup>2</sup>profit by  
A Princes Courage. Away, I prythee. 209

*Pis.* Well Madam, we must take a short farewell,  
Least being mist, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the Court. My Noble Mistris,  
Heere is a boxe, I had it from the Queene,  
What's in't is precious: If you are sicke at Sea,  
Or Stomacke-qualm'd at Land, a Dramme of this  
Will drive away distemper. To some shade,  
And fit you to your Manhood: may the Gods  
Direct you to the best.

*Imo.* Amen: I thanke thee.

*Exeunt.*

198. *will:* you'll-HANMER.

207. *that:* that-2-4F.

*Scena Quinta.*

[*A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

*Enter Cymbeline, Queene, Cloten, Lucius,  
and Lords [and Attendants].*

*Cym.* Thus farre, and so farewell.

*Luc.* Thankes, Royall Sir:

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,  
And am right sorry, that I must report ye  
My Masters Enemy.

*Cym.* Our Subjects (Sir)

Will not endure his yoake; and for our selfe  
To shew lesse Soveraignty then they, must needs  
Appeare un-Kinglike.

*Luc.* So Sir: I desire of you  
A Conduct over Land, to Milford-Haven.

Madam, all joy befall your Grace, [*Queen*] and you.

*Cym.* My Lords, you are appointed for that Office:  
The due of Honor, in no point omit:  
So farewell Noble *Lucius*.

*Luc.* Your hand, my Lord.

*Clot.* Receive it friendly: but from this time forth  
I weare it as your Enemy.

*Luc.* Sir, the Event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords  
Till he have crost the Severn. Happines.

*Exit Lucius, &c* |

*Qu.* He goes hence frowning: but it honours us  
That we have given him cause.

*Clot.* 'Tis all the better,  
Your valiant Britaines have their wishes in it.

*Cym.* *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor 30  
 How it goes heere. It fits us therefore ripely  
 Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readinesse:  
 The Powres that he already hath in Gallia  
 Will soone be drawne to head, from whence he moves  
 His warre for Britaine.

*Qu.* 'Tis not sleepy businesse,  
 But must be look'd too speedily, and strongly.

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus  
 Hath made us forward. But my gentle Queene,  
 Where is our Daughter? She hath not appear'd 40  
 Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
 The duty of the day. She looke us like  
 A thing more made of malice, then of duty,  
 We have noted it. Call her before us, for  
 We have beene too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Qu.* Royall Sir,  
 Since the exile of *Posthumus*, most retyr'd  
 Hath her life bin: the Cure whereof, my Lord,  
 'Tis time must do. Beseech your Majesty,  
 Forbear sharpe speeches to her. Shee's a Lady 50  
 So tender of rebukes, that words are stroke;,  
 And strokes death to her.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Cym.* Where is she Sir? How  
 Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Mes.* Please you Sir,  
 Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer  
 That will be given to'th'lowd of noise, we make.

42. *looke:* looks—JOHNSON.

51. *stroke:* strokes—2-4F.

58. *tb'lowd of:* the loudest—CAPELL.

*Qu.* My Lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close, 60  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmitie,  
She should that dutie leave unpaid to you  
Which dayly she was bound to proffer: this  
She wish'd me to make knowne: but our great Court  
Made me too blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doores lock'd?  
Not seene of late? Grant Heavens, that which I  
Feare, prove false. *Exit.*

Qu. Sonne, I say, follow the King.

*Clot.* That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Servant 70  
I have not seen these two dayes. Exit.

*Qu.* Go, looke after:

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for *Posthumus*,  
He hath a Drugge of mine: I pray, his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that. For he beleeves  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply dispaire hath seiz'd her:  
Or wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flowne  
To her desir'd *Posthumus*: gone she is,  
To death, or to dishonor, and my end                          80  
Can make good use of either. Shee being downe,  
I have the placing of the Brittish Crowne.

*Enter Cloten.*

How now, my Sonne?

*Clot.* 'Tis certaine she is fled:  
Go in and cheere the King, he rages, none  
Dare come about him.

Qu. [Aside] All the better: may  
This night fore-stall him of the comming day. *Exit Qu.*

*Clo.* I love, and hate her: for she's Faire and Royall,  
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite 91  
 Then Lady, Ladies, Woman, from every one  
 The best she hath, and she of all compounded  
 Out-selles them all. I love her therefore, but  
 Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on  
 The low *Posthumus*, slanders so her judgement,  
 That what's else rare, is choak'd: and in that point  
 I will conclude to hate her, nay indeede,  
 To be reveng'd upon her. For, when Fooles shall——

*Enter Pisanio.*

100

Who is heere? What, are you packing<sup>1</sup> sirrah?  
 Come hither: Ah you precious Pandar, Villaine,  
 Where is thy Lady? In a word, or else <sup>1</sup>running off  
 Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

*Pis.* Oh, good my Lord.

*Clo.* Where is thy Lady? Or, by Jupiter,  
 I will not aske againe. Close Villaine,  
 Ile have this Secret from thy heart, or rip  
 Thy heart to finde it. Is she with *Posthumus*?  
 From whose so many waights of basenesse, cannot 110  
 A dram of worth be drawne.

*Pis.* Alas, my Lord,  
 How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?  
 He is in Rome.

*Clot.* Where is she Sir? Come nearer:  
 No farther halting: satisfie me home,<sup>2</sup> 120  
 What is become of her? <sup>2</sup>thoroughly

*Pis.* Oh, my all-worthy Lord.

*Clo.* All-worthy Villaine,  
 Discover where thy Mistris is, at once,

120

At the next word: no more of worthy Lord:  
Speake, or thy silence on the instant, is  
Thy condemnation, and thy death.

*Pis.* Then Sir:

This Paper is the historie of my knowledge  
Touching her flight. [Presenting a letter.]

*Clo.* Let's see't: I will pursue her  
Even to *Augustus* Throne.

*Pis.* [Aside] Or this, or perish.

She's farre enough, and what he learnes by this, 130  
May prove his travell, not her danger.

*Clo.* Humh.

*Pis.* [Aside] Ile write to my Lord she's dead: Oh  
*Imogen*, |

Safe mayst thou wander, safe returne agen.

*Clot.* Sirra, is this Letter true?

*Pis.* Sir, as I thinke.

*Clot.* It is *Posthumus* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou  
would'st not be a Villain, but do me true service: under-  
go those Implyments wherin I should have cause to use  
thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy soere I  
bid thee do to performe it, directly and truely, I would  
thinke thee an honest man: thou should'st neither want  
my meanes for thy releefe, nor my voyce for thy prefer-  
ment. 144

*Pis.* Well, my good Lord.

*Clot.* Wilt thou serve mee? For since patiently and  
constantly thou hast stucke to the bare Fortune of that  
Begger *Posthumus*, thou canst not in the course of grati-  
tude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve  
mee? 150

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Give mee thy hand, heere's my purse. Hast any  
of thy late Masters Garments in thy possession?

*Pisan.* I have (my Lord) at my Lodging, the same Suite he wore, when he tooke leave of my Ladie & Mistresse.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost mee, fetch that Suite hither, let it be thy first service, go.

*Pis.* I shall my Lord.

*Exit.* 159

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven: (I forgot to aske him one thing, Ile remember't anon:) even there, thou villaine *Posthumus* will I kill thee. I would these Garments were come. She saide upon a time (the bitternesse of it, I now belch from my heart) that shee held the very Garment of *Posthumus*, in more respect, then my Noble and naturall person; together with the adornement of my Qualities. With that Suite upon my backe wil I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall shee see my valour, which wil then be a torment to hir contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insulment ended on his dead bodie, and when my Lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the Cloathes that she so prais'd:) to the Court Ile knock her backe, foot her home againe. She hath despis'd mee rejoicingly, and Ile bee merry in my Revenge.

175

*Enter Pisano [with the clothes].*

Be those the Garments?

*Pis.* I, my Noble Lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet. 180

*Clo.* Bring this Apparrell to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntarie Mute to my designe. Be but dutious, and true preferment shall tender it selfe to

170. *insulment:* insultment-2-4F.

thee. My Revenge is now at Milford, would I had wings  
to follow it. Come, and be true. Exit

*Pis.* Thou bid'st me to my losse: for true to thee,  
Were to prove false, which I will never bee  
To him that is most true. To Milford go,  
And finde not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow 190  
You Heavenly blessings on her: This Fooles speede  
Be crost with slownesse; Labour be his meede. Exit

### Scena Sexta.

[*Wales. Before the cave of Belarius.*]

*Enter Imogen alone [in boy's clothes].*

*Imo.* I see a mans life is a tedious one,  
I have tyr'd my selfe: and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sicke,  
But that my resolution helpes me: Milford,  
When from the Mountaine top, *Pisanio* shew'd thee,  
Thou was't within a kenne. Oh Jove, I thinke  
Foundations flye the wretched: such I meane, 9  
Where they should be releev'd. Two Beggers told me,  
I could not misse my way. Will poore Folkes lye  
That have Afflictions on them, knowing 'tis  
A punishment, or Triall? Yes; no wonder,  
When Rich-ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulnesse  
Is sorer, then to lye for Neede: and Falshood  
Is worse in Kings, then Beggers. My deere Lord,  
Thou art one o' th' false Ones: Now I thinke on thee,  
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
At point to sinke, for Food. But what is this?  
Heere is a path too't: 'tis some savage hold: 20  
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet Famine  
Ere cleane it o're-throw Nature, makes it valiant.

Plentie, and Peace breeds Cowards: Hardnesse ever  
 Of Hardinesse is Mother. Hoa? who's heere?  
 If any thing that's civill, speake: if savage,  
 Take, or lend. Hoa? No answer? Then Ile enter.  
 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy  
 But feare the Sword like me, hee'l scarsely looke on't.  
 Such a Foe, good Heavens.      *Exit [to the cave].*

*Scena Septima.*

30

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* You Polidore have prov'd best Woodman, and  
 Are Master of the Feast: *Cadwall*, and I  
 Will play the Cooke, and Servant, 'tis our match:  
 The sweat of industry would dry, and dye  
 But for the end it workes too. Come, our stomackes  
 Will make what's homely, savoury: Wearinesse  
 Can snore upon the Flint, when restie Sloth  
 Findes the Downe-pillow hard. Now peace be heere,  
 Poore house, that keep'st thy selfe.      40

*Gui.* I am throughly weary.

*Arvi.* I am weake with toyle, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i'th'Cave, we'l brouz on that  
 Whil'st what we have kill'd, be Cook'd.

*Bel.* [Looking into the cave] Stay, come not in:  
 But that it eates our victualles, I should thinke  
 Heere were a Faiery.

*Gui.* What's the matter, Sir?

*Bel.* By Jupiter an Angell: or if not  
 An earthly Paragon. Behold Divinenesse  
 No elder then a Boy.      50

*Enter Imogen.*

*Imo.* Good masters harme me not:  
 Before I enter'd heere, I call'd, and thought  
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth  
 I have stolne nought, nor would not, though I had found  
 Gold strew'd i'th' Floore. Heere's money for my Meate,  
 I would have left it on the Boord, so soone  
 As I had made my Meale; and parted  
 With Pray'rs for the Provider. 60

*Gui.* Money? Youth.

*Arv.* All Gold and Silver rather turne to durt,  
 As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
 Who worship durty Gods.

*Imo.* I see you're angry:  
 Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
 Have dyed, had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whether bound?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven.

*Bel.* What's your name? 70

*Imo.* Fidele Sir: I have a Kinsman, who  
 Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,  
 To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
 I am falne in this offence.

*Bel.* Prythee (faire youth)

Thinke us no Churles: nor measure our good mindes  
 By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd,  
 'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheere  
 Ere you depart; and thankes to stay, and eate it:  
 Boyes, bid him welcome. 80

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
 I should woo hard, but be your Groome in honesty:  
 I bid for you, as I do buy.

*Arvi.* Ile make't my Comfort

He is a man, Ile love him as my Brother:  
 And such a welcome as I'ld give to him  
 (After long absence) such is yours. Most welcome:  
 Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst Friends?

If Brothers: [Aside] would it had bin so, that they 90  
 Had bin my Fathers Sonnes, then had my prize  
 Bin lesse, and so more equall ballasting  
 To thee *Posthumus*.

*Bel.* He wrings at some distresse.

*Gui.* Would I could free't.

*Arvi.* Or I, what ere it be,

What paine it cost, what danger: Gods!

*Bel.* Hearke Boyes. [Whispering.]

*Imo.* Great men

That had a Court no bigger then this Cave, 100  
 That did attend themselves, and had the vertue  
 Which their owne Conscience seal'd them: laying by  
 That nothing-guift of differing Multitudes  
 Could not out-peere these twaine. Pardon me Gods,  
 I'ld change my sexe to be Companion with them,  
 Since *Leonatus* false.

*Bel.* It shall be so:

Boyes wee'l go dresse our Hunt. Faire youth come in;  
 Discourse is heavy, fasting: when we have supp'd  
 Wee'l mannerly demand thee of thy Story, 110  
 So farre as thou wilt speake it.

*Gui.* Pray draw neere.

*Arvi.* The Night to'th'Owle,  
 And Morne to th'Larke lesse welcome.

*Imo.* Thankes Sir.

*Arvi.* I pray draw neere. *Exeunt.*

*Scena Octava.*

[Scene vii. *Rome. A public place.*]

*Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.*

1. *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperors Writ; That since the common men are now in Action 'Gainst the Pannonians, and Dalmatians, And that the Legions now in Gallia, are Full weake to undertake our Warres against The falne-off Britaines, that we do incite The Gentry to this businesse. He creates *Lucius Pro-Consull:* and to you the Tribunes For this immediate Levy, he commands His absolute Commission. Long live *Cæsar.*

[1] *Tri.* Is *Lucius* Generall of the Forces?

2. *Sen.* I.

[1] *Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

1. *Sen.* With those Legions Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levie Must be suppliant: the words of your Commission Will tye you to the numbers, and the time Of their dispatch.

[1] *Tri.* We will discharge our duty. Exeunt.

*Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.*

[*Wales: near the cave of Belarius.*]

*Enter Clotten alone.*

*Clot* I am neere to'th' place where they should meet, if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truely. How fit his Garments

1. *Scena Octava:* out-ROWE.

8. *Britaines:* Britons-HANMER.

11. *commands:* commends-THEOBALD.

2. *Clotten:* Cloten-3-4F.

serve me? Why should his Mistris who was made by him  
that made the Taylor, not be fit too? The rather (saving  
reverence of the Word) for 'tis saide a Womans fitnesse  
comes by fits: therein I must play the Workman, I dare  
speake it to my selfe, for it is not Vainglorie for a man,  
and his Glasse, to confer in his owne Chamber; I meane,  
the Lines of my body are as well drawne as his; no lesse  
young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, be-  
yond him in the advantage of the time, above him in  
Birth, alike conversant in generall services, and more re-  
markeable in single oppositions;<sup>1</sup> yet this imperseverant  
Thing loves him in my despight. What Mortalitie is?  
*Posthumus*, thy head (which now is growing uppon thy  
shoulders) shall within this houre be off, thy Mistris in-  
forced, thy Garments cut to peeces before thy face: and  
all this done, spurne her home to her Father, who may  
happily be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my  
Mother having power of his testinesse, shall turne all in-  
to my commendations. My Horse is tyed up safe, out  
Sword, and to a sore purpose: Fortune put them into my  
hand: This is the very description of their meeting place  
and the Fellow dares not deceive me. <sup>1</sup>*combats* *Exit.*

*Scena Secunda.*

[*Before the cave of Belarius.*]

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen from the Cave.*

*Bel.* [To *Imogen*] You are not well: Remaine heere  
in the Cave, |  
Wee'l come to you after Hunting.

15. *impersèverant*: imperceiverant—Dyce.

21. *happily*: haply—Johnson.

*Arvi.* [To Imogen] Brother, stay heere:  
Are we not Brothers?

*Imo.* So man and man should be,  
But Clay and Clay, differs in dignitie,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sicke,      10

*Gui.* Go you to Hunting, Ile abide with him.

*Imo.* So sicke I am not, yet I am not well:  
But not so Citizen a wanton, as  
To seeme to dye, ere sicke: So please you, leave me,  
Sticke to your Journall<sup>1</sup> course: the breach of Custome,  
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me  
Cannot amend me. Society, is no comfort      1 daily  
To one not sociable: I am not very sicke,  
Since I can reason of it: pray you trust me heere,  
Ile rob none but my selfe, and let me dye      20  
Stealing so poorely.

*Gui.* I love thee: I have spoke it,  
How much the quantity, the waight as much,  
As I do love my Father.

*Bel.* What? How? how?

*Arvi.* If it be sinne to say so (Sir) I yoake mee  
In my good Brothers fault: I know not why  
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's, without reason. The Beere at doore,  
And a demand who is't shall dye, I'd say      30  
My Father, not this youth.

*Bel.* [Aside] Oh noble straine!  
O worthinesse of Nature, breed of Greatnesse!  
"Cowards father Cowards, & Base things Syre Bace;  
"Nature hath Meale, and Bran; Contempt, and Grace.  
I'me not their Father, yet who this should bee,  
Doth myracle it selfe, lov'd before mee.  
'Tis the ninth hour e o'th Morne.

*Arvi.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

40

*Arvi.* You health. —— So please you Sir.

*Imo.* [Aside] These are kinde Creatures.

Gods, what lyes I have heard:

Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court;

Experience, oh thou disproov'st Report.

Th' emperious Seas breeds Monsters; for the Dish,

Poore Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish:

I am sickle still, heart-sicke; *Pisanio*,

Ile now taste of thy Drugge. [Swallows some.]

*Gui.* I could not stirre him:

50

He said he was gentle,<sup>1</sup> but unfortunate;

Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest. <sup>1 well born</sup>

*Arvi.* Thus did he auswer me: yet said heereafter,  
I might know more.

*Bel.* To'th' Field, to'th' Field:

Wee'l leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

*Arvi.* Wee'l not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray be not sickle,

For you must be our Huswife.

*Imo.* Well, or ill,

60

I am bound to you. Exit [Imogen to the cave].

*Bel.* And shal't be ever.

This youth, how ere distrest, appeares he hath had

Good Ancestors.

*Arvi.* How Angell-like he sings?

*Gui.* But his neate Cookerie?

*Arvi.* He cut our Rootes in Charracters,

And sawc'st our Brothes, as *Juno* had bin sickle,

And he her Dieter.

42-3. 1 l.—Rowe.

46. breeds: breed—2-4F.

53. auswer: answer—2-4F.

66-7. 2 ll. ending roots, characters—GLOBE.

67. Arvi.: out, continued to Gui.—CAPELL.

*Arvi.* Nobly he yoakes  
 A smiling, with a sigh; as if the sighe  
 Was that it was, for not being such a Smile:  
 The Smile, mocking the Sigh, that it would flye  
 From so divine a Temple, to commix  
 With windes, that Sailors raile at.

*Gui.* I do note,  
 That greefe and patience rooted in them both,  
 Mingle their spurres<sup>1</sup> together.      <sup>1</sup> rootlets of trees

*Arvi.* Grow patient,  
 And let the stinking-Elder (Greefe) untwine      80  
 His perishing roote, with the encreasing Vine.

*Bel.* It is great morning. Come away: Who's there?

*Enter Cloten.*

*Clo.* I cannot finde those Runnagates, that Villaine  
 Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

*Bel.* Those Runnagates?  
 Meanes he not us? I partly know him, 'tis  
*Cloten*, the Sonne o'th' Queene. I feare some Ambush:  
 I saw him not these many yeares, and yet      89  
 I know 'tis he: We are held as Out-Lawes: Hence.

*Gui.* He is but one: you, and my Brother search  
 What Companies are neere: pray you away,  
 Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt Belarius and Arviragus.*]

*Clot.* Soft, what are you  
 That flye me thus? Some villaine-Mountainer?  
 I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

*Gui.* A thing  
 More slavish did I ne're, then answering  
 A Slave without a knocke.

*Clot.* Thou art a Robber, 100  
 A Law-breaker, a Villaine: yeeld thee Theefe.

*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I  
 An arme as bigge as thine? A heart, as bigge:  
 Thy words I grant are bigger: for I weare not  
 My Dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art:  
 Why I should yeeld to thee?

*Clot.* Thou Villaine base,  
 Know'st me not by my Cloathes?

*Gui.* No, nor thy Taylor, Rascall:  
 Who is thy Grandfather? He made those cloathes,  
 Which (as it seemes) make thee. 111

*Clo.* Thou precious Varlet,  
 My Taylor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence then, and thanke  
 The man that gave them thee. Thou art some Foole,  
 I am loath to beate thee.

*Clot.* Thou injurious Theefe,  
 Heare but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.* What's thy name?

*Clo.* Cloten, thou Villaine. 120

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double Villaine be thy name,  
 I cannot tremble at it, were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,  
 'Twould move me sooner.

*Clot.* To thy further feare,  
 Nay, to thy meere Confusion, thou shalt know  
 I am Sonne to'th' Queene.

*Gui.* I am sorry for't: not seeming  
 So worthy as thy Birth.

*Clot.* Art not afeard?

*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I feare: the Wise:  
 At Fooles I laugh: not feare them. 131

*Clot.* Dye the death:  
 When I have slaine thee with my proper hand,

Ile follow those that even now fled hence:  
 And on the Gates of *Luds-Towne* set your heads:  
 Yeeld Rusticke Mountaineer.      *Fight and Exeunt.*

*Enter Belarius and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* No Companie's abroad?

*Arvi.* None in the world: you did mistake him sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him, 140  
 But Time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of Favour<sup>1</sup>  
 Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,  
 And burst of speaking were as his: I am absolute  
 'Twas very *Cloten.*      <sup>1</sup>countenance

*Arvi.* In this place we left them;  
 I wish my Brother make good time with him,  
 You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
 I meane to man; he had not apprehension  
 Of roaring terrors: For defect of judgement      150  
 Is oft the cause of Feare.

*Enter Guiderius [with Cloten's head].*

But see thy Brother.

*Gui.* This *Cloten* was a Foole, an empty purse,  
 There was no money in't: Not *Hercules*  
 Could have knock'd out his Braines, for he had none:  
 Yet I not doing this, the Foole had borne  
 My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect what: cut off one *Clotens* head,  
 Sonne to the Queene (after his owne report)      161  
 Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore  
 With his owne single hand heel'd take us in,

150. *defect:* the effect (th'effect)—THEOBALD.

151, 153. i l.—ROWE.

Displace our heads, where (thanks the Gods) they grow  
And set them on *Luds-Towne*.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy Father, what have we to loose,  
But that he swore to take, our Lives? the Law  
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,  
To let an arrogant peece of flesh threat us?      170  
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himselfe?  
For we do feare the Law. What company  
Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soule  
Can we set eye on: but in all safe reason  
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honor  
Was nothing but mutation, I, and that  
From one bad thing to worse: Not Frenzie,  
Not absolute madnesse could so farre have rav'd  
To bring him heere alone: although perhaps      180  
It may be heard at Court, that such as wee  
Cave heere, hunt heere, are Out-lawes, and in time  
May make some stronger head, the which he hearing,  
(As it is like him) might breake out, and sweare  
Heel'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we feare,  
If we do feare this Body hath a taile  
More perillous then the head.

*Arvi.* Let Ord'nance      190  
Come as the Gods fore-say it: howsoere,  
My Brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no minde  
To hunt this day: The Boy *Fideles* sickenesse

164. *thanks:* thank-STEEVENS.

176. *Honor:* humour-THEOBALD.

178-9. new l. at Absolute-CAPELL.

Did make my way long forth.

*Gui.* With his owne Sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have tane  
His head from him: Ile throw't into the Creeke  
Behinde our Rocke, and let it to the Sea,  
And tell the Fishes, hee's the Queenes Sonne, *Cloten*,  
That's all I reake. Exit. 201

*Bel.* I feare 'twill be reveng'd:  
Would (*Polidore*) thou had'st not done't: though valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

*Arvi.* Would I had done't:  
So the Revenge alone pursu'de me: *Polidore*  
I love thee brotherly, but envy much  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would Revenges  
That possible strength might meet, wold seek us through  
And put us to our answer. 210

*Bel.* Well, 'tis done:  
Wee'l hunt no more to day, nor seeke for danger  
Where there's no profit. I prythee to our Rocke,  
You and *Fidele* play the Cooke: Ile stay  
Till hasty *Polidore* returne, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arvi.* Poore sick *Fidele*.  
Ile willingly to him, to gaine his colour,  
Il'd let a parish of such *Clotens* blood,  
And praise my selfe for charity. Exit. 220

*Bel.* Oh thou Goddessesse,  
Thou divine Nature; thou thy selfe thou blazon'st  
In these two Princely Boyes: they are as gentle  
As Zephires blowing below the Violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough  
(Their Royall blood enchaf'd) as the rud'st winde,

That by the top doth take the Mountaine Pine,  
 And make him stoope to th'Vale. 'Tis wonder  
 That an invisible instinct should frame them  
 To Royalty unlearn'd, Honor untaught,      230  
 Civility not seene from other: valour  
 That wildly growes in them, but yeelds a crop  
 As if it had beene sow'd: yet still it's strange  
 What *Clotens* being heere to us portends,  
 Or what his death will bring us.

*Enter Guidereus.*

*Gui.* Where's my Brother?  
 I have sent *Clotens* Clot-pole downe the streeame,  
 In Embassie to his Mother; his Bodie's hostage  
 For his returne.      *Solemn Musick.*

*Bel.* My ingenuous Instrument,      241  
 (Hearke *Polidore*) it sounds: but what occasion  
 Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? Hearke.

*Gui.* Is he at home?  
*Bel.* He went hence even now.  
*Gui.* What does he meane?  
 Since death of my deer'st Mother  
 It did not speake before. All solemne things  
 Should answer solemne Accidents. The matter?  
 Triumphes for nothing, and lamenting Toyes,      250  
 Is jollity for Apes, and greefe for Boyes.  
 Is *Cadwall* mad?

*Enter Arviragus, with Imogen [as] dead, bearing  
 her in his Armes.*

*Bel.* Looke, heere he comes,  
 And brings the dire occasion in his Armes,

236. *Guidereus: Guiderius*-2-4F.  
 241. *ingenuous: ingenious*-ROWE.

246-7. 1 l.-POPE.

Of what we blame him for.

*Arvi.* The Bird is dead

That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipt from sixteene yeares of Age, to sixty: 260  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,  
Then have seene this.

*Gui.* Oh sweetest, fayrest Lilly:

My Brother weares thee not the one halfe so well,  
As when thou grew'st thy selfe.

*Bel.* Oh Melancholly,

Who ever yet could sound thy bottome? Finde  
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish care  
Might'st easiest harbour in. Thou blessed thing,  
Jove knowes what man thou might'st have made: but I,  
Thou dyed'st a most rare Boy, of Melancholly. 271  
How found you him?

*Arvi.* Starke, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some Fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as deaths dart being laugh'd at: his right Cheeke  
Reposing on a Cushion.

*Gui.* Where?

*Arvi.* O'th'floore:

His armes thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put  
My clowted Brogues from off my feete, whose rudenesse  
Answer'd my steps too lowd. 281

*Gui.* Why, he but sleepes:

If he be gone, hee'l make his Grave, a Bed:  
With female Fayries will his Tombe be haunted,  
And Wormes will not come to thee.

*Arvi.* With fayrest Flowers

Whil'st Sommer lasts, and I live heere, *Fidele*,  
Ile sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lacke

268. care: crare—STEEVENS.

269. Might'st easiest: Might easiest—4F.

The Flower that's like thy face. Pale-Primrose, nor  
 The azur'd Hare-bell, like thy Veines: no, nor 290  
 The leafe of Eglantine, whom not to slander,  
 Out-sweetned not thy breath: the Raddocke<sup>1</sup> would  
 With Charitable bill (Oh bill sore shaming <sup>1</sup> redbreast  
 Those rich-left-heyres, that let their Fathers lye  
 Without a Monument) bring thee all this,  
 Yea, and furr'd Mosse besides. When Flowres are none  
 To winter-ground<sup>2</sup> thy Coarse—

*Gui.* Prythee have done, <sup>2</sup> protect from frost  
 And do not play in Wench-like words with that  
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him, 300  
 And not protract with admiration, what  
 Is now due debt. To'th'grave.

*Arvi.* Say, where shall's lay him?

*Gui.* By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

*Arvi.* Bee't so:

And let us (*Polidore*) though now our voyces  
 Have got the mannish cracke, sing him to'th'ground  
 As once to our Mother: use like note, and words,  
 Save that *Euriphile*, must be *Fidele*.

*Gui.* Cadwall, 310

I cannot sing: Ile weepe, and word it with thee;  
 For Notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
 Then Priests, and Phanes that lye.

*Arvi.* Wee'l speake it then.

*Bel.* Great greefes I see med'cine the lesse: For *Cloten*  
 Is quite forgot. He was a Queenes Sonne, Boyes,  
 And though he came our Enemy, remember  
 He was paid for that: though meane, and mighty rotting  
 Together have one dust, yet Reverence  
 (That Angell of the world) doth make distinction 320

292. *Raddocke*: ruddock—HANMER.

308. *to our*: our—POPE.

Of place 'tweene high, and low. Our Foe was Princely,  
And though you tooke his life, as being our Foe,  
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

*Gui.* Pray you fetch him hither,  
*Thersites* body is as good as *Ajax*,  
When neyther are alive.

*Arvi.* If you'l go fetch him,  
Wee'l say our Song the whil'st: Brother begin.

[*Exit Belarius.*]

*Gui.* Nay *Cadwall*, we must lay his head to th' East,  
My Father hath a reason for't. 330

*Arvi.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arvi.* So, begin.

### SONG.

*Guid.* Feare no more the heate o'th' Sun,  
Nor the furious Winters rages,  
Thou thy worldly task hast don,  
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.  
Golden Lads, and Girles all must,  
As Chimney-Sweepers come to dust. 340

*Arvi.* Feare no more the frowne o'th' Great,  
Thou art past the Tirants stroake,  
Care no more to cloath and eate,  
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:

The Scepter, Learning, Physicke must,  
All follow this and come to dust.

*Guid.* Feare no more the Lightning flash.

*Arvi.* Nor tb' all-dreaded Thunderstone.

*Gui.* Feare not Slander, Censure rash.

*Arvi.* Thou hast finish'd Joy and mone.

*Both.* All Lovers young, all Lovers must, 350

*Consigne to thee and come to dust.*

Guid. *No Exorcisor harme thee,*

Arvi. *Nor no witch-craft charme thee.*

Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbeare thee.*

Arvi. *Nothing ill come neere thee.*

Both. *Quiet consumation have,*

*And renowned be thy grave.*

*Enter Belarius with the body of Cloten.*

Gui. We have done our obsequies:

360

Come lay him downe.

Bel. Heere's a few Flowres, but 'bout midnight more:  
 The hearbes that have on them cold dew o'th' night  
 Are strewings fit'st for Graves: upon their Faces.  
 You were as Flowres, now wither'd: even so  
 These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.  
 Come on, away, apart upon our knees:  
 The ground that gave them first, ha's them againe:  
 Their pleasures here are past, so are their paine. *Exeunt*  
 [Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus].

*Imogen awakes.*

370

Yes Sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?  
 I thanke you: by yond bush? pray how farre thether?  
 'Ods pittikins: <sup>1</sup> can it be sixe mile yet? <sup>1</sup> God's pity  
 I have gone all night: 'Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.  
 But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!

[*Seeing the body of Cloten.*]

These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;  
 This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:  
 For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper,  
 And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:

360-1. 1 l.-POPE.

369. are: is-POPE.

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,      380  
 Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,  
 Are sometimes like our Judgements, blinde. Good faith  
 I tremble still with feare: but if there be  
 Yet left in Heaven, as small a drop of pittie  
 As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it.  
 The Dreame's heere still: even when I wake it is  
 Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.  
 A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?  
 I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:  
 His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh      390  
 The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his Joviall<sup>1</sup> face —  
 Murther in heaven? How? 'tis gone. *Pisanio*,  
 All Curses madded *Hecuba* gave the Greekes,  
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee: thou      1 like Jove  
 Conspir'd with that Irregulous<sup>2</sup> divell *Cloten*, 2 lawless  
 Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,  
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*,  
 Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisanio*)  
 From this most bravest vessell of the world  
 Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,      400  
 Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?  
*Pisanio* might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
 And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*?  
 'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them  
 Have laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
 The Drugge he gave me, which hee said was precious  
 And Cordiall to me, have I not found it  
 Murd'rous to'th'Senses? That confirmes it home:  
 This is *Pisanio*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh!  
 Give colour to my pale cheeke with thy blood,      410

That we the horrider may seeme to those  
 Which chance to finde us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!  
 [Falls on the body.]

*Enter Lucius, Captaines, and a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia  
 After your will, have crost the Sea, attending  
 You heere at Milford-Haven, with your Shippes:  
 They are heere in readinesse.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The Senate hath stirr'd up the Confiners,  
 And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits, 420  
 That promise Noble Service: and they come  
 Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,  
*Syenna's Brother.*

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o'th'winde.

*Luc.* This forwardnesse

Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers  
 Be muster'd: bid the Captaines looke too't. Now Sir,  
 What have you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

*Sooth.* Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision  
 (I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus: 431  
 I saw Joves Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd  
 From the spungy South, to this part of the West,  
 There vanish'd in the Sun-beames, which portends  
 (Unlesse my sinnes abuse my Divination)  
 Successe to th'Roman hoast.

*Luc.* Dreame often so,  
 And never false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?  
 Without his top? The ruine speakes, that sometime

It was a worthy building. How? a Page? 440  
 Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:  
 For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed  
 With the defunct, or sleepe upon the dead.  
 Let's see the Boyes face.

*Cap.* Hee's alive my Lord.

*Luc.* Hee'l then instruct us of this body: Young one,  
 Informe us of thy Fortunes, for it seemes  
 They crave to be demanded: who is this  
 Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he  
 That (otherwise then noble Nature did) 450  
 Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest  
 In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?  
 What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing; or if not,  
 Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,  
 A very valiant Britaine, and a good,  
 That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,  
 There is no more such Masters: I may wander  
 From East to Occident, cry out for Service,  
 Try many, all good: serve truly: never 460  
 Finde such another Master.

*Luc.* 'Lacke, good youth:  
 Thou mov'st no lesse with thy complaining, then  
 Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.

*Imo. Richard du Champ:* [Aside] If I do lye, and do  
 No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope  
 They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele Sir. 469

*Luc.* Thou doo'st approve thy selfe the very same:  
 Thy Name well sits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:

Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure  
 No lesse belov'd. The Romane Emperors Letters  
 Sent by a Consull to me, should not sooner  
 Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

*Imo.* Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,  
 Ile hide my Master from the Flies, as deepe  
 As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when 479  
 With wild wood-leaves & weeds, I ha' strew'd his grave  
 And on it said a Century of prayers  
 (Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sighe,  
 And leaving so his service, follow you,  
 So please you entertaine mee.

*Luc.* I good youth,  
 And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,  
 The Boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us  
 Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,  
 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans<sup>1</sup>  
 A Grave: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd 490  
 By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd      <sup>1</sup>halberds  
 As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull; wipe thine eyes,  
 Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise. *Exeunt*

### Scena Tertia.

[*A room in Cymbeline's palace.*]

*Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio [and Attendants].*

*Cym.* Againe: and hring me word how 'tis with her,  
 [Exit an Attendant.]

A Feavour with the absence of her Sonne;  
 A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heavens,

477. and't: an't-2-4F.      486. *My Friends:* separate l.-POPE.  
 3. bring: bring-3-4F.

How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,  
 The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene  
 Upon a desperate bed, and in a time  
 When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,  
 So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past      10  
 The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,  
 Who needs must know of her departure, and  
 Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee  
 By a sharpe Torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,  
 I humbly set it at your will: But for my Mistris,  
 I nothing know where she remaines: why gone,  
 Nor when she purposes returne. Beseech your Highnes,  
 Hold me your loyall Servant.

[1] *Lord.* Good my Liege,      20  
 The day that she was missing, he was heere;  
 I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe  
 All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,  
 There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
 And will no doubt be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome:  
 [To *Pisanio*] Wee'l slip you for a season, but our jeal-  
 ousie |  
 Do's yet depend.

[1] *Lord.* So please your Majesty,  
 The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,      30  
 Are landed on your Coast, with a supply  
 Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queen,  
 I am amaz'd with matter.

[1] *Lord.* Good my Liege,  
 Your preparation can affront no lesse  
 Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're  
 ready: |

The want is, but to put those Powres<sup>1</sup> in motion,  
That long to move. <sup>1</sup>*forces*

Cym. I thanke you: let's withdraw 40  
And meete the Time, as it seekes us. We feare not  
What can from Italy annoy us, but  
We greeve at chances heere. Away. *Exeunt*  
[all but Pisanio].

Pisa. I heard no Letter from my Master, since  
I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:  
Nor heare I from my Mistris, who did promise  
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I  
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine  
Perplext in all. The Heavens still must worke: 49  
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.  
These present warres shall finde I love my Country,  
Even to the note o'th'King, or Ile fall in them:  
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,  
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. *Exit.*

### Scena Quarta.

[Wales: before the cave of Belarius.]

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.

Gui. The noyse is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arvi. What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it  
From Action, and Adventure.

Gui. Nay, what hope  
Have we in hiding us? This way the Romaines  
Must, or for Britaines slay us or receive us  
For barbarous and unnaturall Revolts 10  
During their use, and slay us after.

5. *we finde:* find we—2-4F.

*Bel.* Sonnes,

Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure u...  
 To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse  
 Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, not muster'd  
 Among the Bands) may drive us to a render<sup>1</sup>  
 Where we have liv'd; and so extort from's that  
 Which we have done, whose answer would be death  
 Drawne on with Torture.

<sup>1</sup> account

*Gui.* This is (Sir) a doubt

In such a time, nothing becomming you,  
 Nor satisfying us.

20

*Arvi.* It is not likely,

That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,  
 Behold their quarter'd Fires; have both their eyes  
 Aud eares so cloyd importantly as now,  
 That they will waste their time upon our note,  
 To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* Oh, I am knowne

Of many in the Army: Many yeeres  
 (Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him  
 From my remembrance. And besides, the King  
 Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,  
 Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;  
 The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse  
 To have the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,  
 But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and  
 The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

30

*Gui.* Then be so,

Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th' Army:  
 I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe  
 So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,  
 Cannot be question'd.

40

13. u...: us-2-4F.

26. Aud: And-2-4F.

24. their: the-ROWE.

35. beard: hard-2-4F.

*Arvi.* By this Sunne that shines  
 Ile thither: What thing is't, that I never  
 Did see man dye, scarce ever look'd on blood,  
 But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?  
 Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had  
 A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,  
 Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd      50  
 To looke upon the holy Sunne, to have  
 The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining  
 So long a poore unknowne.

*Gui.* By heavens Ile go,  
 If you will blesse me Sir, and give me leave,  
 Ile take the better care: but if you will not,  
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
 The hands of Romaines.

*Arvi.* So say I, Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I (since of your lives you set      60  
 So slight a valewation) should reserve  
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you Boyes:  
 If in your Country warres you chance to dye,  
 That is my Bed too (Lads) and there Ile lye.  
 Lead, lead; [*Aside*] the time seems long, their blood  
 thinks scorn |  
 Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. *Exeunt.*

### *Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.*

[*Britain. The Roman camp.*]

*Enter Posthumus alone [with a bloody handkerchief].*

*Post.* Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht  
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,

61. *valewation:* valuation—2-4F.

3. *I am wisht:* I wish'd—POPE.

If each of you should take this course, how many  
 Must murther Wives much better then themselves  
 For wryting<sup>1</sup> but a little? Oh *Pisanio*,      <sup>1</sup>*swerving*  
 Every good Servant do's not all Commands:  
 No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods, if you  
 Should have 'tane vengeance on my faults, I never 10  
 Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved  
 The noble *Imogen*, to repent, and strooke  
 Me (wretch) more worth your Vengeance. But alacke,  
 You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love  
 To have them fall no more: you some permit  
 To second illes with illes, each elder worse,  
 And make them dread it, to the dooers thrift.  
 But *Imogen* is your owne, do your best willes,  
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither  
 Among th'Italian Gentry, and to fight      20  
 Against my Ladies Kingdome: 'Tis enough  
 That (Britaine) I have kill'd thy Mistris: Peace,  
 Ile give no wound to thee: therefore good Heavens,  
 Heare patiently my purpose. Ile disrobe me  
 Of these Italian weedes, and suite my selfe  
 As do's a *Britaine* Pezant: so Ile fight  
 Against the part I come with: so Ile dye  
 For thee (O *Imogen*) even for whom my life  
 Is every breath, a death: and thus, unknownne,  
 Pittied, nor hated, to the face of perill      30  
 My selfe Ile dedicate. Let me make men know  
 More valour in me, then my habits show.  
 Gods, put the strength o'th' *Leonati* in me:  
 To shame the guize o'th'world, I will begin,  
 The fashion lesse without, and more within.      *Exit.*

*Scena Secunda.*

[Field of battle between the British and Roman camps.]

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Romane Army at one doore: and the Britaine Army at another: Leonatus Posthumus following like a poore Souldier. They march over, and goe out. Then enter againe in Skirmish Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him.*

*Iac.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosome,  
Takes off my manhood: I have belyed a Lady,  
The Princesse of this Country; and the ayre on't   10  
Revengingly enfeebles me, or could this Carle,<sup>1</sup>  
A very drudge of Natures, have subdu'de me   <sup>1</sup>*cburl*  
In my profession? Knighthoods, and Honors borne  
As I weare mine) are titles but of scorne.  
If that thy Gentry (Britaine) go before  
This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the oddes  
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Goddes. *Exit.*

*The Battaile continues, the Britaines fly, Cymbeline is | taken: Then enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, | and Arviragus.*   20

*Bel.* Stand, stand, we have th'advantage of the ground,  
The Lane is guarded: Nothing rowts us, but  
The villany of our feares.

*Gui. Arvi.* Stand, stand, and fight.

*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britaines. They Rescue Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

*Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.*

*Luc.* Away boy from the Troopes, and save thy selfe:  
For friends kil friends, and the disorder's such

3. *Britaine: British-CAPELL.*

As warre were hood-wink'd.

*Iac.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: or betimes  
Let's re-inforce, or fly.

*Exeunt*

*Scena Tertia.*

[*Another part of the field.*]

*Enter Posthumus, and a Britaine Lord.*

*Lor.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

*Post.* I did,

Though you it seemes come from the Fliers?

*Lo.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you Sir, for all was lost,  
But that the Heavens fought: the King himselfe  
Of his wings destitute, the Army broken,  
And but the backes of Britaines seene; all flying      10  
Through a strait Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring: having worke  
More plentifull, then Tooles to doo't: strooke downe  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Meerely through feare, that the strait passe was damm'd  
With deadmen, hurt behinde, and Cowards living  
To dye with length'ned shame.

*Lo.* Where was this Lane?

*Post.* Close by the battell, ditch'd, & wall'd with turph,  
Which gave advantage to an ancient Soldiour      20  
(An honest one I warrant) who deserv'd      <sup>1</sup> a gamme  
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,  
He, with two striplings (Lads more like to run  
The Country base,<sup>1</sup> then to commit such slaughter,

2. *Britaine:* British—POPE.

With faces fit for Maskes, or rather fayrer  
 Then those for preservation cas'd, or shame)  
 Made good the passage, cryed to those that fled.  
 Our *Britaines* hearts dye flying, not our men,  
 To darknesse fleete soules that flye backwards; stand, 30  
 Or we are Romanes, and will give you that  
 Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save  
 But to looke backe in frowne: Stand, stand. These three,  
 Three thousand confident, in acte as many:  
 For three performers are the File, when all  
 The rest do nothing. With this word stand, stand,  
 Accomodated by the Place; more Charming  
 With their owne Noblenesse, which could have turn'd  
 A Distaffe, to a Lance, guilded pale lookes;  
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd coward  
 But by example (Oh a sinne in Warre, 41  
 Damn'd in the first beginners) gan to looke  
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lyons  
 Upon the Pikes o'th' Hunters. Then beganne  
 A stop i'th'Chaser; a Retyre: Anon  
 A Rowt, confusion thicke: forthwith they flye  
 Chickens, the way which they stopt Eagles: Slaves  
 The strides the Victors made: and now our Cowards  
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became  
 The life o'th'need: having found the backe doore open  
 Of the unguarded hearts: heavens, how they wound, 51  
 Some slaine before some dying; some their Friends  
 Ore-borne i'th'former wave, ten chac'd by one,  
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:  
 Those that would dye, or ere resist, are growne  
 The mortall bugs<sup>1</sup> o'th' Field. 1 *bugbears*

*Lord.* This was strange chance:

29. *hearts: harts*—2POPE.

47. *stop: stoop'd*—2Rowe.

48. *the: they*—THEOBALD.

A narrow Lane, an old man, and two Boyes.

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: you are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you heare,

Then to worke any. Will you Rime upon't,  
And vent it for a Mock'rie? Heere is one:

*"Two Boyes, an Oldman (twice a Boy) a Lane,  
"Preserv'd the Britaines, was the Romanes bane.*

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry Sir.

*Post.* Lacke, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, Ile be his Friend:  
For if hee'l do, as he is made to doo,  
I know hee'l quickly flye my friendship too.  
You have put me into Rime.

*Lord.* Farewell, you're angry.

*Exit.*

*Post.* Still going? This is a Lord: Oh Noble misery  
To be i'th' Field, and aske what newes of me:  
To day, how many would have given their Honours  
To have sav'd their Carkasses? Tooke heele to doo't,  
And yet dyed too. I, in mine owne woe charm'd  
Could not finde death, where I did heare him groane,  
Nor feele him where he strooke. Being an ugly Monster,  
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,  
Sweet words; or hath moe ministers then we

That draw his knives i'th' War. Well I will finde him:  
For being now a Favourer to the Britaine,  
No more a Britaine, I have resum'd againe  
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,  
But yeeld me to the veriest Hinde, that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Heere made by'th' Romane; great the Answer<sup>1</sup> be  
Britaines must take. For me, my Ransome's death,  
On eyther side I come to spend my breath;

*1 retaliation*

Which neyther heere Ile keepe, nor beare agen,  
But end it by some meanes for *Imogen*.

*Enter two [British] Capaines, and Soldiers.*

1 [Cap.] Great Jupiter be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken,  
'Tis thought the old man, and his sonnes, were Angels.

2 [Cap.] There was a fourth man, in a silly<sup>1</sup> habit,  
That gave th'Affront with them. <sup>1 rustic</sup>

1 [Cap.] So 'tis reported:  
But none of'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

*Post.* A Roman,  
Who had not now beene drooping heere, if Seconds  
Had answer'd him.

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2 [Cap.] Lay hands on him: a Dogge,  
A legge of Rome shall not returne to tell  
What Crows have peckt them here: he brags his service  
As if he were of note: bring him to'th'King.

*Enter Cymbeline, Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, [Soldiers, Attendants] and | Romane Captives. The Capaines present Posthumus to | Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Gaoler. | [Then ex-eunt omnes.]*

### *Scena Quarta.*

[*A British prison.*]

*Enter Posthumus, and [two] Gaoler[s].*

[1] *Gao.* You shall not now be stolne,  
You have lockes upon you:  
So graze, as you finde Pasture.

2. *Gao.* I, or a stomacke. [Exeunt Gaolers.]

*Post.* Most welcome bondage; for thou art a way  
(I thinke) to liberty: yet am I better

Then one that's sicke o'th' Gowt, since he had rather  
 Groane so in perpetuity, then be cur'd' 10  
 By'th'sure Physitian, Death; who is the key  
 T'unbarre these Lockes. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd  
 More then my shanks, & wrists: you good Gods give me  
 The penitent Instrument to picke that Bolt,  
 Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry?  
 So Children temporall Fathers do appease;  
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent,  
 I cannot do it better then in Gyves,  
 Desir'd, more then constrain'd, to satisfie  
 If of my Freedome 'tis the maine part, take 20  
 No stricter render of me, then my All.  
 I know you are more clement then vilde men,  
 Who of their broken Debtors take a third,  
 A sixt, a tenth, letting them thrive againe  
 On their abatement; that's not my desire.  
 For *Imogens* deere life, take mine, and though  
 'Tis not so deere, yet 'tis a life; you coyn'd it,  
 'Tweene man, and man, they waigh not every stampe:  
 Though light, take Peeces for the figures sake,  
 (You rather) mine being yours: and so great Powres,  
 If you will take this Audit, take this life, 31  
 And cancell these cold Bonds. Oh *Imogen*,  
 Ile speake to thee in silence. [Sleeps.]

*Solemne Musicke.* Enter (as in an Apparation) Sicillius  
 Leo- | natus, Father to Posthumus, an old man, attyred  
 like a war- | riour, leading in his hand an ancient Ma-  
 tron (his wife, & | Mother to Posthumus) with Mu-  
 sicke before them. Then. | after other Musicke, followes  
 the two young Leonati (Bro- | thers to Posthumus)

34. *Apparation:* apparition—2-4F.38. *followes:* follow—2Rowe.

*with wounds as they aied in the warrs.* | *They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.* | 40

*Sicil.* No more thou Thunder-Master  
shew thy spight, on Mortall Flies:  
With Mars fall out with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries  
Rates, and Revenges.

Hath my poore Boy done ought but well,  
whose face I never saw:

I dy'de whil'st in the Wombe he staide,  
attending Natures Law.

Whose Father then (as men report,  
thou Orphanes Father art) 50

Thou should'st have bin, and sheelded him,  
from this earth-vexing smart.

*Moth.* *Lucina* lent not me her ayde,  
but tooke me in my Throwes,

That from me was *Posthumus* ript,  
came crying 'mong'st his Foes.

A thing of pitty.

*Sicil.* Great Nature like his Ancestrie,  
moulded the stiffe so faire:

That he d serv'd the praise o'th'World, 60  
as great *Sicilius* heyre.

*I.Bro.* When once he was mature for man,  
in Britaine where was hee

That could stand up his paralell?  
Or fruitfull object bee?

In eye of *Imogen*, that best could deeme  
his dignitie.

*Mo.* With Marriage wherefore was he mockt  
to be exil'd, and throwne

41-3. 4 ll. ending show, flies, chide, adulteries—THEOBALD.

60. *d serv'd:* deserved—2-4F.

66-7. 2 ll. ending best, dignity—2-4F.

From *Leonati Seate*, and cast from her,  
his deerest one:

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Sweete *Imogen?*

*Sic.* Why did you suffer *Iachimo*, slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his Nobler hart & braine, with needlesse jealousy,  
And to become the geeke<sup>1</sup> and scorne o'th'others vilany?

*2 Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came,      <sup>1</sup>*fool*  
our Parents, and us twaine,  
That striking in our Countries cause,  
fell bravely, and were slaine,  
Our Fealty, & *Tenantius* right, with Honor to maintaine.

*1 Bro.* Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath      81  
to *Cymbeline* perform'd:  
Then Jupiter, thou King of Gods, why hast thou thus  
adjourn'd |

The Graces for his Merits due, being all to dolors turn'd?

*Sicil.* Thy Christall window ope; looke,  
looke out, no longer exercise

Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh, and potent injuries:

*Moth.* Since (Jupiter) our Son is good,  
take off his miseries.

*Sicil.* Peepe through thy Marble Mansion, helpe,  
or we poore Ghosts will cry      91  
To'th'shining Synod of the rest, against thy Deity.

*Brothers.* Helpe (Jupiter) or we appeale,  
and from thy justice flye.

*Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting uppon  
an | Eagle: bee throwes a Thunder-bolt. The  
Ghostes fall on | their knees.*

70-1. 2 ll. ending *cast, one*-2-4F.

73-5. 6 ll. ending *Iachimo, Italy, brain, jealousy, scorn, vil-*  
*lany*-4F.      80. 2 ll. ending *right, maintain*-4F.

83-7. 8 ll. ending *gods, adjourn'd, due, turn'd, out, exercise,*  
*harsh, injuries*-4F.

85. *looke: out*-2-4F.

92. 2 ll. ending *rest, deity*-4F.

*Jupiter.* No more you petty Spirits of Region low  
Offend our hearing: hush. How dare you Ghostes  
Accuse the Thunderer, whose Bolt (you know) 100  
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.

Poore shadowes of Elizium, hence, and rest  
Upon your never-withering bankes of Flowres.  
Be not with mortall accidents opprest,  
No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I crosse; to make my guift  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,  
Your low-laide Sonne, our Godhead will uplift:  
His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent:  
Our Joviall Starre reign'd at his Birth, and in 110  
Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,  
He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his Affliction made.  
This Tablet lay upon his Brest, wherein  
Our pleasure, his full Fortune, doth confine,  
And so away: no farther with your dinne  
Expresse Impatience, least you stirre up mine:  
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Christalline.

*Ascends Sicil.* He came in Thunder, his Celestiall breath  
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy Eagle 120  
Stoop'd, as to foote us: his Ascension is  
More sweet then our blest Fields: his Royall Bird  
Prunes the immortall wing, and cloyes his Beake,  
As when his God is pleas'd.

*All.* Thankes Jupiter.

*Sic.* The Marble Pavement clozes, he is enter'd  
His radiant Roofe: Away, and to be blest  
Let us with care performe his great behest.

[*The Ghosts*] Vanish |

*Post.* [Waking] Sleepe, thou hast bin a Grandsire,  
and begot |

A Father to me: and thou hast created                    130  
 'A Mother, and two Brothers. But (oh scorne)  
 Gone, they went hence so soone as they were borne:  
 And so I am awake. Poore Wretches, that depend  
 On Greatnesse, Favour; Dreame as I have done,  
 Wake, and finde nothing. But (alas) I swerve:  
 Many Dreame not to finde, neither deserve,  
 And yet are steep'd in Favours; so am I  
 That have this Golden chance, and know not why:  
 What Fayeries haunt this ground? A Book? Oh rare one,  
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a Garment            140  
 Nobler then that it covers. Let thy effects  
 So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,  
 As good, as promise.

*Reades.*

*When as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe unknown,  
 with- | out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a piece  
 oftender | Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall be  
 lopt branches, | which being dead many yeares, shall  
 after revive, bee joynted to | the old Stocke, and freshly  
 grow, then shall Posthumus end his | miseries, Britaine  
 be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen- | tie. 151*

'Tis still a Dreame: or else such stiffe as Madmen  
 Tongue, and braine not: either both, or nothing,  
 Or senselesse speaking, or a speaking such  
 As sense cannot untye. Be what it is,  
 The Action of my life is like it, which Ile keepe  
 If but for sympathy.

*Enter Gaoler [s].*

[1] *Gao.* Come Sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.            160

130. *host:* hast—2-4F.

156-7. new l. at I'LL-JOHNSON.

[1] *Gao.* Hanging is the word, Sir, if you bee readie  
for | that, you are well Cook'd.

*Post.* So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the  
dish payes the shot. 164

[1] *Gao.* A heavy reckoning for you Sir: But the com-  
fort | is you shall be called to no more payments, fear no  
more | Taverne Bils, which are often the sadness of part-  
ing, as | the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want  
of | meate, depart reeling with too much drinke: sor-  
rie that | you have payed<sup>1</sup> too much, and sorry that you  
are payed | too much: Purse and Braine, both empty:  
the Brain the | heavier, for being too light; the Purse  
too light, being | drawne of heaviness. Oh, of this con-  
tradiction you shall | now be quit: Oh the charity of a  
penny Cord, it summes | up thousands in a trice: you  
have no true Debitor, and | Creditor but it: of what's  
past, is, and to come, the dis- | charge: your necke (Sis)  
is Pen, Booke, and Counters; so | the Acquittance  
followes. | 1 *punished*

*Post.* I am merrier to dye, then thou art to live. 179

[1] *Gao.* Indeed Sir, he that sleepes, feeles not the  
Tooth- | Ache: but a man that were to sleepe your  
sleepe, and a | Hangman to helpe him to bed, I think  
he would change | places with his Officer: for, look you  
Sir, you know not | which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes indeed do I, fellow. 185

[1] *Gao.* Your death has eyes in's head then: I have  
not | seen him so pictur'd: you must either bee directed  
by | some that take upon them to know, or to take upon  
your | selfe that which I am sure you do not know: or  
jump<sup>2</sup> the | after-enquiry on your owne perill: and how  
you shall | speed in your journies end, I thinke you'l  
never returne | to tell one. 2 *risk* 192

*Post.* I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as winke, and will not use them.

[1] *Gao.* What an infinite mocke is this, that a man shold | have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindnesse: I | am sure hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Knocke off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King.

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*Post.* Thou bring'st good newes, I am call'd to bee made free.

[1] *Gao.* Ile be hang'd then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer then a Gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [Exeunt all but the First Gaoler.]

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[1] *Gao.* Unlesse a man would marry a Gallowes, & be- | get yong Gibbets, I never saw one so prone:<sup>1</sup> yet on my | Conscience, there are verier Knaves desire to live, for all | he be a Roman; and there be some of them too that dye | against their willes; so should I, if I were one. I would | we were all of one minde, and one minde good: O there | were desolation of Gaolers and Gallowses: I speake a- | gainst my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment | in't. <sup>1</sup>willing Exeunt.

*Scena Quinta.*

[*Cymbeline's tent.*]

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, and Lords [Officers and Attendants].*

*Cym.* Stand by my side you, whom the Gods have made Preservers of my Throne: woe is my heart, That the poore Souldier that so richly fought,

Whose ragges, sham'd gilded Armes, whose naked brest  
Stept before Targes<sup>1</sup> of proofe, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can finde him, if      <sup>1</sup>*shields*  
Onr Grace can make him so.    10

*Bel.* I never saw

Such Noble fury in so poore a Thing;  
Such precious deeds, in one that promist nought  
But beggery, and poore lookes.

*Cym.* No tydings of him?

*Pisa.* He hath bin search'd among the dead, & living;  
But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my greefe, I am

The heyre of his Reward, [To Belarius, Guiderius, and  
Arviragus] which I will adde |  
To you (the Liver, Heart, and Braine of Britaine) 20  
By whom (I grant) she lives. 'Tis now the time  
To aske of whence you are. Report it.

*Bel.* Sir,

In Cambria are we borne, and Gentlemen:  
Further to boast, were neyther true, nor modest,  
Unlesse I adde, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees:

Arise my Knights o'th' Battell, I create you  
Companions to our person, and will fit you  
With Dignities becomming your estates.                            30

*Enter Cornelius and Ladies.*

There's businesse in these faces: why so sadly  
Greet you our Victory? you looke like Romaines,  
And not o'th' Court of Britaine.

*Corn.* Hayle great King,  
To sowre your happinesse, I must report

The Queene is dead.

*Cym.* Who worse then a Physitian  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By Med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death      40  
Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life,  
Which (being cruell to the world) concluded  
Most cruell to her selfe. What she confess'd,  
I will report, so please you. These her Women  
Can trip me, if I erre, who with wet cheekes  
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Prythee say.

*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you: onely  
Affected Greatnesse got by you: not you:      50  
Married your Royalty, was wife to your place:  
Abhor'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this:  
And but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Corn.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love  
With such integrity, she did confess'd  
Was as a Scorpion to her sight, whose life  
(But that her flight prevented it) she had  
Tane off by poyson.      60

*Cym.* O most delicate Fiend!  
Who is't can reade a Woman? Is there more?

*Corn.* More Sir, and worse. She did confess'd she had  
For you a mortall Minerall, which being tooke,  
Should by the minute feede on life, and ling'ring,  
By inches waste you. In which time, she purpos'd  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
Orecome you with her shew; and in time  
(When she had fitted you with her craft, to worke  
Her Sonne into th'adoption of the Crowne:      70

But fayling of her end by his strange absence,  
 Grew shamelesse desperate, open'd (in despight  
 Of Heaven, and Men) her purposes: repented  
 The evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so  
 Disparying, dyed.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her Women?

*La.* We did, so please your Highnesse.

*Cym.* Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautifull:  
 Mine eares that heare her flattery, nor my heart, 80  
 That thought her like her seeming. It had beene vicious  
 To have mistrusted her: yet (Oh my Daughter)  
 That it was folly in me, thou mayst say,  
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo [the Soothsayer], and other Roman prisoners [guarded], | Leonatus [Posthumus] behind, and Imogen. |*

Thou comm'st not *Caius* now for Tribute, that  
 The Britaines have rac'd out, though with the losse  
 Of many a bold one: whose Kinsmen have made suite  
 That their good soules may be appeas'd, with slaughter  
 Of you their Captives, which our selfe have granted, 91  
 So thinke of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider Sir, the chance of Warre, the day  
 Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,  
 We should not when the blood was cool, have threatend  
 Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods  
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
 May be call'd ransome, let it come: Sufficeth,  
 A Roman, with a Romans heart can suffer:  
*Augustus* lives to thinke on't: and so much 100

80. *beare:* heard-3-4F.

86. *Leonatus:* out-CAPELL.

For my peculiar care. This one thing onely  
 I will entreat, my Boy (a Britaine borne)  
 Let him be ransom'd: Never Master had  
 A Page so kinde, so duteous, diligent,  
 So tender over his occasions, true,  
 So feate,<sup>1</sup> so Nurse-like: let his vertue joyne  
 With my request, which Ile make bold, your Highnesse  
 Cannot deny: he hath done no Britaine harme,  
 Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him (Sir)  
 And spare no blood beside.

<sup>1</sup> dexterous 110

*Cym.* I have surely seene him:  
 His favour is familiar to me: Boy,  
 Thou hast look'd thy selfe into my grace,  
 And art mine owne. I know not why, wherefore,  
 To say, live boy: ne're thanke thy Master, live;  
 And aske of *Cymbeline* what Boone thou wilt,  
 Fitting my bounty, and thy state, Ile give it:  
 Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner  
 The Noblest tane.

*Imo.* I humbly thanke your Highnesse. 120

*Luc.* I do not bid thee begge my life, good Lad,  
 And yet I know thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no, alacke,  
 There's other worke in hand: I see a thing  
 Bitter to me, as death: your life, good Master,  
 Must shuffle for it selfe.

*Luc.* The Boy disdaines me,  
 He leaves me, scornes me: briefely dye their joyes,  
 That place them on the truth of Gyrles, and Boyes.  
 Why stands he so perplext? 130

*Cym.* What would'st thou Boy?  
 I love thee more, and more: thinke more and more  
 What's best to aske. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak  
 Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

*Imo.* He is a Romane, no more kin to me,  
Then I to your Highnesse, who being born your vassaille  
Am something neerer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so?

*Imo.* Ile tell you (Sir) in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

140

*Cym.* I, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

*Imo. Fidele Sir.*

*Cym.* Thou'rt my good youth: my Page  
Ile be thy Master: walke with me: speake freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen converse apart.*]

*Bel.* Is not this Boy reviv'd from death?

*Arvi.* One Sand another

Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad:  
Who dyed, and was *Fidele*: what thinke you?

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

150

*Bel.* Peace, peace, see further: he eyes us not, forbear  
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

*Gui.* But we see him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent: let's see further.

*Pisa.* [*Aside*.] It is my Mistris:

Since she is living, let the time run on,  
To good, or bad.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen come forward.*]

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side,  
Make thy demand alowd. [*To Iachimo*] Sir, step you  
forth, | 160  
Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,  
Or by our Greatnesse, and the grace of it  
(Which is our Honor) bitter torture shall

154. *see: saw*—2ROWE.

Winnow the truth from falsehood. One speake to him.

*Imo.* My boone is, that this Gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this Ring.

*Post.* [Aside] What's that to him?

*Cym.* That Diamond upon your Finger, say  
How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thou'l torture me to leave unspoken, that  
Which to be spoke, wou'd torture thee. 171

*Cym.* How? me?

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that  
Which torments me to conceale. By Villany  
I got this Ring: 'twas *Leonatus* Jewell,  
Whom thou did'st banish: and which more may greeve  
thee, |  
As it doth me: a Nobler Sir, ne're liv'd  
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou heare more my Lord?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That Paragon, thy daughter, 180  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quaile to remember. Give me leave, I faint.

*Cym.* My Daughter? what of hir? Renew thy strength  
I had rather thou should'st live, while Nature will,  
Then dye ere I heare more: strive man, and speake.

*Iach.* Upon a time, unhappy was the clocke  
That strooke the houre: it was in Rome, accurst  
The Mansion where: 'twas at a Feast, oh would  
Our Viands had bin poyson'd (or at least  
Those which I heav'd to head:) the good *Posthumus*,  
(What should I say? he was too good to be 191  
Where ill men were, and was the best of all  
Among'st the rar'st of good ones) sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our Loves of Italy .

For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast  
 Of him that best could speake: for Feature,<sup>1</sup> laming  
 The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*,  
 Postures, beyond breefe Nature. For Condition,  
 A shop of all the qualities, that man                           <sup>1shape</sup>  
 Loves woman for, besides that hooke of Wiving,   200  
 Fairenesse, which strikes the eye.

*Cym.* I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soone I shall,  
 Unlesse thou would'st greeve quickly. This *Posthumus*,  
 Most like a Noble Lord, in love, and one  
 That had a Royall Lover, tooke his hint,  
 And (not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein  
 He was as calme as vertue) he began  
 His Mistris picture, which, by his tongue, being made,  
 And then a minde put in't, either our bragges       210  
 Were crak'd of Kitchen-Trulles, or his description  
 Prov'd us unspeaking sottes.<sup>2</sup>                                   <sup>2fools</sup>

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to'th' purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughters Chastity, (there it beginnes)  
 He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreames,  
 And she alone, were cold: Whereat, I wretch  
 Made scruple of his praise, and wager'd with him  
 Peeces of Gold, 'gainst this, which then he wore  
 Upon his honour'd finger) to attaine  
 In suite the place of's bed, and winne this Ring   220  
 By hers, and mine Adultery: he (true Knight)  
 No lesser of her Honour confident  
 Then I did truly finde her, stakes this Ring,  
 And would so, had it beene a Carbuncle  
 Of Phœbus Wheele; and might so safely, had it  
 Bin all the worth of's Carre. Away to Britaine

198. *Nature.* For: nature; for—Rowe.

202. new l. at Come—Pope.

Poste I in this designe: Well may you (Sir)  
 Remember me at Court, where I was taught  
 Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference      229  
 'Twixt Amorous, and Villanous. Being thus quench'd  
 Of hope, not longing; mine Italian braine,  
 Gan in your duller Britaine operare  
 Most vildely: for my vantage excellent.  
 And to be breefe, my practise so prevayl'd  
 That I return'd with simular<sup>1</sup> proofe enough,  
 To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,      <sup>1</sup>counterfeit  
 By wounding his beleefe in her Renowne,  
 With Tokens thus, and thus: averring notes  
 Of Chamber-hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet  
 (Oh cunning how I got) nay some markes      240  
 Of secret on her person, that he could not  
 But thinke her bond of Chastity quite crack'd,  
 I having 'tane the forfeyt. Whereupon,  
 Me thinkes I see him now.

*Post.* [Advancing] I so thou do'st,  
 Italian Fiend. Aye me, most credulous Foole,  
 Egregious murtherer, Theefe, any thing  
 That's due to all the Villaines past, in being  
 To come. Oh give me Cord, or knife, or poyson,  
 Some upright Justicer. Thou King, send out      250  
 For Torturors ingenious: it is I  
 That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend  
 By being worse then they. I am *Posthumus*,  
 That kill'd thy Daughter: Villain-like, I lye,  
 That caus'd a lesser villaine then my selfe,  
 A sacrilegious Theefe to doo't. The Temple  
 Of Virtue was she; yea, and she her selfe.  
 Spit, and throw stones, cast myre upon me, set

232. *operare:* operate—2-4F.240. *got:* got it—2-4F.

The dogges o'th'street to bay me: every villaine  
 Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and 260  
 Be villany lesse then 'twas. Oh *Imogen!*  
 My Queene, my life, my wife: oh *Imogen*,  
*Imogen, Imogen.*

*Imo.* Peace my Lord, heare, heare.

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this?

Thou scornfull Page, there lye thy part.

[Striking her: she falls.]

*Pis.* Oh Gentlemen, helpe,  
 Mine and your Mistris: Oh my Lord *Posthumus*,  
 You ne're kill'd *Imogen* till now: helpe, helpe,  
 Mine honour'd Lady. 270

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Posth.* How comes these staggers on mee?

*Pisa.* Wake my Mistris.

*Cym.* If this be so, the Gods do meane to strike me  
 To death, with mortall joy.

*Pisa.* How fares my Mistris?

*Imo.* Oh get thee from my sight,  
 Thou gav'st me poyson: dangerous Fellow hence,  
 Breath not where Princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of *Imogen*. 280

*Pisæ.* Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulpher on me, if  
 That box I gave you, was not thought by mee  
 A precious thing, I had it from the Queene.

*Cym.* New matter still.

*Imo.* It poyson'd me.

*Corn.* Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queene confess,  
 Which must approve thee honest. If *Pasanio*  
 Have (said she) given his Mistris that Confection

265-6. new l. at There—HANMER.

281. *Lady:* separate l.—MALONE. 288. *Pasanio:* Pisanio—2-4F.

Which I gave him for Cordiall, she is serv'd,      290  
As I would serve a Rat.

*Cym.* What's this, *Cornelius?*

*Corn.* The Queene (Sir) very oft importun'd me  
To temper<sup>1</sup> poysons for her, still pretending      <sup>1 mix</sup>  
The satisfaction of her knowledge, onely  
In killing Creatures vilde, as Cats and Dogges  
Of no esteeme. I dreading, that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certaine stiffe, which being tane, would cease  
The present powre of life, but in short time,      300  
All Offices of Nature, should againe  
Do their due Functions. Have you tane of it?

*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.

*Bel.* My Boyes, there was our error.

*Gui.* This is sure *Fidele.*

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded Lady fro you?  
Thinke that you are upon a Rocke, and now  
Throw me againe. [Embracing him.]

*Post.* Hang there like fruite, my soule,  
Till the Tree dye.      310

*Cym.* How now, my Flesh? my Childe?  
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this Act?  
Wilt thou not speake to me?

*Imo.* [Kneeling] Your blessing, Sir.

*Bel.* [To Guiderius and Arviragus] Though you  
did love this youth, I blame ye not, |  
You had a motive for't.

*Cym.* My teares that fall  
Prove holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,  
Thy Mothers dead.

*Imo.* I am sorry for't, my Lord.      320

303-4. new l. at There—HANMER.

306. *fro:* from—ROWE.

*Cym.* Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was  
That we meet heere so strangely: but her Sonne  
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

*Pisa.* My Lord,  
Now feare is from me, Ile speake troth. Lord *Cloten*  
Upon my Ladies missing, came to me  
With his Sword drawne, foam'd at the mouth, and swore  
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death. By accident,  
I had a feigned Letter of my Masters                   330  
Then in my pocket, which directed him  
To seeke her on the Mountaines neere to Milford,  
Where in a frenzie, in my Masters Garments  
(Which he inforc'd from me) away he postes  
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
My Ladies honor, what became of him,  
I further know not.

*Gui.* Let me end the Story: I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the Gods forefend.<sup>1</sup>     <sup>1</sup>forbid                   339  
I would not thy good deeds, should from my lips  
Plucke a hard sentence: Prythee valiant youth  
Deny't againe.

*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a Prince.

*Gui.* A most incivill one. The wrongs he did mee  
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me  
With Language that would make me spurne the Sea,  
If it could so roare to me. I cut off's head,  
And am right glad he is not standing heere  
To tell this tale of mine.                                   350

*Cym.* I am sorrow for thee:  
By thine owne tongue thou art condemn'd, and must

338. new l. at I-POPE.

351. sorrow: sorry-3-4F.

Endure our Law: Thou'rt dead.

*Imo.* That headlesse man I thought had bin my Lord

*Cym.* Binde the Offender,

And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, Sir King.

This man is better then the man he slew,

As well descended as thy selfe, and hath

More of thee merited, then a Band of *Clotens* 360

Had ever scarre for. [To the Guard] Let his Armes alone, |

They were not borne for bondage.

*Cym.* Why old Soldier:

Wilt thou undoo the worth thou art unpayd for

By tasting of our wrath? How of descent

As good as we?

*Arvi.* In that he spake too farre.

*Cym.* And thou shalt dye for't.

*Bel.* We will dye all three,

But I will prove that two one's are as good 370

As I have given out him. My Sonnes, I must

For mine owne part, unfold a dangerous speech,

Though haply well for you.

*Arvi.* Your danger's ours.

*Guid.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then, by leave

Thou hadd'st (great King) a Subject, who

Was call'd *Belarius*.

*Cym.* What of him? He is a banish'd Traitor.

*Bel.* He it is, that hath

Assum'd this age: indeed a banish'd man,

I know not how, a Traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence,

354. new l. at I-POPE.

379. new l. at A-CAPELL.

370. one's: on's-2-4F.

The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot;

First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sonnes,  
And let it be confiscate all, so soone  
As I have receyv'd it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my Sonnes?

389

*Bel.* I am too blunt, and sawcy: heere's my knee:  
Ere I arise, I will preferre my Sonnes,  
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,  
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,  
And thinke they are my Sonnes, are none of mine,  
They are the yssue of your Loynes, my Liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How? my Issue.

*Bel.* So sure as you, your Fathers: I (old *Morgan*)  
Am that *Belarius*, whom you sometime banish'd: 399  
Your pleasure was my neere offence, my punishment  
It selfe, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harme I did. These gentle Princes  
(For such, and so they are) these twenty yeares  
Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I  
Could put into them. My breeding was (Sir)  
As your Highnesse knowes: Their Nurse *Euriphile*  
(Whom for the Theft I wedded) stole these Children  
Upon my Banishment: I moov'd her too't,  
Having receyv'd the punishment before  
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyaltie, 410  
Excited me to Treason. Their deere losse,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,  
Heere are your Sonnes againe, and I must loose  
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.

The benediction of these covering Heavens  
 Fall on their heads like dew, for they are worthie  
 To in-lay Heaven with Starres.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st:  
 The Service that you three have done, is more 420  
 Unlike, then this thou tell'st. I lost my Children,  
 If these be they, I know not how to wish  
 A payre of worthier Sonnes.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd awhile;  
 This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,  
 Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:  
 This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*.  
 Your yonger Princely Son, he Sir, was lapt  
 In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th'hand 429  
 Of his Queene Mother, which for more probation  
 I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* *Guiderius* had  
 Upon his necke a Mole, a sanguine Starre,  
 It was a marke of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he,  
 Who hath upon him still that naturall stampe:  
 It was wise Natures end, in the donation  
 To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* Oh, what am I  
 A Mother to the byrth of three? Nere Mother 440  
 Rejoyc'd deliverance more: Blest, pray you be,  
 That after this strange starting from your Orbes,  
 You may reigne in them now: Oh *Imogen*,  
 Thou hast lost by this a Kingdome.

*Imo.* No, my Lord:  
 I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,  
 Have we thus met? Oh never say heereafter

But I am truest speaker. You call'd me Brother  
 When I was but your Sister: I you Brothers,  
 When we were so indeed.

45°

*Cym.* Did you ere meete?

*Arvi.* I my good Lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd,  
 Continew'd so, untill we thought he dyed.

*Corn.* By the Queenes Dramme she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct!

When shall I heare all through? This fierce abridgment,  
 Hath to it Circumstantiall branches, which  
 Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?  
 And when came you to serve our Romane Captive? 460  
 How parted with your Brother? How first met them?  
 Why fled you from the Court? And whether these?  
 And your three motives to the Battaile? with  
 I know not how much more should be demanded,  
 And all the other by-dependances  
 From chance to chance? But nor the Time, nor Place  
 Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,

*Posthumus* Anchors upon *Imogen*;  
 And she (like harmlesse Lightning) throwes her eye  
 On him: her Brothers, Me: her Master hitting 470  
 Each object with a Joy: the Counter-change  
 Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
 And smoake the Temple with our Sacrifices.

[*To Belarius*] Thou art my Brother, so wee'l hold  
 thee ever. |

*Imo.* You are my Father too, and did releeve me:  
 To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All ore-joy'd  
 Save these in bonds, let them be joyfull too,

450. *we: ye-*2ROWE.

461. *Brother: brothers-*2ROWE.

467. *Interrogatories: inter'gatories-*MALONE.

For they shall taste our Comfort.

479

*Imo.* My good Master, I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you.

*Cym.* The forlorne Souldier, that no Nobly fought  
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd  
The thankings of a King.

*Post.* I am Sir  
The Souldier that did company these three  
In poore beseeming: 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,  
Speake *Iachimo*, I had you downe, and might  
Have made you finish.

490

*Iacb.* [Kneeling] I am downe againe:  
But now my heavie Conscience sinkes my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, beseech you  
Which I so often owe: but your Ring first,  
And heere the Bracelet of the truest Princesse  
That ever swore her Faith.

*Post.* Kneele not to me:  
The powre that I have on you, is to spare you:  
The malice towards you, to forgive you. Live  
And deale with others better.

500

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd:  
Wee'l learne our Freenesse of a Sonne-in-Law:  
Pardon's the word to all.

*Arvi.* You holpe<sup>1</sup> us Sir, 1 helped  
As you did meane indeed to be our Brother,  
Joy'd are we, that you are.

*Post.* Your Servant Princes. Good my Lord of Rome  
Call forth your Sooth-sayer: As I slept, me thought  
Great Jupiter upon his Eagle back'd  
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shewes

510

480. new l. at I-POPE.

482. No: 80-2-4F.

510. *sprightly:* spritely-STEEVENS (1793).

Of mine owne Kindred. When I wak'd, I found  
 This Labell on my bosome; whose containing  
 Is so from sense in hardnesse, that I can  
 Make no Collection<sup>1</sup> of it. Let him shew  
 His skill in the construction.

<sup>1</sup> inference

*Luc. Philarmonus.*

*Sooth. Heere, my good Lord.*

*Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.*

[*Sooth.*] *Reades.*

519

*When as a Lyons whelpe, shall to himselfe unknown,  
 with- | out seeking finde, and bee embrac'd by a peece  
 of tender | Ayre: And when from a stately Cedar shall  
 be lopt branches, | which being dead many yeares, shall  
 after revive, bee joynted to | the old Stocke, and freshly  
 grow, then shall Posthumus end his | miseries, Britaine  
 be fortunate, and flourish in Peace and Plen- | tie.*

Thou *Leonatus* art the Lyons Whelpe,  
 The fit and apt Construction of thy name  
 Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:

[*To Cymbeline*] The peece of tender Ayre, thy vertuous Daughter,

53°

Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*  
 We terme it *Mulier*; which *Mulier* I divine  
 Is this most constant Wife, who even now  
 Answering the Letter of the Oracle,  
 Unknowne to you unsought, were clipt about  
 With this most tender Aire.

*Cym.* This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty Cedar, Royall *Cymbeline*  
 Personates thee: And thy lopt Branches, point  
 Thy two Sonnes forth: who by *Belarius* stolne  
 For many yeares thought dead, are now reviv'd

54°

To the Majesticke Cedar joyn'd; whose Issue  
Promises Britaine, Peace and Plenty.

*Cym.* Well,

My Peace we will begin: And *Caius Lucius*,  
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,  
And to the Romane Empire; promising  
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queene,  
Whom heavens in Justice both on her, and hers, 550  
Have laid most heavy hand.

*Sooth.* The fingers of the Powres above, do tune  
The harmony of this Peace: the Vision  
Which I made knowne to *Lucius* ere the stroke  
Of yet this scarse-cold-Battaile, at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd. For the Romaine Eagle  
From South to West, on wing soaring aloft  
Lessen'd her selfe, and in the Beames o'th'Sun  
So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle  
Th'Imperiall *Cæsar*, should againe unite 560  
His Favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,  
Which shines heere in the West.

*Cym.* Laud we the Gods,  
And let our crooked Smoakes climbe to their Nostrils  
From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace  
To all our Subjects. Set we forward: Let  
A Roman, and a Brittish Ensigne wave  
Friendly together: so through *Luds-Towne* march,  
And in the Temple of great Jupiter  
Our Peace wee'l ratifie: Seale it with Feasts. 570  
Set on there: Never was a Warre did cease  
(Ere bloodie hands were wash'd) with such a Peace.

*Exeunt.*

FINIS.

555. yet this: this yet-3-4F.

# THE TRAGEDIE OF TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA

First printed in Quarto, 1609

The First Folio, 1623, shows some variations from  
the Quarto

T. & C. A



## INTRODUCTION

### ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

‘THE TRAGEDIE OF TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA’ is based upon annals and legends of the Trojan war, and is divided between a presentation of soldierly deeds and the story of a woman’s infidelity. It partakes equally of comedy, history, and tragedy, and has been called a ‘comedy of disillusion.’

During the siege of Troy, Troylus, son of King Priam, makes love to a Trojan maiden, Cressida, and engages her uncle Pandarus to sue for him. Meantime Hector of Troy desires to meet the Greek Achilles in combat, and issues a general challenge.

Achilles, however, is nursing personal grievances and will not consider a fight (Act II). Ajax is selected in his stead.

Pandarus brings Troylus and Cressida together, and they give mutual vows (Act III). Cressida, however, is requested in exchange for a prisoner by the Greeks, and is taken to the Greek camp the morning after her nuptial night (Act IV). Meanwhile Ajax and Hector fight without definite result.

Troylus’s sorrow for the loss of Cressida gives way to shame and anger when he discovers (Act V) that she is openly untrue to him. He encounters her

## TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA

Greek lover in battle, but does not succeed in killing him. In the general engagement, Hector meets Achilles and is slain by him.

### SOURCES

The first English source of this play is found in Chaucer's 'Troilus and Creseide,' which gives an idea for the love-story. The chronicle portion is found in Caxton's 'Recuyell of the historyes of Troy,' translated from the French of Raoul le Fevre, Lydgate's 'History, Sege and Destruccion of Troye,' and Chapman's translation of Homer's 'Iliad.' Shakespeare chose his incidents at random from the above authorities, and left the undramatic story very nearly as he found it, probably intending to round it out at a later day. John Dryden, who improved on the version in 1679, states that Shakespeare 'began it with some fire'; but 'the latter part is nothing but a confusion of drums and trumpets, excursions and alarms.' The play is very unequal in construction, containing fine bits of poetry, noble fragments of philosophy, and lofty flights of imagination, side by side with weak lines and imperfect climaxes and characterization.

Chapman's translation of the 'Iliad' was published in part in 1596 and more fully in 1600. There can be little doubt that Shakespeare was conversant with the work, since he and Chapman were personal friends.

An early play on this subject was caricatured in 1599, but Shakespeare's name was connected with it. He must, therefore, have been identified with it, as a whole or in part, if it did not actually represent an incomplete version of the present play (see Date of Composition).

# INTRODUCTION

## DURATION OF THE ACTION

The period of action, as determined by history, is that of the siege of Troy, from 1193 B.C. to 1184 B.C.

The time represented on the stage is four days, although certain discrepancies in Acts II and III must be allowed for. Day 1 occupies the first two scenes and is followed by an interval. Day 2 brings the play to Act IV. Day 3 occupies Act IV and Act V, scenes i and ii. Day 4 completes the play.

## DATE OF COMPOSITION

As already stated, a caricature or satire of ‘Troylus’ appeared as early as 1599. It was an anonymous play called ‘Histriomastix,’ dealing with the Battle of the Theaters, involving Ben Jonson, Marston, and others. It includes a burlesque dialogue between Troylus and Cressida, containing the line, ‘That when he *shakes* his furious *speare*,’ thus evidently connecting Shakespeare with an early play on the subject.

Henslowe’s ‘Diary’ states that about the same year, 1599, Dekker and Chettle were writing a ‘Troylus and Cressida,’ which was afterward called ‘Agamemnon.’ This may have been based on the same older version that Shakespeare drew from.

In the ‘Stationers’ Register’ we find the next mention: ‘7 Feb. 1602-3. Mr Roberts. The booke of Troilus and Cresseda, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men.’ At this time Shakespeare was attached to the Lord Chamberlain’s company, and this play must have been his. But it was not published in 1603. Roberts could not print it until

## TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA

‘he had gotten sufficient authority,’ and as he did not do so, the play was entered again in the ‘Register’: ‘28 Jan. 1608-9. Rich. Bonion and Hen. Whalleys. Entered for their copie under t’ hands of Mr. Segar Deputy to Sir Geo. Bucke, and Mr. Warden Lownes: A booke called the History of Troylus and Cressula.’ The first Quarto edition of 1609 doubtless resulted from this entry, but it is impossible to discover its identity with any of the earlier productions.

This Quarto bore a significant preface beginning: ‘Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal’d with the stage, never clapper-clawd with the palmes of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palme comicall.’ But the play was performed in that year, and a second edition of the same Quarto appeared, omitting the preface.

We have, then, the year 1609 as the earliest definite date of the present text, with an earlier margin of ten years for the preceding texts. This is about as close reckoning as may be obtained, since the internal evidence is unsatisfactory, owing to divergence in texture, thought, meter, etc. The play, in fact, seems to have been written piecemeal, the first three acts probably profiting by a late revision which was denied the last two. The thought represents a transition between the third and fourth periods. The play was perhaps revised from an earlier text in 1602, and again revised to produce the present text about 1608.

### EARLY EDITIONS

The First Quarto of 1609 bore the following title:

‘The Famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid.

T. & C. F

## INTRODUCTION

Excellently expressing the beginning of their loves,  
with the conceited wooing of Pandarus Prince of  
Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London  
Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley,  
and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules  
Church-yeard, over against the great North doore.  
1609.'

The second edition of this Quarto bore a very similar title:

'The Historie of Troylus and Cresseida. As it  
was acted by the Kings Majesties servants at the  
Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London  
Imprinted by G. Eld for R. Bonian and H. Walley,  
and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paules  
Church-yeard, over against the great North doore.  
1609.'

The two texts are identical. The second one omits a preface printed in the first and already mentioned.

The First Folio of 1623, the play's next printing, includes it within twenty-eight unnumbered pages. The editors were in doubt as to its classification and position. One edition of the Quarto had spoken of it as a comedy; both had entitled it a history; and the Folio inscription was 'Tragedie.' It was therefore placed between the histories and tragedies in the Folio. The earlier plan had evidently been to place it after 'Romeo and Juliet' (an antithesis to it in treatment), judging from a remnant of pagination, but 'Tymon of Athens' was substituted there.

'Troylus' is not divided into acts and scenes, and does not give the *Dramatis Personæ*; but this material was later furnished by Rowe.

The texts of the Quarto and Folio show some

## TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA

points of difference, leading to the belief that the latter was revised by another hand, perhaps the writer of the Prologue. The variations are not widely important, however, and the Folio's text will be found generally superior.

THE TRAGEDIE OF TROYLUS  
AND CRESSIDA

T. & C. I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRIAM, *King of Troy.*

HECTOR,  
TROILUS,  
PARIS,  
DEIPHOBUS,  
HELENUS,

} *bis sons.*

MARGARELON, *a bastard son of Priam.*

ÆNEAS,  
ANTENOR,

} *Trojan commanders.*

CALCHAS, *a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.*

PANDARUS, *uncle to Cressida.*

AGAMEMNON, *the Grecian general.*

MENELAUS, *his brother.*

ACHILLES,

AJAX,

ULYSSES,

NESTOR,

DIOMEDES,

PATROCLUS,

} *Grecian princes.*

THERSITES, *a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.*

ALEXANDER, *servant to Cressida.*

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, *wife to Menelaus.*

ANDROMACHE, *wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *daughter to Priam; a prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *daughter to Calchas.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE: *Troy, and the Grecian camp before it.]*

## The Prologue.

*In Troy there lies the Scene: From Iles of Greece  
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd  
Have to the Port of Athens sent their shippes  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore  
Their Crownets Regall, from th' Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made  
To ransacke Troy, within whose strong emures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus Queene,      10  
With wanton Paris sleepes, and that's the Quarrell.  
To Tenedos they come,  
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there disgorge  
Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greekes do pitch  
Their brave Pavillion. Priams six-gated City,  
Dardan and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Trojen,  
And Antenoridus with massie Staples  
And corresponsive and fulfilling Bolts  
Stirre up the Sonnes of Troy.      20  
Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits,  
On one and other side, Trojan and Grecke,  
Sets all on hazard. And bither am I come,  
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence*

3. *Orgillous:* orgulous—STEEVENS.    9. *emures:* immures—2-4F.

18. *Antenoridus:* Antenorides—THEOBALD.

20. *Stirre:* Sperr (Sperre)—THEOBALD.

Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but suited  
In like conditions, as our Argument;  
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play  
Leapes ore the vaunt and firstlings of those broyles,  
Beginning in the middle: starting thence away,  
To what may be digested in a Play:  
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleasures are,  
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

30

# THE TRAGEDIE OF TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA



*Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*

[Scene i. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.*]

*Enter Pandarus and Troylus.*

*Troylus.*

CALL here my Varlet,<sup>1</sup> Ile unarme againe.  
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy  
That finde such cruell battell here within?  
Each Trojan that is master of his heart, <sup>1</sup>*body-servant*  
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

*Pan.* Will this geere<sup>2</sup> nere be mended? <sup>2</sup>*affair*

*Troy.* The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant: **II**  
But I am weaker then a womans teare;  
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;  
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,  
And skillesse as unpractis'd Infancie.

*Pan.* Well, I have told you enough of this: For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will have a Cake out of the Wheate, must needes tarry the grinding.

*Troy.* Have I not tarried? 20

*Pan.* I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

*Troy.* Have I not tarried?

*Pan.* I the boulting; but you must tarry the leav'ing.

*Troy.* Still have I tarried.

*Pan.* I, to the leavening: but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Oven, and the Baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

*Troy.* Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be, Doth lesser blench at sufferance, then I doe: 30

At *Priams Royall Table* doe I sit;

And when faire *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,  
So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

*Pan.* Well:

She look'd yesternight fairer, then ever I saw her looke,  
Or any woman else.

*Troy.* I was about to tell thee, when my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twaine,  
Least *Hector*, or my Father should perceive me:  
I have (as when the Sunne doth light a-scorne) 40  
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:  
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,  
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.

*Pan.* And her haire were not somewhat darker then *Helens*, well go too, there were no more comparison betweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I wold some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandra*'s wit, but—

23. *leav'ing*: leavening—Q.

When is she thence?—2ROWE.

40. *a-scorne*: a storm—ROWE.

47. *praise it*: praise her—Q.

33. *then .. she is*: When ..

34-6. prose—POPE.

44. *And*: An—2ROWE.

*Troy.* Oh *Pandarus!* I tell thee *Pandarus;*      50  
 When I doe tell thee, therc my hopes lye drown'd:  
 Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe  
 They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
 In *Cressids* love. Thou answer'st she is Faire,  
 Powr'st in the open Ulcer of my heart,  
 Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,  
 Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand  
 (In whose comparison, all whites are Inke)  
 Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,  
 The Cignets Downe is harsh, and spirit of Sense    60  
 Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'st me;  
 As true thou tel'st me, when I say I love her:  
 But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,  
 Thou lai'st in every gash that love hath given me,  
 The Knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speake no more then truth.

*Troy.* Thou do'st not speake so much.

*Pan.* Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as shee is,  
 if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she  
 ha's the mends in her owne hands.      70

*Troy.* Good *Pandarus:* How now *Pandarus?*

*Pan.* I have had my Labour for my travell, ill thought  
 on of her, and ill thought on of you: Gone betweene and  
 betweene, but small thankes for my labour.

*Troy.* What art thou angry *Pandarus?* what with me?

*Pan.* Because she's Kinne to me, therefore shee's not  
 so faire as *Helen*, and she were not kin to me, she would  
 be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what  
 care I? I care not and she were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all  
 one to me.      80

*Troy.* Say I she is not faire?

57. comma after *discourse*—MALONE.

69, 77, 79. and: an—POPE.      72. *travell:* travail—COLLIER.

*Troy.* I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Foole to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.

*Troy. Pandarus?*

*Pan. Not I.*

*Troy. Sweete Pandarus.*

*Pan.* Pray you speake no more to me, I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

*Sound Alarum.*

90

*Tro.* Peace you ungracious Clamors, peace rude sounds, Fooles on both sides, *Helen* must needs be faire, When with your bloud you daily paint her thus. I cannot fight upon this Argument:

It is too starv'd a subject for my Sword,  
But *Pandarus*: O Gods! How do you plague me?  
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandar*,  
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,  
As she is stubborne, chast, against all suite.

Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Love

100

What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:  
Her bed is *India*, there she lies, a Pearle,  
Between our *Ilium*, and where shee recides  
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,  
Our selfe the Merchant, and this sayling *Pandar*,  
Our doubtfull hope, our convoy and our Barke.

*Alarum.*

*Enter Æneas.*

*Æne.* How now Prince *Troylus*?  
Wherfore not a field?

*Troy.* Because not there; this womans answer sorts.

82. *Troy.*: Pan.-2-4F.

86. new l. at Pan.-2-4F.

98. *teachy*: *tetchy*-STEEVENS (1793). *woe*: *woo*-4F.

99. *stubborne*, *chast*: *stubborn-chaste*-THEOBALD.

108-9. 1 l.-Q.

For womanish it is to be from thence:

111

What newes *Aeneas* from the field to day?

*Aene.* That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

*Troy.* By whom *Aeneas*?

*Aene.* *Troylus* by *Menelaus*.

*Troy.* Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne,  
*Paris* is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*

*Aene.* Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.

*Troy.* Better at home, if would I might were may:  
 But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither? 120

*Aene.* In all swift hast.

*Troy.* Come goe wee then togither. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *The same. A street.*]

Enter *Cressid* and her man [*Alexander*].

*Cre.* Who were those went by?

*Man.* [*Alex.*] Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

*Cre.* And whether go they?

*Man.* Up to the Easterne Tower,  
 Whose height commands as subject all the vaile,  
 To see the battell: *Hector* whose pacience,  
 Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mov'd:  
 He chides *Andromache* and strooke his Armorer,  
 And like as there were husbandry in Warre 10  
 Before the Sunne rose, hee was harnest lyte,  
 And to the field goe's he; where every flower  
 Did as a Prophet weepe what it forsaue,  
 In *Hectors* wrath.

*Cre.* What was his cause of anger?

*Man.* The noise goe's this;  
 There is among the Greekes,  
 A Lord of Trojan blood, Nephew to *Hector*,

9. chides: chid-Q.

16-17. 1 l.-Q.

They call him *Ajax*.

*Cre.* Good; and what of him?

20

*Man.* They say he is a very man *per se* and stands alone.

*Cre.* So do all men, unlesse they are drunke, sicke, or have no legges.

*Man.* This man Lady, hath rob'd many beasts of their particular additions,<sup>1</sup> he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a ny man an attaint, but he carries some staine of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire, hee hath the joynts of every thing, but every thing so out ot joyst, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands and no use; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

*Cre.* But how should this man that makes me smile, make *Hector* angry?

<sup>1</sup> traits

*Man.* They say he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the battell and stroke him downe, the disdaind & shame whereof, hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking. 39

### Enter Pandarus.

*Cre.* Who comes here?

*Man.* Madam your Uncle *Pandarus*.

*Cre.* Hectors a gallant man.

*Man.* As may be in the world Lady.

*Pan.* What's that? what's that?

*Cre.* Good morrow Uncle *Pandarus*.

*Pan.* Good morrow Cozen *Cressid*: what do you talke of? good morrow *Alexander*: how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?

21. new l. at And -CAPELL.

38. *disdaind*: *disdain*-2-4F.

33. *ot*: misprint i F. for of.

*Cre.* This morning Uncle.

50

*Pan.* What were you talking of when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? *Hellen* was not up? was she?

*Cre.* *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not up?

*Pan.* E'ene so; *Hector* was stirring early.

*Cre.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cre.* So he saies here.

*Pan.* True he was so; I know the cause too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of *Troylus*; I can tell them that too. 62

*Cre.* What is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who *Troylus*?

*Troylus* is the better man of the two.

*Cre.* Oh *Jupiter*; there's no comparison.

*Pan.* What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you see him?

*Cre.* I, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

*Pan.* Well I say *Troylus* is *Troylus*. 70

*Cre.* Then you say as I say,

For I am sure he is not *Hector*.

*Pan.* No not *Hector* is not *Troylus* in some degrees.

*Cre.* 'Tis just, to each of them he is himselfe.

*Pan.* Himselfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

*Cre.* So he is.

*Pan.* Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

*Cre.* He is not *Hector*.

*Pan.* Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were himselfe: well, the Gods are above, time must friend or

52. yea: ye-2-4F.

64-5. 1 l.-Q.

71-2. 1 l.-Q.

73. No not: No, nor-Q. 2-4F.

end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus*. 82

*Cre.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cre.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* shall not have his will this yeare.

*Cre.* He shall not neede it if he have his owne.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities. 90

*Cre.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beautie.

*Cre.* 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

*Pan.* You have no judgement Neece; *Hellen* her selfe swore th'other day that *Troylus* for a browne favour<sup>1</sup> (for so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither. 1 complexione

*Cre.* No, but browne.

*Pan.* Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

*Cre.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above *Paris*. 100

*Cre.* Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

*Pan.* So, he has.

*Cre.* Then *Troylus* should have too much, if she prasi'd him above, his complexion is higher then his, he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion, I had as lieve *Hellen* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper nose.

*Pan.* I sweare to you,

I thinke *Hellen* loves him better then *Paris*.

*Cre.* Then shee's a merry Greeke indeed. 110

*Dan.* Nay I am sure she does, she came to him th'other

88. *will:* wit-ROWE.

108-9. *prose-Q.*

103. *prasi'd:* misprint 1F.

111. *Dan.:* misprint 1F.

day into the compast window, and you know he has not past three or foure haires on his chinne.

*Cres.* Indeed a Tapsters Arithmetique may soone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

*Pand.* Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

*Cres.* Is he is so young a man, and so old a lifter?<sup>1</sup>

*Pan.* But to proove to you that *Hellen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

*Cres.* *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven? 121

*Pan.* Why, you know 'tis dimpled, <sup>1</sup>thief I thinke his smyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

*Cre.* Oh he smiles valiantly.

*Pan.* Dooes hee not?

*Cre.* Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

*Pan.* Why go to then, but to prove to you that *Hellen* loves *Troylus*.

*Cre.* *Troylus* wil stand to thee

130

Prooфе, if youle proove it so.

*Pan.* *Troylus*? why he esteemes her no more then I e-steeme an addle egge.

*Cre.* If you love an addle egge as well as you love an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'shell.

*Pan.* I cannot chuse but laugh to thinke how she tickled his chin, indeed shee has a marvel's white hand I must needs confesse.

*Cre.* Without the racke.

139

*Pan.* And shee takes upon her to spie a white haire on his chinne.

*Cre.* Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

118. 2d is out-2-4F. 122-4. prose-POPE. 127. and: an-POPE.

130. tkee: the-2-4F. 130-1. prose-Q.

137. marvel's: marvellous-POPE.

*Pand.* But there was such laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that her eyes ran ore.

*Cre.* With Milstones.

*Pan.* And *Cassandra* laught.

*Cre.* But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

*Pan.* And *Hector* laught.

*Cre.* At what was all this laughing? 150

*Pand.* Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* spied on *Troylus* chin.

*Cres.* And t'had beene a greene haire, I should have laught too.

*Pand.* They laught not so much at the haire, as at his pretty answere.

*Cre.* What was his answere?

*Pan.* Quoth shee, heere's but two and fifty haires on your chinne; and one of them is white.

*Cre.* This is her question. 160

*Pand* That's true, make no question of that, two and fiftie haires quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the rest are his Sonnes. *Jupiter* quoth she, which of these haires is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and *Hellen* so blusht, and *Paris* so chaft, and all the rest so laught, that it past.

*Cre.* So let it now,

For is has beene a grcat while going by.

*Pan.* Well Cozen,

I told you a thing yesterday, think on't. 170

*Cre.* So I does.

153. *And t': An't-Pope.*

168-9. prose-Q.

169. *is:* it-Q. 3-4F. *grcat:* great-2-4F.

170-1. prose-Q.

172. *does:* do-2-4F.

*Pand.* Ile be sworne 'tis true, he will weepe you  
an'twere a man borne in Aprill.      *Sound a retreate.*

*Cres.* And Ile spring up in his teares, an'twere a nettle  
against May.

*Pan.* Harke they are comming from the field, shal we  
stand up here and see them, as they passe toward Illium,  
good Neece do, sweet Neece *Cressida.*

*Cre.* At your pleasure.

180

*Pan.* Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we  
may see most bravely, Ile tel you them all by their names,  
as they passe by, but marke *Troylus* above the rest.

*Enter Aeneas.*

*Cre.* Speake not so low'd.

*Pan.* That's *Aeneas*, is not that a brave man, hee's one  
of the flowers of Troy I can you, but marke *Troylus*, you  
shal see anon.

*Cre.* Who's that?

189

*Enter Antenor.*

*Pan.* That's *Antenor*, he has a shrow'd wit I can tell  
you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th soun-  
dest judgement in Troy whosoever, and a proper man of  
person: when comes *Troylus*? Ile shew you *Troylus* anon,  
if hee see me, you shall see him him nod at me.

*Cre.* Will he give you the nod?

*Pan.* You shall see.

*Cre.* If he do, the rich shall have, more.

198

187. *can you:* can tell you—2-4F. *marke:* misprint 1F.

193. *judgement:* judgements—Q.    195. *second him out:* Q. 2-4F.

*Enter Hector.*

*Pan.* That's *Hector*, that, that, looke you, that there's a fellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a brave man Neece, O brave *Hector*! Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; ist not a brave man?

*Cre.* O brave man!

*Pan.* Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you see? Looke you there? There's no jesting, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they say, there be hacks.

*Cre.* Be those with Swords?

209

*Enter Paris.*

*Pan.* Swords, any thing he cares not, and the divell come to him, it's all one, by Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: looke yee yonder Neece, ist not a gallant man to, ist not? Why this is brave now: who said he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellenus* heart good now, ha? Would I could see *Troylus* now, you shall *Troylus* anon.

*Cre.* Whose that?

219

*Enter Hellenus.*

*Pan.* That's *Hellenus*, I marvell where *Troylus* is, that's *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus*.

*Cre.* Can *Hellenus* fight Uncle?

200. *that there's:* that; there's (that, theres) — Q. 4F.

207. *laying:* there's laying — Q. 208. *ill:* will — 2-4F.

211. *and:* an — POPE.

217-18. *shall Troylus:* shall see *Troilus* — Q. 3-4F.

219. *Whose:* Who's — ROWE.

*Pan.* *Hellenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I marvell where *Troylus* is; harke, do you not haere the people crie *Troylus*? *Hellenus* is a Priest.

*Cre.* What sneaking fellow comes yonder? 228

*Enter Trylus.*

*Pan.* Where? Yonder? That's *Dæphobus*. 'Tis *Troylus*! Ther's a man Neece, hem; Brave *Troylus* the Prince of Chivalrie.

*Cre.* Peace, for shame peace. 1 helmet

*Pand.* Marke him, not him: O brave *Troylus*: looke well upon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme<sup>1</sup> more hackt then *Hectors*, and how he lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're saw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, had I a sister were a *Grace*, or a daughter a *Goddesse*, hee should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would give money to boot. 242

*Enter common Souldiers.*

*Cres.* Heere come more.

*Pan.* Asses, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th'eyes of *Troylus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be such a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon*, and all Greece.

*Cres.* There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troylus*. 251

*Pan.* *Achilles*? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

*Cres.* Well, well.

225. comma out after *indifferent*-2-4F.

226. *haere*: misprint 1F.

234. *not*: note-2-4F.

229. *Trylus*: in 1F. only.

242. *money*: an eye-Q.

*Pan.* Well, well? Why have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, vertue, youth, liberality, and so forth: the Spice, and salt that seasons a man?

*Cres.* I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans dates out. 260

*Pan.* You are such another woman, one knowes not at what ward<sup>1</sup> you lye. 1 guard

*Cres.* Upon my backe, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: and at all these wardes I lye at, at a thousand watches.

*Pan.* Say one of your watches. 268

*Cres.* Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefest of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unlesse it swell past hiding, and then it's past wat-ching.

*Enter Boy.*

*Pan.* You are such another.

*Boy.* Sir, my Lord would instantly speake with you.

*Pan.* Where?

*Boy.* At your owne house. [there he unarmes him:]

*Pan.* Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt. Fare ye well good Neece. [Exit Boy.] 280

*Cres.* Adieu Unkle.

*Pan.* Ile be with you Neece by and by.

*Cres.* To bring Unkle.

*Pan.* I, a token from *Troylus*.

257. *so forth:* such like—Q.

260. *dates:* date is—Q.

266. *lye at, at:* lie, at—4F.

258. *seasons:* season—Q.

261. *another:* a—Q.

278. bracketed words—Q.

*Cres.* By the same token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.*  
 Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loves full sacrifice,  
 He offers in anothers enterprise:  
 But more in *Troylus* thousand fold I see,  
 Then in the glasse of *Pandar's* praise may be;  
 Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,      290  
 Things won are done, joyes soule lyes in the dooing:  
 That she belov'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;  
 Men prize the thing ungain'd, more then it is.  
 That she was never yet, that ever knew  
 Love got so sweet, as when desire did sue:  
 Therefore this maxime out of love I teach;  
 “*Atchievement, is command; ungain'd, beseech.*  
 That though my hearts Contents firme love doth beare,  
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appeare.    *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *The Grecian camp. Before Agamemnon's tent.*]

*Senet.* Enter *Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.*

*Agam.* Princes:  
 What greefe hath set the Jaundies on your cheeke?  
 The ample proposition that hope makes  
 In all designes, begun on earth below  
 Fayles in the promist largenesse: checkes and disasters  
 Grow in the veines of actions highest rear'd.  
 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap,  
 Infect the sound Pine, and diverts his Graine      10  
 Tortive<sup>1</sup> and erant from his course of growth. <sup>1</sup>*twisted*  
 Nor Princes, is it matter new to us,  
 That we come short of our suppose so farre,

298. *That .. Contents: Then .. content-Q.*

10. *diverts:* divert-ROWE.

That after seven yeares siege, yet Troy walles stand,  
 Sith<sup>1</sup> every action that hath gone before,      <sup>1 since</sup>  
 Whereof we have Record, Triall did draw  
 Bias and thwart, not answering the ayme:  
 And that unbodied figure of the thought  
 That gave't surmised shape. Why then (you Princes)  
 Do you with cheeke abash'd, behold our workes, 20  
 And thinke them shame, which are (indeed) nought else  
 But the protractive trials of great Jove,  
 To finde persistive constancie in men?  
 The finenesse of which Mettall is not found  
 In Fortunes love: for then, the Bold and Coward,  
 The Wise and Foole, the Artist and un-read,  
 The hard and soft, seeme all affin'd, and kin.  
 But in the Winde and Tempest of her frowne,  
 Distinction with a lowd and powrefull fan,  
 Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;      30  
 And what hath masse, or matter by it selfe,  
 Lies rich in Vertue, and unmingle.

*Nestor.* With due Observance of thy godly seat,  
 Great Agamemnon, *Nestor* shall apply  
 Thy latest words.  
 In the reprove of Chance,  
 Lies the true prooфе of men: The Sea being smooth,  
 How many shallow bauble Boates dare saile  
 Upon her patient brest, making their way  
 With those of Nobler bulke?      40  
 But let the Russian *Borcas* once enrage  
 The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold  
 The strong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,  
 Bounding betweene the two moyst Elements  
 Like *Perseus* Horse. Where's then the sawcy Boate,

21. *tbinke .. shame:* call .. shames-Q.29. *lowd:* broad-Q.    33. *godly:* godlike-Q.    35-6. *1 l.-Q.*

Whose weake untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rival'd Greatnesse? Either to harbour fled,  
Or made a Toste for Neptune. Even so,  
Doth valours shew, and valours worth divide  
In stormes of Fortune.

50

For, in her ray and brightnesse,  
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Briezel<sup>1</sup> <sup>1</sup>*gadfly*  
Then by the Tyger: But, when the splitting winde  
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,  
And Flies fled under shade, why then  
The thing of Courage,  
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,  
And with an accent tun'd in selfe-same key,  
Retyres to chiding Fortune.

60

*Ulys. Agamemnon:*  
Thou great Commander, Nerve, and Bone of Greece,  
Heart of our Numbers, soule, and onely spirit,  
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all  
Should be shut up: Heare whar *Ulysses* speakes,  
Besides the applause and approbation  
The which most mighty for thy place and sway,  
And thou most reverend for thy stretcht-out life,  
I give to both your speeches: which were such,  
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in Brasse: and such againe      70  
As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in Silver)  
Should with a bond of ayre, strong as the Axletree  
In which the Heavens ride, knit all Greekes eares  
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both  
(Thou Great, and Wise) to heare *Ulysses* speake.

50-1. 1 l.-Q.

52. *Heard: herd*-3-4F.

55-6. 1 l.-Q.

59. *Retyres: Retorts-DYCE.*64. *whai: what*-2-4F.73. *In, etc.: On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears-Q.*

*Aga.* Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of lesse expect:  
 That matter needlesse of importlesse burthen  
 Divide thy lips; then we are confident  
 When ranke *Thersites* opes his Masticke jawes,  
 We shall heare Musicke, Wit, and Oracle.      80

*Ulys.* Troy yet upon his basis had bene downe,  
 And the great *Hectors* sword had lack'd a Master  
 But for these instances.  
 The specialty of Rule hath beene neglected;  
 And looke how many Grecian Tents do stand  
 Hollow upon this Plaine, so many hollow Factions.  
 When that the Generall is not like the Hive,  
 To whom the Forragers shall all repaire,  
 What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
 Th'unworthiest shewes as fairely in the Maske.      90  
 The Heavens themselves, the Planets, and this Center,  
 Observe degree, priority, and place,  
 Insisture, course, proportion, season, forme,  
 Office, and custome, in all line of Order:  
 And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol  
 In noble eminence, enthron'd and sphear'd  
 Amid'st the other, whose med'cinal eye  
 Corrects the ill Aspects of Planets evill,  
 And postes like the Command'ment of a King,  
 Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets  
 In evill mixture to disorder wander,      101  
 What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?  
 What raging of the Sea? shaking of Earth?  
 Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,  
 Divert, and cracke, rend and deracinate  
 The unity, and married calme of States  
 Quite from their fixture? O, when Degree is shak'd,

97. *med'cinal*: medicinable—Q.

(Which is the Ladder to all high designes)

The enterprize is sickle. How could Communities,  
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods<sup>1</sup> in Cities, 110  
Peacefull Commerce from dividable shores, <sup>1</sup>guilds

The primogenitive, and due of Byrth,

Prerogative of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,

(But by Degree) stand in Authentique place?

Take but Degree away, un-tune that string,

And hearke what Discord followes: each thing meetes  
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,

Should lift their bosomes higher then the Shores,

And make a soppe of all this solid Globe:

Strength should be Lord of imbecility,

120

And the rude Sonne should strike his Father dead:

Force should be right, or rather, right and wrong,

(Betweene whose endlesse jarre, Justice recides)

Should loose her names, and so should Justice too.

Then every thing includes it selfe in Power,

Power into Will, Will into Appetite,

And Appetite (an universall Wolfe,

So doubly seconded with Will, and Power)

Must make perforce an universall prey,

And last, eate up himselfe.

130

*Great Agamemnon:*

This Chaos, when Degree is suffocate,

Followes the choaking:

And this neglection of Degree, is it

That by a pace goes backward in a purpose

It hath to climbe. The Generall's disdain'd

By him one step below; he, by the next,

That next, by him beneath: so every step

Exampled by the first pace that is sickle

124. *loose her: lose their*-3-4F.

130-1. 1 l.-2Rowe.

134. *is it: it is*-Q.

135. *in a: with a*-Q.

Of his Superiour, growes to an envious Feaver      140  
 Of pale, and bloodlesse Emulation.

And 'tis this Feaver that keepes Troy on foote,  
 Not her owne sinewes. To end a tale of length,  
 Troy in our weaknesse lives, not in her strength.

*Nest.* Most wisely hath *Ulysses* heere discover'd  
 The Feaver, whereof all our power is sicke.

*Aga.* The Nature of the sicknesse found (*Ulysses*)  
 What is the remedie?

*Ulys.* The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,  
 The sinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoste,      150  
 Having his eare full of his ayery Fame,

Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent  
 Lyes mocking our designes. With him, *Patroclus*,  
 Upon a lazie Bed, the live-long day  
 Breakes scurrill Jests,

And with ridiculous and aukward action,  
 (Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)

He Pageants us. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,  
 Thy toplesse deputation he puts on;

And like a strutting Player, whose conceit      160  
 Lies in his Ham-string, and doth thinke it rich  
 To heare the woodden Dialogue and sound

"Twixt his stretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,  
 Such to be pittied, and ore-rested seeming

He acts thy Greatnesse in: and when he speakes,  
 'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes unsquar'd,

Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,  
 Would seemes Hyperboles. At this fusty stiffe,

The large *Achilles* (on his prest-bed lolling)

From his deepe Chest, laughes out a lowd applause,  
 Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* just.      171

144. *lives:* stands—Q.

163. *Scaffolage:* scaffoldage—4F.

164. *ore-rested:* o'er wrested—POPE.

Now play me *Nestor*; hum, and stroke thy Beard  
 As he, being drest to some Oration:  
 That's done, as neere as the extreamest ends  
 Of paralels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,  
 Yet god *Achilles* still cries excellent,  
 'Tis *Nestor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,  
 Arming to answer in a night-Alarme,  
 And then (forsooth) the faint defects of Age      180  
 Must be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and spit,  
 And with a palsie fumbling on his Gorget,  
 Shake in and out the Rivet: and at this sport  
 Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,  
 Or, give me ribs of Steele, I shall split all  
 In pleasure of my Spleene. And in this fashion,  
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,  
 Severals and generals of grace exact,  
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,  
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,  
 Successe or losse, what is, or is not, serves      190  
 As stiffe for these two, to make paradoxes.

*Nest.* And in the imitation of these twaine,  
 Who (as *Ulysses* sayes) Opinion crownes  
 With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:  
*Ajax* is growne selfe-will'd, and beares his head  
 In such a reyne, in full as proud a place  
 As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him;  
 Makes factious Feasts, railes on our state of Warre  
 Bold as an Oracle, and sets *Thersites*  
 A slave, whose Gall coines slanders like a Mint,      200  
 To match us in comparisons with durt,  
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,  
 How ranke soever rounded in with danger.

172. *bum:* hem—Q.197. *and keepes:* and out—Q.

*Ulys.* They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,  
 Count Wisedome as no member of the Warre,  
 Fore-stall prescience, and esteeme no acte  
 But that of hand: The still and mentall parts,  
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike  
 When fitnesse call them on, and know by measure  
 Of their observant toyle, the Enemies waight,      210  
 Why this hath not a fingers dignity:  
 They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Closset-Warre:  
 So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,  
 For the great swing and rudenesse of his poize,  
 They place before his hand that made the Engine,  
 Or those that with the finenesse of their soules,  
 By Reason guide his execution.

*Nest.* Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horse  
 Makes many *Thetis* sonnes.                                  *Tucket*

*Aga.* What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus.*      220

*Men.* From Troy.    *Enter Æneas.*

*Aga.* What would you 'fore our Tent?

*Æne.* Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?

*Aga.* Even this.

*Æne.* May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,  
 Do a faire message to his Kingly eares?

*Aga.* With surety stronger then *Achilles* arme,  
 'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voyce  
 Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.

*Æne.* Faire leave, and large security. How may 230  
 A stranger to those most Imperiall lookes,  
 Know them from eyes of other Mortals?

*Aga.* How?

*Æne.* I: I aske, that I might waken reverence,  
 And on the cheeke be ready with a blush

209. *call:* calls—Q. 234. *I:* Ay; separate l.—STEEVENS (1793).  
 235. *on:* bid—Q.

Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes  
 The youthfull Phoebus:  
 Which is that God in office guiding men?  
 Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

*Aga.* This Troyan scornes us, or the men of Troy  
 Are ceremonious Courtiers. 241

*Aene.* Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; unarm'd,  
 As bending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:  
 But when they would seeme Souldiers, they have galles,  
 Good armes, strong joyns, true swords, & *Joves* accord,  
 Nothing so full of heart. But peace *Aeneas*,  
 Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,  
 The worthinesse of praise distaines his worth:  
 If that he prais'd himselfe, bring the praise forth.  
 But what the repining enemy commends, 250  
 That breath Fame blowes, that praise sole pure transcends.

*Aga.* Sir, you of Troy, call you your selfe *Aeneas*?

*Aene.* I Greeke, that is my name.

*Aga.* What's your affayre I pray you?

*Aene.* Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.

*Aga.* He heares nought privatly  
 That comes from Troy.

*Aene.* Nor I from Troy come not to whisper him,  
 I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,  
 To set his sence on the attentive bent, 260  
 And then to speake.

*Aga.* Speake frankly as the winde,  
 It is not *Agamemnons* sleeping houre;  
 That thou shalt know Troyan he is awake,  
 He tels thee so himselfe.

*Aene.* Trumpet blow loud,  
 Send thy Brasse voyce through all these lazie Tents,

And every Greeke of mettle, let him know,  
What Troy meanes fairely, shall be spoke alowd.

*The Trumpets sound.* 270

We have great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,  
A Prince calld *Hector*, *Priam* is his Father:  
Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce  
Is rusty growne. He bad me take a Trumpet,  
And to this purpose speake: Kings, Princes, Lords,  
If there be one among'st the fayr'st of Greece,  
That holds his Honor higher then his ease,  
That seekes his praise, more then he feares his perill,  
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,  
That loves his Mistris more then in confession, 280  
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loves)  
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,  
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.  
*Hector*, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,  
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.  
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,  
Then ever Greeke did compasse in his armes,  
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,  
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,  
To rowze a Grecian that is true in love. 290  
If any come, *Hector* shal honour him:  
If none, hee'l say in Troy when he retyres,  
The Grecian Dames are sun-burnt, and not worth  
The splinter of a Lance: Even so much.

*Aga.* This shall be told our Lovers Lord *Aeneas*,  
If none of them have soule in such a kinde,  
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,  
And may that Souldier a meere recreant prove,  
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in love:

If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be, 300  
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, Ile be he.

*Nest.* Tell him of *Nestor*, one that was a man  
When *Hectors* Grandsire suckt: he is old now,  
But if there be not in our Grecian mould,  
One Noble man, that hath one spark of fire  
To answer for his Love; tell him from me,  
Ile hide my Silver beard in a Gold Beaver,  
And in my Vantbrace<sup>1</sup> put this wither'd brawne,  
And meeting him, wil tell him, that my Lady  
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaste      310  
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,  
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.

*Æne.* Now heavens forbid such scarsitie of youth.

*Ulys.* Amen. 1 arm-shield

*Aga.* Faire Lord *Æneas*,  
Let me touch your hand:  
To our Pavillion shal I leade you first:  
*Achilles* shall have word of this intent,  
So shall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:  
Your selfe shall Feast with us before you goe,      320  
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe.      *Exeunt.*

## *Manet Ulysses, and Nestor.*

Ulys. Nestor.

*Nest.* What sayes *Ulysses*?

*Ulys.* I have a young conception in my braine,  
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

*Nest.* What is't?

*Ulysses.* This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded Pride

301. *Ile be: I am-Q.*

312. *pawne*: prove—MALONE.

317. *first*: sir-Q.

304. *mould*: host-Q.

315-16. 1 l.-POPE.

That hath to this maturity blowne up  
 In ranke *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,  
 Or shedding breed a Nursery of like evil  
 To over-bulke us all.

*Nest.* Wel, and how?

*Ulys.* This challenge that the gallant *Hector* sends,  
 How ever it is spred in general name,  
 Relates in purpose onely to *Achilles*.

*Nest.* The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,  
 Whose grossenesse little charracters summe up,  
 And in the publication make no straine,      340  
 But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren  
 As bankes of Lybia, though (*Apollo* knowes)  
 'Tis dry enough, wil with great speede of judgement,  
 I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpose  
 Pointing on him.

*Ulys.* And wake him to the answer, thinke you?

*Nest.* Yes, 'tis most meet; who may you else oppose  
 That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,  
 If not *Achilles*; though't be a sportfull Combate,  
 Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.      350  
 For heere the Troyans taste our deer'st repute  
 With their fin'st Pallate: and trust to me *Ulysses*,  
 Our imputation shall be oddly poiz'd  
 In this wilde action. For the successse  
 (Although particular) shall give a scantling  
 Of good or bad, unto the Generall:  
 And in such Indexes, although small prickes  
 To their subsequent Volumes, there is seene  
 The baby figure of the Gyant-masse  
 Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,      360  
 He that meets *Hector*, issues from our choyse;  
 And choise being mutuall acte of all our soules,  
 Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle  
 As 'twere, from forth us all: a man distill'd

Out of our Vertues; who miscarrying,  
 What heart from hence receyves the conq'ring part  
 To steele a strong opinion to themselves,  
 Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his instruments,  
 In no lesse working, then are Swords and Bowes  
 Directive by the Limbes.

370

*Ulys.* Give pardon to my speech:  
 Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector*:  
 Let us (like Merchants) shew our fowlest Wares,  
 And thinke perchance they'l sell: If not,  
 The luster of the better yet to shew,  
 Shall shew the better. Do not consent,  
 That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meeete:  
 For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,  
 Are dogg'd with two strange Followers.

379

*Nest.* I see them not with my old eies: what are they?

*Ulys.* What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,  
 (Were he not proud) we all should weare with him:  
 But he already is too insolent,  
 And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,  
 Then in the pride and salt scorne of his eyes  
 Should he scape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,  
 Why then we did our maine opinion crush  
 In taint of our best man. No, make a Lott'ry,  
 And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw  
 The sort<sup>1</sup> to fight with *Hector*: Among our selves, 390  
 Give him allowance as the worthier man, <sup>1 lot</sup>  
 For that will physicke the great Myrmidon  
 Who broyles in lowd applause, and make him fall  
 His Crest, that prouder then blew Iris bends.  
 If the dull brainlesse *Ajax* come safe off,

366. *from bence receyves:* receives from hence—Q.

368. *in:* out—2-4F.

382. *weare:* share—Q.

391. *as the worthier:* for the better—Q.

Wee'l dresse him up in voyces: if he faile,  
 Yet go we under our opinion still,  
 That we have better men. But hit or misse,  
 Our projects life this shape of sence assumes,  
*Ajax* employ'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes. 400

*Nest.* Now *Ulysses*, I begin to rellish thy advice,  
 And I wil give a taste of it forthwith  
 To *Agamemnon*, go we to him straight:  
 Two Curses shal tame each other, Pride alone  
 Must tarre the Mastiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt*

[Act II. Scene i. *The Grecian camp.*]

*Enter Ajax, and Thersites.*

*Aja.* *Thersites?*

*Ther.* *Agamemnon*, how if he had Biles (ful) all over  
 generally.

*Aja.* *Thersites?*

*Ther.* And those Byles did runne, say so; did not the  
 General run, were not that a botchy core?

*Aja.* Dogge.

*Ther.* Then there would come some matter from him:  
 I see none now. 10

*Aja.* Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canst thou not heare?  
 Feele then. *Strikes him.*

*Ther.* The plague of Greece upon thee thou Mungrel  
 beefe-witted Lord.

*Aja.* Speake then you whinid'st<sup>1</sup> leaven speake, I will  
 beate thee into handsonnesse. 1<sup>1</sup> moldiest

*Ther.* I shal sooner rayle thee into wit and holinesse:  
 but I thinke thy Horse wil sooner con an Oration, then

401. *Now Ulysses:* Ulysses Now; Ulysses separate l.—STEEVENS.  
 7. *run, were:* run then? were—CAPELL. 9. *there:* out—Q.  
 15. *you whinid'st:* thou—Q. vinewed'st—KNIGHT.

thou | learn a prayer without booke: Thou canst strike,  
canst | thou? A red Murren o'th thy Jades trickes. 20  
*Aja.* Toads stoole, learne me the Proclamation.

*Ther.* Doest thou thinke I have no sence thou strik'st  
me thus? |

*Aja.* The Proclamation.

*Ther.* Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.

*Aja.* Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

*Ther.* I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and  
I had the scratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-  
som'st scab in Greece [when thou art forth in the in-  
cursions thou strikest | as slow as another].

*Aja.* I say the Proclamation. 29

*Ther.* Thou grumblest & railest every houre on *A-*  
*chilles*, and thou art as ful of envy at his greatnes, as *Cer-*  
*berus* is at *Proserpina*'s beauty. I, that thou barkst at him.

*Aja.* Mistresse *Thersites*.

*Ther.* Thou should'st strike him.

*Aja.* Coblofe.

*Ther.* He would pun<sup>1</sup> thee into shivers with his fist, as  
a Sailor breakes a bisket. 1 pound

*Aja.* [Beating him] You horson Curre. *Ther.* Do,do.

*Aja.* Thou stoole for a Witch. 39

*Ther.* I, do, do, thou sodden-witted Lord: thou hast  
no more braine then I have in mine elbows: An Asinico  
may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant Asse, thou art heere  
but to thresh Troyans, and thou art bought and solde a-  
mong those of any wit, like a Barbarian slave. If thou use  
to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele, and tel what thou art  
by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.

*Aja.* You dogge.

*Ther.* You scurvy Lord.

28. bracketed ll.—Q.

38. new l. at *Ther.*—4F.

41. *Asinico:* assinego—POPE.

*Aja.* [Beating him] You Curre. 49

*Tber.* Mars his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do,do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

*Achil.* Why how now *Ajax*? wherefore do you this?  
How now *Thersites*? what's the matter man?

*Tber.* You see him there, do you?

*Achil.* I, what's the matter.

*Tber.* Nay looke upon him.

*Achil.* So I do: what's the matter?

*Tber.* Nay but regard him well.

*Achil.* Well, why I do so.

*Tber.* But yet you looke not well upon him: for who  
some ever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*. 61

*Achil.* I know that foole.

*Tber.* I, but that foole knowes not himselfe.

*Ajax.* Therefore I beate thee.

*Tber.* Lo,lo,lo,lo,what modicums of wit he utters: his  
evasions have eares thus long. I have bobb'd his Braine  
more then he has beate my bones: I will buy nine Spar-  
rowes for a peny, and his *Piamater*<sup>1</sup> is not worth the ninth  
part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Ajax* who wears  
his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you  
what I say of him. 1 brain 71

*Achil.* What?

*Tber.* I say this *Ajax* —

[*Ajax offers to strike him.*]

*Achil.* Nay good *Ajax*.

*Tber.* Has not so much wit.

*Achil:* Nay, I must hold you.

*Tber.* As will stop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom  
he comes to fight.

*Achit.* Peace foole.

*Ther.* I would have peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there. 81

*Ajax.* O thou damn'd Curre, I shall——

*Achil.* Will you set your wit to a Fooles.

*Ther.* No I warrant you, for a fooles will shame it.

*Pat.* Good words *Thersites*.

*Achil.* What's the quarrell?

*Ajax.* I bad thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayles upon me.

*Ther.* I serve thee not.

*Ajax.* Well, go too, go too. 90

*Ther.* I serve heere voluntary.

*Achil.* Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Ajax* was heere the voluntary, and you as under an Impresse.

*Ther.* E'ne so, a great deale of your wit too lies in your sinnewes, or else there be Liars. *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fustie nut with no kernell.

*Achil.* What with me to *Thersites*? 99

*Ther.* There's *Ulysses*, and old *Nestor*, whose Wit was mouldy ere their Grandsires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough up the warre.

*Achil.* What? what?

*Ther.* Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to——

*Ajax.* I shall cut out your tongue.

*Ther.* 'Tis no matter, I shall speake as much as thou afterwards.

*Pat.* No more words *Thersites* [peace].

87. *tbee:* the-Q.

101. *ere their:* cre your-THEOBALD.

108. bracketed word-Q.

97. *be were:* a' were-Q.

102. *warre:* wars-Q.

*Ther.* I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me, shall I? 110

*Achil.* There's for you *Patroclus*.

*Ther.* I will see you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fooles. Exit.

*Pat.* A good riddance.

*Achil.* Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our host, That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne, Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy To morrow morning call some Knight to Armes, That hath a stomacke, and such a one that dare 120 Maintaine I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

*Ajax.* Farewell? who shall answer him?

*Achil.* I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwise Heknew his man.

*Ajax.* O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it.

*Exit.* |

[Scene ii. *Troy.* *A room in Priam's palace.* ]

*Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.*

*Pri.* After so many houres, lives, speeches spent, Thus once againe sayes *Nestor* from the Greekes, Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else  
( As honour, losse of time, travaile, expence, Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is consum'd In hot digestion of this comorant Warre) Shall be stroke off. *Hector*, what say you too't.

*Hect.* Though no man lesser feares the Greeks then I, As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*, 10 There is no Lady of more softer bowels,

**109. Brooch:** brach–Rowe.

**7. comorant:** misprint 1F.

**8. stroke:** struck–4F.

**10. touches:** toucheth–Q. new l. at Yet–COLLIER.

More spungie, to sucke in the sense of Feare,  
 More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes  
 Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is surety,  
 Surety secure: but modest Doubt is cal'd  
 The Beacon of the wise: the tent<sup>1</sup> that searches <sup>1</sup>probe  
 To'th'bottome of the worst. Let *Helen* go,  
 Since the first sword was drawne about this question,  
 Every tythe soule 'mongst many thousand dismes,<sup>2</sup>  
 Hath bin as deere as *Helen*: I meane of ours: <sup>2</sup>tenths  
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours                           21  
 To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us  
 (Had it our name) the valew of one ten;  
 What merit's in that reason which denies  
 The yeelding of her up.

*Troy.* Fie, fie, my Brother;  
 Weigh you the worth and honour of a King  
 (So great as our dread Father) in a Scale  
 Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters summe  
 The past proportion of his infinite,                           30  
 Andbuckle in a waste most fathomlesse,  
 With spannes and inches so diminutive,  
 As feares and reasons? Fie for godly shame?

*Hel.* No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons,  
 You are so empty of them, should not our Father  
 Beare the great sway of his affayres with reasons,  
 Because your speech hath none that tels him so.

*Troy.* You are for dreames & slumbers brother Priest  
 You furre your gloves with reason: here are your reasons  
 You know an enemy intends you harme,                           40  
 You know, a sword employ'd is perillous,  
 And reason flyes the object of all harme.  
 Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds  
 A Grecian and his sword, if he do set  
 The very wings of reason to his heeles:

Or like a Starre disorb'd. Nay, if we talke of Reason,  
 And flye like chidden Mercurie from Jove,  
 Let's shut our gates and sleepe: Manhood and Honor  
 Should have hard hearts, wold they but fat their thoghts  
 With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect,      50  
 Makes Livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

*Hect.* Brother, she is not worth  
 What she doth cost the holding.

*Troy.* What's aught, but as 'tis valew'd?

*Hect.* But value dwels not in particular will,  
 It holds his estimate and dignitie  
 As well, wherein 'tis precious of it selfe,  
 As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,  
 To make the service greater then the God,  
 And the will dotes that is inclineable      60  
 To what infectiously it selfe affects,  
 Without some image of th'affected merit.

*Troy.* I take to day a Wife, and my election  
 Is led on in the conduct of my Will;  
 My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,  
 Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous shores  
 Of Will, and Judgement. How may I avoyde  
 (Although my will distaste what it elected)  
 The Wife I chose, there can be no evasion  
 To blench from this, and to stand firme by honour. 70  
 We turne not backe the Silkes upon the Merchant  
 When we have spoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands  
 We do not throw in unrespective same,  
 Because we now are full. It was thought meete  
*Paris* should do some vengeance on the Greekes;

46. *Or .. Reasrn:* shifted after l. 47-Q.      49. *hard:* hare-Q.

52-3. *Brother .. cost:* 1 l.; new l. at *The-THEOBALD*.

58. *made: mad* (*madde*)-Q.      60. *inclineable:* attributive-Q.

72. *spoyl'd: soil'd*-Q.

73. *same: sieve*-JOHNSON.

Your breath of full consent bellied his Sailes,  
 The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,  
 And did him service; he touch'd the Ports desir'd,  
 And for an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captive,  
 He brought a Grecian Queen, whose youth & freshnesse  
 Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes stale the morning.      81  
 Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:  
 Is she worth keeping? Why she is a Pearle,  
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand Ships,  
 And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.  
 If you'l avouch, 'twas wisedome *Paris* went,  
 (As you must needs, for you all cride, Go, go:)      90  
 If you'l confesse, he brought home Noble prize,  
 (As you must needs) for you all clapt your hands,  
 And cride inestimable; why do you now  
 The issue of your proper Wisedomes rate,  
 And do a deed that Fortune never did?  
 Begger the estimation which you priz'd,  
 Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft most base!  
 That we have stolne what we do feare to keepe.  
 But Theeves unworthy of a thing so stolne,  
 That in their Country did them that disgrace,  
 We feare to warrant in our Native place.

*Enter Cassandra with her haire about  
 her eares.*

100

*Cas.* Cry *Troyans*, cry.

*Priam.* What noyse? what shreeke is this?

*Troy.* 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voyce.

*Cas.* Cry *Troyans*.

*Hect.* It is *Cassandra*.

*Cas.* Cry *Troyans* cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,  
 And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.

*Hect.* Peace sister, peace.

*Cas.* Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,  
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry, 110  
Adde to my clamour: let us pay betimes  
A moity of that masse of moane to come.

Cry Troyans cry, practise your eyes with teares,  
Troy must not be, nor goodly Illion stand,  
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes us all.

Cry Troyans cry, a *Helen* and a woe;  
Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or else let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*

*Hect.* Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not these hie strains  
Of divination in our Sister, worke 120  
Some touches of remorse? Or is your bloud  
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,  
Nor feare of bad successe in a bad cause,  
Can qualifie the same?

*Troy.* Why Brother *Hector*,  
We may not thinke the justnesse of each acte  
Such, and no other then event doth forme it,  
Nor once deject the courage of our mindes;  
Because *Cassandra*'s mad, her brainsicke raptures  
Cannot distaste<sup>1</sup> the goodnesse of a quarrell,  
Which hath our severall Honours all engag'd 130  
To make it gracious. For my private part,  
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* sonnes,  
And Jove forbid there should be done among'st us  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleene,  
To fight for, and maintaine. <sup>1</sup>make disrelished

*Par.* Else might the world convince of levitie,  
As well my under-takings as your counsels:  
But I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off  
All feares attending on so dire a project. 140

109. *old*: *eld*—COLLIER.

110. *can*: *canst*—Q.

111. *clamour*: *clamours*—Q.

For what (alas) can these my single armes?  
 What propugnation is in one mans valour  
 To stand the push and enmity of those  
 This quarrell would excite? Yet I protest,  
 Were I alone to passe the difficulties,  
 And had as ample power, as I have will,  
*Paris* should ne're retract what he hath done,  
 Nor faint in the pursuite.

*Pri.* *Paris*, you speake

Like one be-sotted on your sweet delights;      150  
 You have the Hony still, but these the Gall,  
 So to be valiant, is no praise at all.

*Par.* Sir, I propose not merely to my selfe,  
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:  
 But I would have the soyle of her faire Rape  
 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.  
 What Treason were it to the ransack'd Queene,  
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
 Now to deliver her possession up  
 On termes of base compulsion? Can it be,      160  
 That so degenerate a straine as this,  
 Should once set footing in your generous bosomes?  
 There's not the meanest spirit on our partie,  
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,  
 When *Helen* is defended: nor none so Noble,  
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,  
 Where *Helen* is the subject. Then (I say)  
 Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,  
 The worlds large spaces cannot paralell.

*Hect.* *Paris* and *Troylus*, you have both said well:  
 And on the cause and question now in hand,      171  
 Have gloz'd,<sup>1</sup> but superficially; not much <sup>1</sup>commented  
 Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought  
 Unfit to heare Morall Philosophie.

The Reasons you alledge, do more conduce  
 To the hot passion of distemp'red blood,  
 Then to make up a free determination  
 'Twixt right and wrong: For pleasure, and revenge,  
 Have eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce  
 Of any true decision. Nature craves                    180  
 All dues be rendred to their Owners: now  
 What neerer debt in all humanity,  
 Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law  
 Of Nature be corrupted through affection,  
 And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,  
 To their benummed wills resist the same,  
 There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,  
 To curbe those raging appetites that are  
 Most disobedient and refracturie.  
 If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King                    190  
 (As it is knowne she is) these Morall Lawes  
 Of Nature, and of Nation, speake allowd  
 To have her backe return'd. Thus to persist  
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,  
 But makes it much more heavie. *Hectors* opinion  
 Is this in way of truth: yet nere the lesse,  
 My spritely brethren, I propend<sup>1</sup> to you                    1 incline  
 In resolution to keepe *Helen* still;  
 For 'tis a cause that hath no meane dependance,  
 Upon our joynt and severall dignities.                    200

*Tro.* Why? there you toucht the life of our designe:  
 Were it not glory that we more affected,  
 Then the performance of our heaving spleenes,  
 I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood,  
 Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,  
 She is a theame of honour and renowne,

A spurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,  
 Whose present courage may beate downe our foes,  
 And fame in time to come canonize us.  
 For I presume brave *Hector* would not loose      210  
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,  
 As smiles upon the fore-head of this action,  
 For the wide worlds revenew.

*Hect.* I am yours,  
 You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*,  
 I have a roisting<sup>1</sup> challenge sent among'st      1 rousing  
 The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,  
 Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits,  
 I was advertiz'd,<sup>2</sup> their Great generall slept,  
 Whil'st emulation<sup>3</sup> in the armie crept:      220  
 This I presume will wake him.      3 competition Exeunt.

[Scene iii. *The Grecian camp. Before the tent of Achilles.*] ]

*Enter Thersites solus.*

How now *Thersites*? what lost in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whil'st he rail'd at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to conjure and raise Divels, but Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare Enginer. If *Troy* be not taken till these two undermine it, the wals will stand till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, loose all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little lesse then little wit from them that they have, which short-arm'd ignorance it selfe knowes, is so

11. loose: lose-3-4F.

12. thou: ye-Q.

abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the massie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curse dependant on those that warre for a placket. I have said my prayers and divell, envie, say Amen: What ho? my Lord *Achilles?*

21

*Enter Patroclus.*

*Patr.* Who's there? *Thersites.* Good *Thersites* come in and raile.

*Tber.* If I could have remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'st not have slipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy selfe upon thy selfe. The common curse of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great revenew; heaven blesse thee from a Tutor, and Discipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if she that laies thee out sayes thou art a faire coarse, Ile be sworne and sworne upon't she never shrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles?* 33

*Patr.* What art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

*Tber.* I, the heavens heare me.

*Enter Achilles.*

*Achil.* Who's there?

*Patr.* *Thersites*, my Lord.

*Achil.* Where, where, art thou come? why my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not serv'd thy selfe into my Table, so many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon*?

*Tber.* Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*? 43

16. *the*: their—Q.

25. *bave*: ha'-Q. *guilt*: gilt—ROWE.

34. *a*: out—Q.

*Patr.* Thy Lord *Thersites*: then tell me I pray thee,  
what's thy selfe?

*Ther.* Thy knower *Patroclus*: then tell me *Patroclus*,  
what art thou?

*Patr.* Thou maist tell that know'st.

*Achil.* O tell, tell.

*Ther.* Ile declin the whole question: *Agamemnon* com-  
mands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* know-  
er, and *Patroclus* is a foole. 52

*Patro.* You rascall.

*Ter.* Peace foole, I have not done.

*Achil.* He is a priviledg'd man, proceede *Thersites*.

*Ther.* *Agamemnon* is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Ther-  
sites* is a foole, and as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

*Achil.* Derive this? come?

*Ther.* *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *A-  
chilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemon*,  
*Thersites* is a foole to serve such a foole: and *Patroclus* is a  
foole positive. 62

*Patr.* Why am I a foole?

Enter *Agamemnon*, *Ulisses*, *Nestor*, *Diomedes*,  
*Ajax*, and *Chalcas*.

*Ther.* Make that demand to the Creator, it suffises me  
thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

*Achil.* *Patroclus*, Ile speake with no body: come in  
with me *Thersites*. Exit. 69

*Ther.* Here is such patcherie, such jugling, and such  
knaverie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a  
good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to  
death upon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subject, and  
Warre and Lecherie confound all. [Exit.]

60. *Agamemnon*: misprint 1F. 66. to the Creator: of the prover-Q.  
72. emulations; emulous-Q. 73. Suppeago: serpigo-4F.

*Agam.* Where is *Achilles*?

*Patr.* Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd my Lord.

*Agam.* Let it be knowne to him that we are here:  
He sent our Messengers, and we lay by  
Our appertainments, visiting of him:  
Let him be told of, so perchance he thinke      80  
We dare not move the question of our place,  
Or know not what we are.

*Pat.* I shall so say to him.

*Ulis.* We saw him at the opening of his Tent,  
He is not sicke.

*Aja.* Yes, Lyon sicke, sicke of proud heart; you may  
call it Melancholly if will favour the man, but by my  
head, it is pride; but why, why, let him show us the cause?  
A word my Lord.

*Nes.* What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?      90

*Ulis.* *Achillis* hath inveigled his Foole from him.

*Nes.* Who, *Thersites*?

*Ulis.* He.

*Nes.* Then will *Ajax* lacke matter, if he have lost his  
Argument.

*Ulis.* No, you see he is his argument that has his argu-  
ment *Achilles*.

*Nes.* All the better, their fraction is more our wish  
then their faction; but it was a strong counsell that a  
Foole could disunite.      100

*Ulis.* The amitie that wisedome knits, not folly may  
easily untie.      Enter *Patroclus*.

Here comes *Patroclus*.

*Nes.* No *Achilles* with him?

78. sent: shent—THEOBALD.

83. so say: say so—Q.

91. *Achillis*: misprint 1F.

101. knits, not: knits not,—Q.

80. of, so: so, lest—Q.

87. if will: if you will—Q.

99. counsell that: composure Q.

*Ulis.* The Elephant hath joynts, but none for curtesie:  
His legge are legs for necessitie, not for flight.

*Patro.* Achilles bids me say he is much sorry:  
If any thing more then your sport and pleasure,  
Did move your greatnessse, and this noble State,  
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other,      110  
But for your health, and your digestion sake;  
An after Dinners breath.

*Aga.* Heare you *Patroclus*:  
We are too well acquainted with these answers:  
But his evasion winged thus swift with scorne,  
Cannot outflye our apprehensions.  
Much attribute he hath, and much the reason,  
Why we ascribe it to him, yet all his vertues,  
Not vertuously of his owne part beheld,  
Doe in our eyes, begin to loose their glosse;      120  
Yea, and like faire Fruit in an unholosome dish,  
Are like to rot untasted: goe and tell him,  
We came to speake with him; and you shall not sinne,  
If you doe say, we thinke him over proud,  
And under honest; in selfe-assumption greater  
Then in the note of judgement: & worthier then himselfe  
Here tends the savage strangenesse he puts on,  
Disguise the holy strength of their command:  
And under write in an observing kinde  
His humorous predominance, yea watch      130  
His pettish lines, his ebs, his flowes, as it  
The passage and whole carriage of this action  
Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde,  
That if he overhold his price so much,

106. *flight:* flexure—Q.

119. *of:* on—Q.

121. *unholosome:* unwholesome (unholosome—Q.)—3-4F.

123. *came:* come—Q. 2-4F.

127. *tends:* tend—Q.

131. *lines:* lunes—HANMER.

Weele none of him; but let him, like an Engin  
Not portable, lye under this report.

Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre:  
A stirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance give,  
Before a sleeping Gyant: tell him so.

*Pat.* I shall, and bring his answere presently. 140

*Aga.* In second voyce weeble not be satisfied,  
We come to speake with him, *Ulisses* enter you.

*Exit Ulisses.*

*Ajax.* What is he more then another?

*Aga.* No more then what he thinkes he is.

*Aja.* Is he so much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes  
himselfe a better man then I am?

*Ag.* No question.

*Ajax.* Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

*Ag.* No, Noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as  
wise, no lesse noble, much more gentle, and altogether  
more tractable. 152

*Ajax.* Why should a man be proud? How doth pride  
grow? I know not what it is.

*Aga.* Your minde is the cleerer *Ajax*, and your vertues  
the fairer; he that is proud, eates up himselfe; Pride is his  
owne Glasse, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and  
what ever praises it selfe but in the deede, devoures the  
deede in the praise.

*Enter Ulysses.*

160

*Ajax.* I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring  
of Toades.

*Nest.* [Aside] Yet he loves himselfe: is't not strange?

*Ulis.* *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

*Ag.* What's his excuse?

*Ulis.* He doth relye on none,

154. *it is:* pride is-Q.

But carries on the streme of his dispose,  
Without observance or respect of any,  
In will peculiar, and in selfe admission.

*Aga.* Why, will he not upon our faire request, 170  
Untent his person, and share the ayre with us?

*Ulis.* Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely  
He makes important; possesst he is with greatnesse,  
And speakes not to himselfe, but with a pride  
That quarrels at selfe-breath. Imagin'd wroth  
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hot discourse,  
That twixt his mentall and his active parts,  
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,  
And batters against it selfe; what should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it, 180  
Cry no recovery.

*Ag.* Let *Ajax* goe to him.  
Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent;  
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led  
At your request a little from himselfe.

*Ulis.* O *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.  
Weele consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,  
When they goe from *Achilles*; shall the proud Lord,  
That bastes his arrogance with his owne seame,  
And never suffers matter of the world, 190  
Enter his thoughts: save such as doe revolve  
Aud ruminate himselfe. Shall he be worshipt,  
Of that we hold an Idol, more then hee?  
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,  
Must not so staule his Palme, nobly acquir'd,  
Nor by my will assubjugate his merit,  
As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*,  
That were to enlard his fat already, pride,

175. *wroth:* worth—Q. 179. *against it selfe:* down himself—Q.  
192. *aud:* misprint 1F. 197. new l. at By-JOHNSON.

And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he burnes  
With entertaining great *Hiperion.*

200

This L. goe to him? *Jupiter* forbid,  
And say in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

*Nest.* [Aside] O this is well, he rubs the veine of him.

*Dio.* [Aside] And how his silence drinkes up this applause.

*Aja.* If I goe to him, with my armed fist, Ile pash him  
ore the face.

*Ag.* O no, you shall not goe.

*Aja.* And a be proud with me, ile phese his pride: let  
me goe to him.

209

*Ulis.* Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

*Aja.* A paulyry insolent fellow.

*Nest.* [Aside] How he describes himselfe.

*Aja.* Can he not be sociable?

*Ulis.* [Aside] The Raven chides blacknesse.

*Aja.* Ile let his humours blood.

*Ag.* [Aside] He will be the Physitian that should be  
the pa- | tient.

*Aja.* And all men were a my minde.

*Ulis.* [Aside] Wit would be out of fashion.

*Aja.* A should not beare it so, a should eate Swords  
first: shall pride carry it?

221

*Nest.* [Aside] And 'twould, you'd carry halfe.

*Ulis.* [Aside] A would have ten shares.

*Aja.* I will knede him, Ile make him supple, [*Nest.*]  
hee's not | yet through warme.

*Nest.* Force<sup>1</sup> him with praises, poure in, poure in: his  
am- | bition is dry.

<sup>1</sup>stuff

201. *L.*: lord—Q.4F.

205-6. new l. at I'll-2ROWE.

208, 222. *And:* An-POPE. 208-9. new l. at Let-Q. 218. *And:*  
An-HANMER.

224-5 bee's not .. warme: given to *Nest.*—

THEOBALD.

226. *Nest.*: out—THEOBALD.

*Ulis.* [To Agamemnon] My L. you feede too much  
on this dislike. |

*Nest.* Our noble Generall, doe not doe so. 229

*Diom.* You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

*Ulis.* Why,'tis this naming of him doth him harme.  
Here is a man, but 'tis before his face,  
I will be silent.

*Nest.* Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

*Ulis.* 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

*Aja.* A horson dog, that shal palter thus with us, would  
he were a *Trojan*.

*Nest.* What a vice were it in *Ajax* now—

*Ulis.* If he were proud. 240

*Dio.* Or covetous of praise.

*Ulis.* I, or surley borne.

*Dio.* Or strange, or selfe affected.

*U.* Thank the heavens L. thou art of sweet composure;  
Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee sucke:  
Fame be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature  
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;  
But he that disciplin'd thy armes to fight,  
Let *Mars* devide Eternity in twaine,  
And give him halfe, and for thy vigour, 250  
Bull-bearing *Milo*: his addition<sup>1</sup> yelde      <sup>1</sup> quality  
To sinnowie *Ajax*: I will not praise thy wisdome,  
Which like a bourne, a pale, a shore confines  
Thy spacious and dilated parts; here's *Nestor*  
Instructed by the Antiquary times:  
He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.  
But pardon Father *Nestor*, were your dayes

231. *doth*: does (do's)-Q.      237-8. new l. at **Would-Pope**.

246. *Fame*: Famed-Q.

As greene as *Ajax*, and your braine so temper'd,  
You should not have the eminence of him,  
But be as *Ajax*.

260

*Aja.* Shall I call you Father?

*Ulis.* I my good Sonne.

*Dio.* Be rul'd by him Lord *Ajax*.

*Ulis.* There is no tarrying here, the Hart *Achilles*  
Keepes thicket: please it our Generall,  
To call together all his state of warre,  
Fresh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow  
We must with all our maine of power stand fast:  
And here's a Lord, come Knights from East to West,  
And cull their flowre, *Ajax* shall cope the best. 270

*Ag.* Goe we to Counsaile, let *Achilles* sleepe;  
Light Botes may saile swift, though greater bulkes draw  
deepe.      *Exeunt.*    *Musick* sounds within.

[Act III. Scene i. *Troy*. *A room in Priam's palace.*]

Enter Pandarus and a Servant.

*Pan.* Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord *Paris*?

*Ser.* I sir, when he goes before me.

*Pan.* You depend upon him I meane?

*Ser.* Sir, I doe depend upon the Lord.

*Pan.* You depend upon a noble Gentleman: I must needes praise him.

*Ser.* The Lord be praised.

*Pa.* You know me, doe you not? 10

*Ser.* Faith sir, superficially.

*Pa.* Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

265. *our Generall:* *our great general*-Q.

272. *Botes may saile .. bulkes:* *boats sail .. hulks*-Q.

2. *not you: you not*-Q.

*Ser.* I hope I shall know your honour better.

*Pa.* I doe desire it.

*Ser.* You are in the state of Grace?

*Pa.* Grace, not so friend, honor and Lordship are my title: What Musique is this?

*Ser.* I doe but partly know sir: it is Musicke in parts.

*Pa.* Know you the Musitians.

*Ser.* Wholly sir.

20

*Pa.* Who play they to?

*Ser.* To the hearers sir.

*Pa.* At whose pleasure friend?

*Ser.* At mine sir, and theirs that love Musicke.

*Pa.* Command, I meane friend.

*Ser.* Who shall I command sir?

*Pa.* Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request doe these men play? 29

*Ser.* That's too't indeede sir: marry sir, at the request of *Paris* my L. who's there in person; with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loves invisible soule.

*Pa.* Who? my Cosin *Cressida*.

*Ser.* No sir, *Helen*, could you not finde out that by her attributes?

*Pa.* It should seeme fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady *Cressida*. I come to speake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troylus*: I will make a complementall assault upon him, for my businesse seethes. 40

*Ser.* Sodden businesse, there's a stewed phrase indeede.

*Enter Paris and Helena.*

*Pan.* Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire desires in all faire measure fairely guide them,

17. title: titles—Q. 3-4F.

especially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

*Hel.* Deere L. you are full of faire words.

*Pan.* You speake your faire pleasure sweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Musicke. 49

*Par.* You have broke it cozen: and by my life you shall make it whole againe, you shall peece it out with a peece of your performance. *Nel,* he is full of harmony.

*Pan.* Truely Lady no.

*Hel.* O sir.

*Pan.* Rude in sooth, in good sooth very rude.

*Paris.* Well said my Lord: well, you say so in fits.<sup>1</sup>

*Pan.* I have businesse to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchsafe me a word. <sup>1 song-parts</sup>

*Hel.* Nay, this shall not hedge us out, weeble heare you sing certainlye. 60

*Pan.* Well sweete Queene you are pleasant with me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and most estee-med friend your brother *Troylus.*

*Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus,* hony sweete Lord.

*Pan.* Go too sweete Queene, goe to.

Commends himselfe most affectionately to you.

*Hel.* You shall not bob<sup>2</sup> us out of our melody: If you doe, our melancholly upon your head. <sup>2 trick</sup>

*Pan.* Sweete Queene, sweete Queene, that's a sweete Queene Ifaith— 70

*Hel.* And to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.

*Pan.* Nay, that shall not serve your turne, that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no. And my Lord he desires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuse.

*Hel.* My Lord *Pandarus?*

*Pan.* What saies my sweete Queene, my very, very sweete Queene?

*Par.* What exploit's in hand, where sups he to night?

*Hel.* Nay but my Lord? 80

*Pan.* What saies my sweere Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

*Hel.* You must not know where he sups.

*Par.* [Ile lay my life] With my disposer *Cressida*.

*Pan.* No, no; no such matter, you are wide, come your disposer is sickle.

*Par.* Well, Ile make excuse.

*Pan.* I good my Lord: why should you say *Cressida*? no, your poore disposer's sickle.

*Par.* I spie. 90

*Pan.* You spie, what doe you spie: come, give me an Instrument now sweete Queene.

*Hel.* Why this is kindly done?

*Pan.* My Neece is horrible in love with a thing you have sweete Queene.

*Hel.* She shall have it my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

*Pand.* Hee? no, sheele none of him, they two are twaine. 99

*Hel.* Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

*Hel.* I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.

*Pan.* I you may, you may.

*Hel.* Let thy song be love: this love will undoe us al. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid*.

81. *sweere:* sweet—2-4F.

83. *Hel.:* out; speech continued to *Pan.*—HANMER.

84. bracketed words—Q.

94. *horrible:* horribly—Q.

*Pan.* Love? I that it shall yfaith.

*Par.* I, good now love, love, no thing but love.

*Pan.* In good troth it begins so. [Sings.] 110

*Love, love, nothing but love, still more:*

*For O loves Bow,*

*Shoothes Bucke and Doe:*

*The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,*

*But tickles still the sore:*

*These Lovers cry, oh ho they dye;*

*Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,*

*Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha be:*

*So dying love lives still,*

*O ho a while, but ha ha ha;*

*O ho grones out for ha ha ha—bey ho.* 120

*Hel.* In love yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eates nothing but doves love, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is love.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of love? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Love a generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord whose a field to day? 129

*Par.* *Hector, Deiphæbus, Helenus, Anthenor,* and all the gallantry of *Troy.* I would faine have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it so.

How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

*Hel.* He hangs the lippe at something; you know all Lord *Pandarus?*

114. new l. at Not-POPE.

116, 118. *ho:* oh-POPE.

120, 121. *ho:* oh-CAPELL.

121. *bey ho:* Heigh ho, as prose-RANN.

129. prose-POPE.

133. prose-POPE.

*Pan.* Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:  
Y oule remember your brothers excuse?

*Par.* To a hayre.

*Pan.* Farewell sweete Queene.

140

*Hel.* Commend me to your Neece.

*Pan.* I will sweete Queene. *Sound a retreat.*

*Par.* They're come from fielde: let us to *Priams Hall*  
To greete the Warriers. Sweet *Hellen*, I must woe you,  
To helpe unarme our *Hector*: his stubborne Buckles,  
With these your white enchanting fingers toucht,  
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,  
Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall doe more  
Then all the Iland Kings, disarne great *Hector*.

*Hel.* 'Twill make us proud to be his servant *Paris*:  
Yea what he shall receive of us in duetie, 151  
Gives us more palme in beautie then we have:  
Yea overshines our selfe.

[*Par.*] Sweete above thought I love thee. *Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *An orchard to Pandarus' house.*]

*Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.*

*Pan.* How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen *Cressidas*?

*Man.* No sir, he stayes for you to conduct him thither.

*Enter Troylus.*

*Pan.* O here he comes: How now, how now?

*Troy.* Sirra walke off. [Exit Boy.]

*Pan.* Have you seen my Cousin?

*Troy.* No *Pandarus*: I stalke about her doore  
Like a strange soule upon the Stigian bankes 10

Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,  
 And give me swift transportance to those fields,  
 Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds  
 Propos'd for the deserver. O gentle *Pandarus*,  
 From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,  
 And flye with me to *Cressid*.

*Pan.* Walke here ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

*Exit Pandarus.*

*Troy.* I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,  
 Th'imaginary relish is so sweete, 20  
 That it inchants my sence: what will it be  
 When that the watry pallats taste indeede  
 Loves thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me  
 Sounding distruption, or some joy too fine,  
 Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,  
 For the capacitie of my ruder powers;  
 I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,  
 That I shall loose distinction in my joyes,  
 As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes  
 The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.* 30

*Pan.* Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight; you  
 must be witty now, she does so blush, & fetches her winde  
 so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it  
 is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a  
 newtane Sparrow. *Exit Pand.*

*Troy.* Even such a passion doth imbrace my bosome:  
 My heart beates thicker then a feavorous pulse,  
 And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,  
 Like vassalage at unawares encountring  
 The eye of Majestie. 40

23. *reputed:* repured—Q.

25. *and too:* tuned too—Q.

34. *so:* as—Q.

24. *Sounding:* Swounding—POPE.

33. *fraid:* frayed—CAPELL.

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what neede you blush?  
 Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the oathes now  
 to her, that you have sworne to me. What are you gone againe,  
 you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must  
 you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw  
 backward weeble put you i'th fils: why doe you not speak  
 to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture.  
 Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and  
 'twere darke you'd close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse  
 the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there  
 Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your  
 hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for  
 all the Ducks ith River: go too, go too. 54

*Troy.* You have bereft me of all words Lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts; give her deedes: but sheelc  
 bereave you 'oth' deeds too, if shee call your activity in  
 question: what billing againe? here's in witnesse where-  
 of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go  
 get a fire? 60

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Troy.* O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

*Cres.* Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

*Troy.* What should they grant? what makes this pretty  
 abrupton: what too curious dreg espies my sweete La-  
 dy in the fountaine of our love?

*Cres.* More dregs then water, if my teares have eyes.

*Troy.* Feares make divels of Cherubins, they never see  
 truely. 69

*Cres.* Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe

42. prose—POPE. 46. *and*: an—CAPELL. 49. *and*: an—POPE.

67. *teares*: fears—3F. 70. *safe*: safer—Q. 2-4F.

footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to feare the worst, oft cures the worse.

*Troy.* Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,  
In all Cupids Pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Not nothing monstrons neither?

*Troy.* Nothing but our undertakings, when we vowe  
to weepe seas, live in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking  
it harder for our Mistresse to devise imposition  
inough, then for us to undergoe any difficultie imposed.  
This is the monstruositie in love Lady, that the will is infinite,  
and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundlesse,  
and the act a slave to limit. 82

*Cres.* They say all Lovers sweare more performance  
then they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they  
never performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten;  
and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They  
that have the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are  
they not Monsters? 88

*Troy.* Are there such? such are not we: Praise us as we  
are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall goe bare  
till merit crowne it: no perfection in reversion shall have  
a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his  
birth, and being borne his addition<sup>1</sup> shall be humble: few  
words to faire faith. *Troylus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as  
what envie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth;  
and what truth can speake truest, not truer then *Troylus*.  
<sup>1</sup> title

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* What blushing still? have you not done talking  
yet? 101

73-4. prose—POPE.

75. *Not:* Nor—Q. 2-4F. *monstrons:* monstrous—2-4F.

*Cres.* Well Uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

*Pan.* I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle give him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch, chide me for it.

*Tro.* You know now your hostages: your Uncle's word and my firme faith. 108

*Pan.* Nay, Ile give my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are constant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le sticke where they are throwne.

*Cres.* Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince *Troylus*, I have lov'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.

*Troy.* Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

*Cres.* Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord With the first glance; that ever pardon me,  
If I confesse much you will play the tyrant:  
I love you now, but not till now so much 120  
But I might maister it; infaith I lye:  
My thoughts were like unbridled children grow  
Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles,  
Why have I blab'd: who shall be true to us  
When we are so unsecret to our selves?  
But though I lov'd you well, I woed you not,  
And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;  
Or that we women had mens priviledge  
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,  
For in this rapture I shall surely speake 130  
The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence

113-15. verse; new ll. at Prince, For-Rowe.

118. ever pardon: ever—pardon-Rowe.

122. grow: grown (grone-Q.)-3-4F.

Comming in dumbnesse, from my weakenesse drawes  
My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

*Troy.* And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.

*Pan.* Pretty yfaith.

*Cres.* My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me,  
'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse:  
I am asham'd; O Heavens, what have I done!  
For this time will I take my leave my Lord.

*Troy.* Your leave sweete *Cressid?*

140

*Pan.* Leave: and you take leave till to morrow morn-

ing.

*Cres.* Pray you content you.

*Troy.* What offends you Lady?

*Cres.* Sir, mine owne company.

*Troy.* You cannot shun your selfe.

*Cres.* Let me goe and try:

I have a kinde of selfe recides with you:

But an unkinde selfe, that it selfe will leave,

To be anothers foole. Where is my wit? 150

I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

*Troy.* Well know they what they speake, that speakes so wisely.

*Cre.* Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then love,  
And fell so roundly to a large confession,  
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,  
Or else you love not: for to be wise and love,  
Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods above.

*Troy.* O that I thought it could be in a woman:

132. *Comming: Cunning*—POPE.

133. *My soule .. from me: My very soul* (*from me out*)—Q.

141. *and: an*—POPE.

150-1. *Where is my wit:* shifted after *I would be gone*—Q.

151. *I speake I know not what: I know not what I speak*—Q.

152. *speakes: speak*—Q. 2-4F.

As if it can, I will presume in you, 160  
 To feede for aye her lampe and flames of love.  
 To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,  
 Out-living beauties outward, with a minde  
 That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:  
 Or that perswasion could but thus convince me,  
 That my integrtie and truth to you,  
 Might be affronted with the match and waight  
 Of such a winnowed puriritie in love:  
 How were I then up-lifted! but alas,  
 I am as true, as truths simplicitie, 170  
 And simpler then the infancie of truth.

*Cres.* In that Ile warre with you.

*Troy.* O vertuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right:  
 True swaines in love, shall in the world to come  
 Approve their truths by *Troylus*, when their rimes,  
 Full of protest, of oath and big compare;  
 Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,  
 As true as steele, as plantage to the Moone:  
 As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate: 180  
 As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center:  
 Yet after all comparisons of truth,  
 (As truths authentick author to be cited)  
 As true as *Troylus*, shall crowne up the Verse,  
 And sanctifie the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be:

If I be false, or swerve a haire from truth,  
 When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:  
 When water drops have worne the Stones of *Troy*;  
 And blinde oblivion swallow'd Cities up; 190  
 And mightie States characterlesse are grated

163. *beauties*: beauty's—CAPELL.

168. *puriritie*: purity—Q. 2-4F. 178. *Wants*: Want—2-4F.

To dustie nothing; yet let memory,  
 From false to false, among false Maids in love,  
 Upbraid my falsehood, when they'ave said as false,  
 As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as sandie earth;  
 As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;  
 Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;  
 Yea, let them say, to sticke the heart of falsehood,  
 As false as *Cressid*. 199

*Pand.* Go too, a bargaine made: seale it, seale it, Ile  
 be the witnesse here I hold your hand: here my Cousins,  
 if ever you prove false one to another, since I have taken  
 such paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers  
 betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call  
 them all Panders; let all constant men be *Troylusses*, all  
 false women *Cressids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders:  
 say, Amen.

*Troy.* Amen.

*Cres.* Amen.

*Pan.* Amen. 210

Whereupon I will shew you a Chamber, which bed, be-  
 cause it shall not speake of your prettie encounters, presse  
 it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tong-tide Maidens heere,  
 Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to provide this geere. *Exeunt.*

[Scene iii. *The Grecian camp.*]

*Enter Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Agamemnon, [Ajax,]  
 Menelaus and Chalcas.* *Florish.*

*Cal.* Now Princes for the service I have done you,  
 Th'advantage of the time promps me aloud,

195. *Water, as Winde, as:* water, wind or-Q. 196. *as: or-Q.*

210. *prose-POPE.*

*with a bed; which-HANMER.*

211. *Chamber, which:* chamber

4. *promps: prompts-2-4F.*

To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde,  
 That through the sight I beare in things to love,  
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possession,  
 Incur'd a Traitors name, expos'd my selfe,  
 From certaine and possest conveniences,  
 To doubtfull fortunes, sequestring from me all      10  
 That time, acquaintance, custome and condition,  
 Made tame, and most familiar to my nature:  
 And here to doe you service am become,  
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted.  
 I doe beseech you, as in way of taste,  
 To give me now a little benefit:  
 Out of those many registred in promise,  
 Which you say, live to come in my behalfe.

*Agam.* What would'st thou of us Trojan? make demand?      20

*Cal.* You have a Trojan prisoner, cal'd *Anthenor*,  
 Yesterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.  
 Oft have you (often have you, thankes therefore)  
 Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange.  
 Whom Troy hath still deni'd: but this *Anthenor*,  
 I know is such a wrest<sup>1</sup> in their affaires;  
 That their negotiations all must slacke,  
 Wanting his mannage: and they will almost,  
 Give us a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*,  
 In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes, 30  
 And he shall buy my Daughter: and her presence,  
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,  
 In most accepted paine.      1 tuning-instrument

*Aga.* Let *Diomedes* beare him,  
 And bring us *Cressid* hither: *Calcas* shall have  
 What he requests of us: good *Diomed*  
 Furnish you fairely for this enterchange;  
 Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow

Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen 40  
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

*Enter Achilles and Patroclus in their Tent.*

*Ulis.* *Achilles* stands i'th entrance of his Tent;  
Please it our Generall to passe strangely by him,  
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,  
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him;  
I will come last, 'tis like heele question me,  
Why such unplausive eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?  
If so, I have derision medicinable,  
To use betweene your strangenesse and his pride, 50  
Which his owne will shall have desire to drinke;  
It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse  
To show it selfe, but pride: for supple knees,  
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

*Agam.* Weele execute your purpose, and put on  
A forme of strangenesse as we passe along,  
So doe each Lord, and either greeete him not,  
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more,  
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way. 59

*Achil.* What comes the Generall to speake with me?  
You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainst Troy.

*Aga.* What saies *Achilles*, would he ought with us?

*Nes.* Would you my Lord ought with the Generall?

*Achil.* No.

*Nes.* Nothing my Lord.

*Aga.* The better.

*Achil.* Good day, good day.

*Men.* How doe you? how doe you?

*Achi.* What, do's the Cuckold scorne me?

48. *wby turn'd:* out—Q.

*Ajax.* How now *Patroclus*?

70

*Achil.* Good morrow *Ajax*?

*Ajax.* Ha.

*Achil.* Good Morrow.

*Ajax.* I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

*Achil.* What meane these fellowes? know they not  
*Achilles*?

*Patr.* They passe by strangely: they were us'd to bend  
To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*:  
To come as humbly as they us'd to creepe to holy Altars.

*Achil.* What am I poore of late? 80

'Tis certaine, greatnesse once falne out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,  
He shall as soone reade in the eyes of others,  
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,  
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:  
And not a man for being simply man,  
Hath any honour; but honour'd for those honours  
That are without him; as place, riches, and favour,  
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:  
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers; 90  
The love that leand on them as slippery too,  
Doth one plucke downe another, and together  
Dye in the fall. But 'tis not so with me;  
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enjoy  
At ample point, all that I did possesse,  
Save these mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out  
Something not worth in me such rich beholding,  
As they have often given. Here is *Ulisses*,  
Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Ulisses*?

*Ulis.* Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

100

*Achil.* What are you reading?

79. new l. at To-2ROWE.

87. honour'd: honour-Q.

92. Dote. Do-HANMER.

99. new l. at How-CAPELL.

*Ulis.* A strange fellow here                                   <sup>1</sup> endowed  
 Writes me, that man, how dearely ever parted,<sup>1</sup>  
 How much in having, or without, or in,  
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath;  
 Nor feelest not what he owes, but by reflection:  
 As when his vertues shining upon others,  
 Heate them, and they retort that heate againe  
 To the first giver.

*Achil.* This is not strange *Ulisses:*                           110  
 The beautie that is borne here in the face,  
 The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe,  
 [To others eyes, nor doth the eye it selfe  
 That most pure spirit of sence, behold it selfe]  
 Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,  
 Salutes each other with each others forme.  
 For speculation turnes not to it selfe,  
 Till it hath travail'd, and is married there  
 Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

*Ulis.* I doe not straine it at the position,  
 It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,  
 Who in his circumstance, expresly proves                           120  
 That no may is the Lord of any thing,  
 (Though in and of him there is much consisting,)  
 Till he communicate his parts to others:  
 Nor doth he of himselfe know them for ought,  
 Till he behold them formed in th'applause,  
 Where they are extended: who like an arch reverb'rate  
 The voyce againe; or like a gate of steele,  
 Fronting the Sunne, receives and renders backe  
 His figure, and his heate. I was much rapt in this,

112-13. bracketed ll.-Q.

116. *travail'd:* travell'd-Q. *married:* mirror'd-2SINGER.118. *it:* out-Q.121. *may:* man-Q. 2-4F.122. *is:* be-Q.126. *reverb'rate:* reverb'rates-2-4F.

And apprehended here immediately: 130

The unknowne *Ajax*;

Heavens what a man is there? a very Horse,  
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what things there  
are. |

Most abject in regard, and deare in use.

What things againe most deere in the esteeme,  
And poore in worth: now shall we see to morrow,  
An act that very chance doth throw upon him?

*Ajax* renown'd? O heavens, what some men doe,  
While some men leave to doe!

How some men creepe in skittish fortunes hall, 140

Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:

How one man eates into anothers pride,

While pride is feasting in his wantonnesse

To see these Grecian Lords; why, even already,

They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,

As if his foote were on brave *Hectors* brest,

And great *Troy* shrinking.

*Achil.* I doe beleeve it:

For they past by me, as mysers doe by beggars,

Neither gave to me good word, nor looke:

150 What are my deedes forgot?

*Ulis.* Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,

Wherein he puts almes for oblivion:

A great siz'd monster of ingratitudes:

Those scraps are good deedes past,

Which are devour'd as fast as they are made,

Forgot as soone as done: perseverance, deere my Lord,

Keepes honor bright, to have done, is to hang

Quite out of fashion, like a rustie male,

143. *feasting*: fasting—Q. 147. *shrinking*: shrieking (shriking)

—Q. 148-51. verse, 3 ll. ending by me, to me, forgot—CAPELL.

155-7. 3 five-accent ll.—POPE.

159. *male*: mail—POPE.

In monumentall mockrie: take the instant way,      160  
 For honour travels in a straight so narrow,  
 Where one but goes a breast, keepe then the path:  
 For emulation hath a thousand Sonnes,  
 That one by one pursue; if you give way,  
 Or hedge aside from the direct forth right;  
 Like to an entred Tyde, they all rush by,  
 And leave you hindmost:  
 Or like a gallant Horse falne in first ranke,  
 Lye there for pavement to the abject, neere      169  
 Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in present,  
 Though lesse then yours in past, must ore-top yours:  
 For time is like a fashionable Hoste,  
 That slightly shakes his parting Guest by th'hand;  
 And with his armes out-stretcht, as he would flye,  
 Grasps in the commer: the welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewels goes out sighing: O let not vertue seeke  
 Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,  
 High birth, vigor of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time:      180  
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:  
 That all with one consent praise new borne gaudes,  
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
 And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,  
 More laud then guilt oredusted.  
 The present eye praises the pres nt object:  
 Then marvell not thou great and compleat man,  
 That all the Greekes begin to worship *Ajax*;  
 Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,

169. *neere*: rear—HANMER.175. *the welcome*: *the out*—POPE.

177. new l. at For beauty—STEEVENS (1793).

184. *goe*: give—THEOBALD.184, 185. *guilt*: gilt—3-4F. \*186. *pres nt*: misprint 1F.189. *begin to*: sooner—Q.

Then what not stirs: the cry went out on thee,    190  
 And still it might, and yet it may againe,  
 If thou would'st not entombe thy selfe alive,  
 And case thy reputation in thy Tent;  
 Whose glorious deedes, but in these fields of late,  
 Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,  
 And drove great *Mars* to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my privacie,  
 I have strong reasons.

*Ulis.* But 'gainst your privacie  
 The reasons are more potent and heroycall:    200  
 'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in love  
 With one of *Priams* daughters.

*Achil.* Ha? knowne?

*Ulis.* Is that a wonder?  
 The providence that's in a watchfull State,  
 Knowes almost every graine of Plutos gold;  
 Findes bottome in th'uncomprehensive deepes;  
 Keepes place with thought; and almost like the gods,  
 Doe thoughts unvaile in their dumbe cradles:  
 There is a mysterie (with whom relation    210  
 Durst never meddle) in the soule of State;  
 Which hath an operation more divine,  
 Then breath or pen can give expressure to:  
 All the commerse that you have had with Troy,  
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.  
 And better would it fit *Achilles* much,  
 To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.  
 But it must grieve yong *Pirbus* now at home,  
 When fame shall in her Iland sound her trumpe;  
 And all the Greekish Girles shall tripping sing,    220

190. *out:* once—Q.

209. *Doe:* Does—2-4F.

219. *ber Iland:* our islands (our iland—Q.)—CAMBRIDGE.

206. *Plutoes:* Plutus'—MALONE.

Great Hectors sister did *Achilles* winne;  
 But our great *Ajax* bravely beate downe him.  
 Farewell my Lord: I as your lover speake;  
 The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.

[Exit.]

*Patr.* To this effect *Achilles* have I mov'd you;  
 A woman impudent and mannish growne,  
 Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,  
 In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this;  
 They thinke my little stomacke to the warre,  
 And your great love to me, restraines you thus: 230  
 Sweete, rouse your selfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*  
 Shall from your necke unloose his amorous fould,  
 And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,  
 Be shooke to ayrie ayre.

*Achil.* Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*?

*Patr.* I, and perhaps receive much honor by him.

*Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake,  
 My fame is shrowdly gored.

*Patr.* O then beware:

Those wounds heale ill, that men doe give themselves:  
 Omission to doe what is necessary, 241  
 Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,  
 And danger like an ague subtly taints  
 Even then when we sit idely in the sunne.

*Achil.* Goe call *Thersites* hither sweet *Patroclus*,  
 Ile send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him  
 T'invite the Trojan Lords after the Combat  
 To see us here unarm'd: I have a womans longing,  
 An appetite that I am sicke withall,  
 To see great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; Enter *Thersi*.  
 To talke with him, and to behold his visage, 251

234. *ayrie ayre*: air-Q.238. *sbrowdly*: shrewdly-2-4F.

Even to my full of view. A labour sav'd.

*Ther.* A wonder.

*Achil.* What?

*Ther.* Ajax goes up and downe the field, asking for himselfe.

*Achil.* How so?

*Ther.* Hee must fight singly to morrow with *Hector*, and is so prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raves in saying nothing. 260

*Achil.* How can that be?

*Ther.* Why he stalkes up and downe like a Peacock, a stride and a stand: ruminates like an hostesse, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to set downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and so there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The mans undone for ever; for if *Hector* break not his necke i'th' combat, heele break't himselfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not mee: I said, good morrow *Ajax*; And he replyes, thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fish, languagelesse, a monster: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both sides like a leather Jerkin.

*Achil.* Thou must be my Ambassador to him *Thersites*.

*Ther.* Who, I: why, heele answer no body: he professes not answering; speaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on hij presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the Pageant of *Ajax*. 282

*Achil.* To him *Patroclus*; tell him, I humbly desire the

262. *be:* a-Q.

266. *and twoo'd:* an 'twould—CAPELL.

280. *bij:* his-2-4F.

281. *bis:* out-Q.

valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector*, to come unarm'd to my Tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person, of the magnanimious and most illustrious, sixe or seaven times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

*Patro.* Jove blesse great *Ajax*.

*Tber.* Hum.

*Patr.* I come from the worthy *Aebilles*.

*Tber.* Ha?

*Patr.* Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

*Tber.* Hum.

*Patr.* And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

*Tber.* *Agamemnon*?

*Patr.* I my Lord.

*Tber.* Ha?

*Patr.* What say you too't.

*Tber.* God buy you with all my heart.

*Patr.* Your answer sir.

*Tber.* If to morrow be a faire day, by eleven a clocke it will goe one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

*Patr.* Your answer sir.

*Tber.* Fare you well withall my heart.

*Achil.* Why, but he is not in this tune, is he? 308

*Tber.* No, but he's out a tune thus: what musicke will be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am sure none, unlesse the Fidler *Apollo* get his sinewes to make catlings<sup>1</sup> on. 1 fiddle-strings

*Achil.* Come, thou shalt beare a Letter to him straight.

286. *magnanimious*: magnanimous-2-4F.

291. *Aebilles*: Achilles-2-4F. 301. *buy you*: be wi'you-Rowe.

303. *a clocke*: of the clock-Q. 309. *a tune*: o'tune (of tune)-Q.

290

300

*Ther.* Let me carry another to his Horse; for that's the more capable creature.

*Achil.* My minde is troubled like a Fountaine stir'd,  
And I my selfe see not the bottome of it. 318

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

*Ther.* Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere  
againe, that I might water an Asse at it: I had rather be a  
Ticke in a Sheepe, then such a valiant ignorance.

[Act IV. Scene i. *Troy. A street.*]

Enter at one doore *Æneas* with a Torch, at another  
*Paris, Diephœbus, Anthenor, Diomed the  
Grecian, with Torches.*

*Par.* See hoa, who is that there?

*Dieph.* It is the Lord *Æneas*.

*Æne.* Is the Prince there in person?  
Had I so good occasion to lye long  
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heavenly businesse,  
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

*Diom.* That's my minde too: good morrow Lord  
*Æneas.* 11

*Par.* A valiant Greeke *Æneas*, take his hand,  
Witnesse the processe of your speech within;  
You told how *Diomed* in a whole weeke by dayes  
Did haunt you in the Field.

*Æne.* Health to you valiant sir,  
During all question of the gentle truce:  
But when I meeete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,  
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

*Diom.* The one and other *Diomed* embraces, 20  
Our blouds are now in calme; and so long health:

315. *carry:* bear-Q.

14. *in a:* in out-Q.

13. *within:* wherein-Q.

But when contention, and occasion meetes,  
By *Jove*, Ile play the hunter for thy lise,  
With all my force, pursuite and pollicy.

*Æne.* And thou shalt hunt a Lyon that will flye  
With his face backward, in humaine gentlenesse:  
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchises* life,  
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I sweare,  
No man alive can love in such a sort,  
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.      30

*Diom.* We sympathize. *Jove* let *Æneas* live  
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)  
A thousand compleate courses of the Sunne,  
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:  
With every joyn a wound, and that to morrow.

*Æne.* We know each other well.

*Dio.* We doe, and long to know each other worse.

*Par.* This is the most, despightful'st gentle greeting;  
The noblest hatefull love, that ere I heard of.  
What businesse Lord so early?      40

*Æne.* I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

*Par.* His purpose meets you; it was to bring this Greek  
To *Calcha*'s house; and there to render him,  
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the faire *Cressid*:  
Lers have your company; or if you please,  
Haste there before us. I constantly doe thinke  
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)  
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.  
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,  
With the whole quality whereof, I feare      50

23. *lise:* misprint 1F. for *life*.    26. *backward, in .. gentlenesse:*  
*backward.* In .. gentleness,—WARBURTON.

38. *despightful'st:* despiteful (despightfull)—Q.

43. *Calcha*'s: *Calchas'*—POPE.

50. *wherof:* *wherefore*—Q.

45. *Lers:* Let's—Q. 2-4F.

We shall be much unwelcome.

*Æne.* That I assure you:

*Troylus* had rather Troy were borne to Greece,  
Then *Cressid* borne from Troy.

*Par.* There is no helpe:

The bitter disposition of the time will have it so.  
On Lord, weeble follow you.

*Æne.* Good Morrow all.

*Exit Æneas*

*Par.* And tell me noble *Diomed*; faith tell me true,  
Even in the soule of sound good fellow ship,      60  
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* most?  
My selfe, or *Menelaus*?

*Diom.* Both alike.

He merits well to have her, that doth seeke her,  
Not making any scruple of her soylure,  
With such a hell of paine, and world of charge.  
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,  
Not pallating the taste of her dishonour,  
With such a costly losse of wealth and friends:  
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke up      70  
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:  
You like a letcher, out of whorish loynes,  
Are pleas'd to breede out your inheritors:  
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no lesse nor more,  
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.

*Par.* You are too bitter to your country-woman.

*Dio.* Shee's bitter to her countrey: heare me *Paris*,  
For every false drop in her baudy veines,  
A Grecians life hath sunke: for every scruple  
Of her contaminated carrion weight,      80  
A Trojan hath beene slaine. Since she could speake,  
She hath not given so many good words breath,

56-7. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

74. *no:* nor—Q.

75. *whicb:* the—Q.

As for her, Greekes and Trojans suffred death.

*Par.* Faire *Diomed*, you doe as chapmen doe,  
Dis praise the thing that you desire to buy:  
But we in silence hold this vertue well;  
Weele not commend, what we intend to sell.  
Here lyes our way.

*Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. *Court of Pandarus' house.*]

*Enter Troylus and Cressida.*

*Troy.* Deere trouble not your selfe: the morne is cold.

*Cres.* Then sweet my Lord, Ile call mine Uncle down;  
He shall unbolt the Gates.

*Troy.* Trouble him not:  
To bed, to bed: sleepe kill those pritty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy sences,  
As Infants empty of all thought.

*Cres.* Good morrow then.

*Troy.* I prithee now to bed.

10

*Cres.* Are you a weary of me?

*Troy.* O *Cressida!* but that the busie day  
Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,  
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:  
I would not from thee.

*Cres.* Night hath beene too briefe.

*Troy.* Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she  
stayes, |

As hidiously as hell; but flies the grases of love,  
With wings more momentary, swift then thought:  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

20

*Cres.* Prithee tarry, you men will never tarry;

87. *not:* but—2COLLIER. 14. *eyes:* joys—Q. 18. *bidiously:*  
*tediously*—Q. 19. *momentary, swift:* momentary-swift—POPE.  
21. new l. at You—CAPELL.

O foolish *Cressid*, I might have still held off,  
 And then you would have tarried. Harke, ther's one up?  
*Pand.* within. What's all the doores open here?  
*Troy.* It is your Uncle.      *Enter Pandarus.*  
*Cres.* A pestilence on him: now will he be mocking:  
 I shall have such a life.

*Pan.* How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?  
 Heare you Maide: wher's my cozyn *Cressid?*      29

*Cres.* Go hang your self, you naughty mocking Uncle:  
 You bring me to doo —— and then you floute me too.

*Pan.* To do what? to do what? let her say what:  
 What have I brought you to doe?

*Cres.* Come, come, beshrew your heart: youle nere be  
 good, nor suffer others.

*Pan.* Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chipocchia*,<sup>1</sup> hast  
 not slept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it  
 sleepe: a bug-beare take him.      *One knocks.*

*Cres.* Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith'  
 head. Who's that at doore? good Uncle goe and see.  
 My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:      41  
 You smile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.

*Troy.* Ha, ha.      *1 simpleton*

*Cre.* Come you are deceiv'd, I thinke of no such thing.  
 How earnestly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knocke.*  
 I would not for halfe *Troy* have you seene here. *Exeunt*

*Pan.* Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate  
 downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?

[*Enter Æneas.*]

*Æne.* Good morrow Lord, good morrow.

*Pan.* Who's there my Lord *Æneas?* by my troth I

34-5. verse, 2 ll. ending good, others -CAPELL.

36. *Chipocchia:* capocchia -THEOBALD.

39-40. 2 five-accent ll.-Q.      50-1. 2 five-accent ll.-POPE.

knew you not: what newes with you so early? 51

*Æne.* Is not Prince *Troylus* here?

*Pan.* Here? what should he doe here?

*Æne.* Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him: It doth import him much to speake with me.

*Pan.* Is he here say you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be sworne: For my owne part I came in late: what should he doe here?

*Æne.* Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be so true to him, to be false to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch him hither, goe. 62

*Enter Troylus.*

*Troy.* How now, what's the matter?

*Æne.* My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so rash: there is at hand, *Paris* your brother, and *Deiphœbus*, The Grecian *Diomed*, and our *Antenor* Deliver'd to us, and for him forth-with, Ere the first sacrifice, within this houre, We must give up to *Diomeds* hand The Lady *Cressida*. 70

*Troy.* Is it concluded so?

*Æne.* By *Priam*, and the generall state of *Troy*, They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

*Troy.* How my atchievements mocke me; I will goe meeke them: and my Lord *Æneas*, We met by chance; you did not finde me here.

*Æn.* Good, good, my Lord, the secrets of nature Have not more gift in taciturnitie. 80 *Exennt.*

71. *Diomeds:* *Diomedes'*-Q.

73. *concluded so:* *so concluded*-Q. 80. *Exennt:* *Exeunt*-2-4F.

*Enter Pandarus and Cressid.*

*Pan.* Is't possible? no sooner got but lost: the divell take *Anthenor*; the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague upon *Anthenor*; I would they had brok's necke.

*Cres.* How now? what's the matter? who was here?

*Pan.* Ah, ha!

*Cres.* Why sigh you so profoundly? wher's my Lord? gone? tell me sweet Uncle, what's the matter?

*Pan.* Would I were as deepe under the earth as I am above. 90

*Cres.* O the gods! what's the matter?

*Pan.* Prythee get thee in: would thou had'st nere been borne; I knew thou would'st be his death. O poore Gentleman: a plague upon *Anthenor*.

*Cres.* Good Uncle I beseech you, on my knees, I beseech you what's the matter?

*Pan.* Thou must be gone wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor*: thou must to thy Father, and be gone from *Troylus*: 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it. 100

*Cres.* O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

*Pan.* Thou must.

*Cres.* I will not Uncle: I have forgot my Father: I know no touch of consanguinitie: No kin, no love, no bloud, no soule, so neere me, As the sweet *Troylus*: O you gods divine! Make *Cressids* name the very crowne of falsehood! If ever she leave *Troylus*: time, orce and death, Do to this body what extremitie you can; But the strong base and building of my love, 110 Is as the very Center of the earth,

86. *ba:* ah—Q.

108. *orce:* force—Q.

109. *extremitie:* extremes—Q.

Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

*Pan.* Doe, doe.

*Cres.* Teare my bright heire, and scratch my praised cheekeſ,

Cracke my cleere voyce with sobs, and breake my heart  
With sounding *Troylus*. I will not goe from *Troy*. *Exeunt*.

[Scene iii. *Before Pandarus' house.*]

*Enter Paris, Troylus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Anthenor and Diomedes.*

*Par.* It is great morning, and the houre prefixt  
Of her deliverie to this valiant Greeke  
Comes fast upon: good my brother *Troylus*,  
Tell you the Lady what she is to doe,  
And hast her to the purpose.

*Troy.* Walke into her house:  
Ile bring her to the Grecian presently;  
And to his hand, when I deliver her,  
Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troylus*  
A Priest, there offring to it his heart.

*Par.* I know what 'tis to love,  
And would, as I shall pittie, I could helpe.  
Please you walke in, my Lords.

*Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *A room in Pandarus' house.*]

*Enter Pandarus and Cressid.*

*Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.

*Cres.* Why tell you me of moderation?  
The grieve is fine, full perfect that I taste,  
And no lesse in a sense as strong

4. *Of:* For—Q.

12. *bis heart:* his own heart—Q.

5. *no lesse:* violenteth—Q.

As that which causeth it. How can I moderate it?  
 If I could temporise with my affection,  
 Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,  
 The like alaiment could I give my grieve:  
 My love admits no qualifying crosse; *Enter Troylus.* 10  
 No more my grieve, in such a precious losse.

*Pan.* Here, here, here, he comes, a sweet ducke.

*Cres.* O *Troylus, Troylus!* [Embracing him.]

*Pan.* What a paire of spectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly saying is; O heart, heavie heart, why sighest thou without breaking? where he answers againe; because thou canst not ease thy smart by friendship, nor by speaking: there was never a truer rime; let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have neede of such a Verse: we see it, we see it: how now Lambs?

*Troy.* *Cressid:* I love thee in so strange a puritie; 21  
 That the blest gods, as angry with my fancie,  
 More bright in zeale, then the devotion which  
 Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

*Cres.* Have the gods envie?

*Pan.* I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a case.

*Cres.* And is it true, that I must goe from *Troy*?

*Troy.* A hatefull truth.

*Cres.* What, and from *Troylus* too?

*Troy.* From *Troy*, and *Troylus.*

30

*Cres.* Ist possible?

*Troy.* And sodainely, where injurie of chance  
 Puts backe leave-taking, justles roughly by  
 All time of pause; rudely beguiles our lips  
 Of all rejoyndre: forcibly prevents  
 Our lockt embrasures; strangles our deare vowes,

10. *crosse:* dross (drosse)—Q. 12. *a sweet:* Ah, sweet—CAPELL.  
 15-18. *O heart .. breaking and because .. speaking:* as quoted  
 verses—POPE.

21. *strange:* strain'd—Q.

Even in the birth of our owne laboring breath.  
 We two, that with so many thousand sighes  
 Did buy each other, must poorely sell our selves,  
 With the rude brevitie and discharge of our      40  
 Injurious time; now with a robbers haste  
 Crams his rich theeverie up, he knowes not how.  
 As many farwels as be stars in heaven,  
 With distinct breath, and consign'd kisses to them,  
 He fumbles up into a loose adiew;  
 And scants us with a single famisht kisse,  
 Distasting with the salt of broken teares. *Enter Æneus.*

*Æneas within.* My Lord, is the Lady ready?

*Troy.* Harke, you are call'd: some say the genius so  
 Cries, come to him that instantly must dye.      50  
 Bid them have patience: she shall come anon.

*Pan.* Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde,  
 or my heart will be blowne up by the root. [Exit.]

*Cres.* I must then to the Grecians?

*Troy.* No remedy.

*Cres.* A wofull *Cressid*'mong'st the merry Greekes.

*Troy.* [Cres.] When shall we see againe?

*Troy.* Here me my love: be thou but true of heart.

*Cres.* I true? how now? what wicked deeme<sup>1</sup> is this?

*Troy.* Nay, we must use expostulation kindly, 60  
 For it is parting from us:      <sup>1</sup>judgment

I speake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my Glove to death himselfe,

That there's no maculation<sup>2</sup> in thy heart:      2 spot

But be thou true, say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation: be thou true,

And I will see thee.

*Cres.* O you shall be expos'd, my Lord to dangers

40. *our: one*—Q. 3-4 F. 40-1. *discharge .. time; now: discharge of one.* Injurious time now—POPE. 47. *Distasting:* Distasted—Q.

As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

*Troy.* And Ile grow friend with danger; 70  
Weare this Sleeve.

*Cres.* And you this Glove.

When shall I see you?

*Troy.* I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,  
To give thee nightly visitation.  
But yet be true.

*Cres.* O heavens: be true againe?

*Troy.* Heare why I speake it; Love:  
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,  
Their loving well compos'd, with guift of nature, 80  
Flawing and swelling ore with Arts and exercise:  
How novelties may move, and parts with person.  
Alas, a kinde of godly jealousie;  
Which I beseech you call a vertuous sinne:  
Makes me affraid.

*Cres.* O heavens, you love me not!

*Troy.* Dye I a villaine then:  
In this I doe not call your faith in question  
So mainely as my merit: I cannot sing,  
Nor heele the high Lavolt;<sup>1</sup> nor sweeten talke; 90  
Nor play at subtil games; faire vertues all;  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:  
But I can tell that in each grace of these,  
There lurkes a still and dumb-discursive divell,  
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

*Cres.* Doe you thinke I will: <sup>1</sup> a kind of waltz

*Troy.* No, but something may be done that we wil not:  
And sometimes we are divels to our selves,

70-1. i l.-Q.

72-3. i l.-Q.

80. Their loving:

They're loving,—Rowe. guift: gifts—WARBURTON.

81. Flawing: Flowing—2-4F.

85. affraid: afeard—Q.

97. No: separate l.—POPE.

When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,  
Presuming on their changefull potencie.

100

*Aeneas within.* Nay, good my Lord?

*Troy.* Come kisse, and let us part.

*Paris within.* Brother *Troylus*?

*Troy.* Good brother come you hither,  
And bring *Aeneas* and the Grecian with you.

*Cres.* My Lord, will you be true?

Exit.

*Troy.* Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:  
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I, with great truth, catch meere simplicitie;  
Whil'st some with cunning guild their copper crownes,  
With truth and plainnesse I doe weare mine bare:

111

*Enter the Greekes.*

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit  
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reach of it.

Welcome sir *Diomed*, here is the Lady  
Which for *Antenor*, we deliver you.

At the port<sup>1</sup> (Lord) Ile give her to thy hand, <sup>1</sup> portal  
And by the way possesse thee what she is.

Entreat her faire; and by my soule, faire Greeke,  
If ere thou stand at mercy of my Sword,

120

Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe  
As *Priam* is in Illion?

*Diom.* Faire Lady *Cressid*,

So please you save the thankes this Prince expects:  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheeke,  
Pleades your faire visage, and to *Diomed*  
You shall be mistresse, and command him wholly.

*Troy.* Grecian, thou do'st not use me curteously,  
To shame the seale of my petition towards,

126. *visage*: usage—Q. 3-4F.

129. *seale*: zeal—THEOBALD. *towards*: to thee—Q.

I praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:      130  
 Shee is as farre high soaring o're thy praises,  
 As thou unworthy to be cal'd her servant:  
 I charge thee use her well, even for my charge:  
 For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou do'st not,  
 (Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)  
 Ile cut thy throate.

*Diom.* Oh be not mov'd Prince *Troylus*;  
 Let me be priviledg'd by my place and message,  
 To be a speaker free? when I am hence,  
 Ile answer to my lust: and know my Lord;      140  
 Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth  
 She shall be priz'd: but that you say, be't so;  
 Ile speake it in my spirit and honor, no.

*Troy.* Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,  
 This brave, shall oft make thee to hide thy head:  
 Lady, give me your hand, and as we walke,  
 To our owne selves bend we our needfull talke.

*Sound Trumpet.*

*Par.* Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.

*Æne.* How have we spent this morning      150  
 The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,  
 That swore to ride before him in the field.

*Par.* 'Tis *Troylus* fault: come, come, to field with him.

*Exeunt.*

*Dio.* Let us make ready straight.

*Æne.* Yea, with a Bridegromes fresh alacritie  
 Let us addresse to tend on *Hectors* heeles:  
 The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye  
 On his faire worth, and single Chivalrie.

130. *I praising:* In praising-Q.

140. *my: you-Q.*

152. *in: to-Q.*

[Scene v. *The Grecian camp. Lists set out.*]

*Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Ulisses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.*

*Aga.* Here art thou in appointment fresh and faire,  
Anticipating time. With starting courage,  
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy  
Thou dreadfull *Ajax*, that the appaled aire  
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,  
And hale him hither.

*Aja.* Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purse;  
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe: 10  
Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheeke  
Out-swell the collicke of puft *Aquilon*:  
Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud:  
Thou blowest for *Hector*. [Trumpet sounds.]

*Ulis.* No Trumpet answers.

*Achil.* 'Tis but early dayes.

*Aga.* Is not yong *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?

*Ulis.* 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,  
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his  
In aspiration lifts him from the earth. 20

[Enter *Diomedes*, with *Cressida*.]

*Aga.* Is this the Lady *Cressid*?

*Dio.* Even she.

*Aga.* Most deerely welcome to the Greeks, sweete  
Lady.

*Nest.* Our Generall doth salute you with a kisse.

*Ulis.* Yet is the kindenesse but particular; 'twere bet-  
ter she were kist in generall.

2. *Nestcr:* misprint 1F. 4. *time.* *Witb:* time with—THEOBALD.  
17. *yong:* yond—Q. 21. *Cressid:* Cressid—2-4F.  
26-31. verse, 6 ll. ending particular, general, begin, Nestor,  
lady, welcome—POPE.

*Nest.* And very courtly counsell: Ile begin. So much  
for *Nestor*.

*Achil.* Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady  
*Achilles* bids you welcome. 31

*Mene.* I had good argument for kissing once.

*Patro.* But that's no argument for kissing now;  
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.

[And parted thus, you and your argument.]

*Ulis.* Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our scornes,  
For which we loose our heads, to gild his hornes.

*Patro.* The first was *Menelaus* kisse, this mine:  
*Patroclus* kisses you.

*Mene.* Oh this is trim.

*Patr.* *Paris* and I kisse evermore for him. 40

*Mene.* Ile have my kisse sir: Lady by your leave.

*Cres.* In kissing doe you render, or receive.

*Patr.* Both take and give.

*Cres.* Ile make my match to live,  
The kisse you take is better then you give: therefore no  
kisse.

*Mene.* Ile give you boote, Ile give you three for one.

*Cres.* You are an odde man, give even, or give none.

*Mene.* An odde man Lady, every man is odde.

*Cres.* No, *Paris* is not; for you know 'tis true, 50  
That you are odde, and he is even with you.

*Mene.* You fillip me a'th'head.

*Cres.* No, Ile be sworne.

*Ulis.* It were no match, your naile against his horne:  
May I sweete Lady beg a kisse of you?

*Cres.* You may.

*Ulis.* I doe desire it.

*Cres.* Why begge then?

34-5. bracketed l.-Q.

45-6. verse, 2 ll. ending give, kiss—POPE.

*Ulis.* Why then for *Venus* sake, give me a kisse:  
When *Hellen* is a maide againe, and his \_\_\_\_\_ 60

*Cres.* I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.

*Ulis.* Never's my day, and then a kisse of you.

*Diom.* Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.

[Exit with *Cressida*.]

*Nest.* A woman of quicke sence.

*Ulis.* Fie, fie, upon her:

Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;  
Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out  
At every joynt, and motive of her body:  
Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,  
That give a coasting welcome ete it comes; 70  
And wide unclaspe the tables of their thoughts,  
To every tickling reader: set them downe,  
For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie;  
And daughters of the game. *Exennt.*

Enter all of *Troy*, *Hector*, *Paris*, *Aeneas*, *Helenus*  
and Attendants. Florish.

*All.* The Trojans Trumpet.

*Aga.* Yonder comes the troope.

*Aene.* Haile all you state of Greece: what shalbe done  
To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,  
A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights 81  
Shall to the edge of all extremitie  
Pursue each other; or shall be divided  
By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?

*Aga.* Which way would *Hector* have it?

*Aene.* He cares not, heele obey conditions.

60. period after *bis*—CAPELL.

66. *a*: out—Q. 2-4F.

70. *a coasting*: accosting—GRANT WHITE. *ete*: ere—Q. 2-4F.

72. *tickling*: ticklish—Q.

79. *you*: the—Q.

83. *shall be*: shall they be—Q.

84. new l. at *Hector*—2ROWE.

*Aga.* [Achil.] 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done, |  
 A little proudly, and great deale disprising  
 The Knight oppos'd.

*Æne.* If not *Achilles* sir, what is your name? 90

*Achil.* If not *Achilles*, nothing.

*Æne.* Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,  
 In the extremity of great and little:  
 Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*;  
 The one almost as infinite as all;  
 The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:  
 And that which lookes like pride, is curtesie:  
 This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud;  
 In love whereof, halfe *Hector* staies at home:  
 Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke 100  
 This blended Knight, halfe Trojan, and halfe Greeke.

*Achil.* A maiden battaile then? O I perceive you.

[*Re-enter Diomedes.*]

*Aga.* Here is sir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,  
 Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Æneas*  
 Consent upon the order of their fight,  
 So be it: either to the uttermost,  
 Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,  
 Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.

[*Ajax and Hector enter the lists.*]

*Ulis.* They are oppos'd already.

*Aga.* What Trojan is that same that lookes so heavy?

*Ulis.* The yongest Sonne of *Priam*; 111  
 A true Knight; they call him *Troylus*;  
 Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word,

88. *disprising*: misprizing—Q. 90. new l. at *What*—2POPE.

103. comma out after *sir*—Q. 107. *breach*: breath—Q.

112. *they call him Troylus*: out—Q. 111-12 1 l. ending knight—Q.

Speaking in deedes, and deedelesse in his tongue;  
 Not soone provok't, nor being provok't, soone calm'd;  
 His heart and hand both open, and both free:  
 For what he has, he gives; what thinkes, he shewes;  
 Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty,  
 Nor dignifies an impaire<sup>1</sup> thought with breath:  
 Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;      120  
 For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes<sup>2</sup> <sup>1</sup>*imperfect*  
 To tender objects; but he, in heate of action,  
 Is more vindecative then jealous love.      <sup>2</sup>*succumbs*  
 They call him *Troylus*; and on him erect,  
 A second hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.  
 Thus saies *Æneas*, one that knowes the youth,  
 Even to his inches: and with private soule,  
 Did in great Illion thus translate him to me. *Alarum.*

[*Hector and Ajax fight.*]

*Aga.* They are in action.

*Nest.* Now *Ajax* hold thine owne.

130

*Troy.* *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

*Aga.* His blowes are wel dispos'd there *Ajax.*

*trumpets cease.* |

*Diom.* You must no more.

*Æne.* Princes enough, so please you.

*Aja.* I am not warme yet, let us fight againe.

*Diom.* As *Hector* pleases.

*Hect.* Why then will I no more:

Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne;

A cousen german to great *Priams* seede:

The obligation of our bloud forbids

140

A gorie emulation 'twixt us twaine:

Were thy commixion, Greeke and Trojan so,

That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,

131-2. 2 ll. ending sleepst, *Ajax*-STEEVENS (1793).

And this is Trojan: the sinewes of this Legge,  
 All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud  
 Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister  
 Bounds in my fathers: by *Jove* multipotent,  
 Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member  
 Wherein my sword had not impressione made  
 Of our ranke feud: but the just gods gainsay,      150  
 That any drop thou borrw'd'st from thy mother,  
 My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall Sword  
 Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:  
 By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes;  
*Hector* would have them fall upon him thus.  
 Cozen, all honor to thee.

*Aja.* I thanke thee *Hector*:  
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:  
 I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence  
 A great addition,<sup>1</sup> earned in thy death.      160

*Hect.* Not *Neoptolymus* so mirable,<sup>2</sup>  
 On whose bright crest, fame with her lowd'st (*O yes*)  
 Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe,  
 A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector*.

*Aene.* There is expectance here from both the sides,  
 What further you will doe?      <sup>1</sup> mark of honor

*Hect.* Weele answerie it:      <sup>2</sup> admirable  
 The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewell.

*Aja.* If I might in entreaties finde successe,  
 As seld I have the chance; I would desire      170  
 My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.

*Diom.* 'Tis *Agamemnons* wish, and great *Achilles*  
 Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

*Hect.* *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troylus* to me:  
 And signifie this loving enterview

151. *borrw'd'st*: borrow'dst—Q. 3-4F.

162. (*O yes*): Oyes (Oyez)—COLLIER.

To the expecters of our Trojan part:  
 Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:  
 I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.

*Enter Agamemnon and the rest.*

*Aja.* Great *Agamemnon* comes to meepe us here. 180

*Hect.* The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:  
 But for *Achilles*, mine owne serching eyes  
 Shall finde him by his large and portly size.

*Aga.* Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one  
 That would be rid of such an enemie.  
 But that's no welcome: understand more cleere  
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes  
 And formelesse ruine of oblivion:  
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing: 190  
 Bids thee with most divine integrtie,  
 From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.

*Hect.* I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.

*Aga.* [To *Troi.*] My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no  
 lesse to you. |

*Men.* Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,  
 You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.

*Hect.* Who must we answer?

*Aene.* The Noble *Menelaus*.

*Hect.* O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,  
 Mocke not, that I affect th'untraded Oath, 200  
 Your quondam wife sweares still by *Venus* Glove  
 Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

*Men.* Name her not now sir, she's a deadly Theame.

*Hect.* O pardon, I offend.

*Nest.* I have (thou gallant Trojan) seene thee oft  
 Labouring for destiny, make cruell way

Through rankes of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee  
 As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,  
 And seene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,  
 When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i'th'ayre, 210  
 Not letting it decline, on the declined:  
 That I have said unto my standers by,  
 Loe Jupiter is yonder, dealing life.

And I have seene thee pause, and take thy breath,  
 When that a ring of Greekes have hem'd thee in,  
 Like an Olympian wrestling. This have I seene,  
 But this thy countenance (still lockt in steele)  
 I never saw till now. I knew thy Grandsire,  
 And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,  
 But by great Mars, the Captaine of us all, 220  
 Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,  
 And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.

*Aene.* 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

*Hect.* Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,  
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:  
 Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to claspe thee.

*Ne.* I would my armes could match thee in contention  
 As they contend with thee in courtesie.

*Hect.* I would they could. 229

*Nest.* Ha? by this white beard I'l fight with thee to  
 morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I have seen the time.

*Ulys.* I wonder now, how yonder City stands,  
 When we have heere her Base and pillar by us.

*Hect.* I know your favour Lord *Ulysses* well.  
 Ah sir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,  
 Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*

209. *And seene thee scorning forfeits:* Despising many forfeits—Q.

212. *unto:* to some—Q. 230. *Ha?*: separate l.—CAPELL.

230-1. *by .. time:* 2 ll. ending *morrow, time*—Q.

In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.

*Ulys.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,  
My prophesie is but halfe his journey yet;  
For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne, 240  
Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,  
Must kisse their owne feet.

*Hect.* I must not beleeve you:  
There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,  
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,  
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it.

*Ulys.* So to him we leave it.  
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome; 250  
After the Generall, I beseech you next  
To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.

*Achil.* I shall forestall thee Lord *Ulysses*, thou:  
Now *Hector* I have fed mine eyes on thee,  
I have with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,  
And quoted<sup>1</sup> joynt by joynt. 1 noted

*Hect.* Is this *Achilles*?

*Achil.* I am *Achilles*.

*Hect.* Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.

*Achil.* Behold thy fill. 260

*Hect.* Nay, I have done already.

*Achil.* Thou art to breefe, I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.

*Hect.* O like a Booke of sport thou'l reade me ore:  
But there's more in me then thou understand'st.  
Why doest thou so oppresse me with thine eye?

*Achil.* Tell me you Heavens, in which part of his body  
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,

That I may give the locall wound a name,  
 And make distinct the very breach, where-out      270  
*Hectors* great spirit flew. Answer me heavens.

*Hect.* It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,  
 To answer such a question: Stand againe;  
 Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,  
 As to prenominate<sup>1</sup> in nice conjecture      1 *fore-say*  
 Where thou wilt hit me dead?

*Achil.* I tell thee yea.

*Hect.* Wert thou the Oracle to tell me so,  
 I'ld not beleeve thee: henceforth guard thee well,  
 For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,      280  
 But by the forge that stythied<sup>2</sup> Mars his helme,  
 Ile kill thee every where, yea, ore and ore.      2 *forged*  
 You wisest Grecians, pardon me this bragge,  
 His insolence drawes folly from my lips,  
 But Ile endevour deeds to match these words,  
 Or may I never——

*Ajax.* Do not chafe thee Cosin:  
 And you *Achilles*, let these threats alone  
 Till accident, or purpose bring you too't.  
 You may every day enough of *Hector*      290  
 If you have stomacke. The generall state I feare,  
 Can scarse intreat you to be odde with him.

*Hect.* I pray you let us see you in the field,  
 We have had pelting<sup>3</sup> Warres since you refus'd  
 The Grecians cause.      3 *paltry*

*Achil.* Dost thou intreat me *Hector*?  
 To morrow do I meeete thee fell as death,  
 To night, all Friends.

*Hect.* Thy hand upon that match.

*Aga.* First, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,

278. *the: an-Q.*

290. *may every: may have every-Q. 2-4F.*

There in the full convive<sup>1</sup> you: Afterwards,      301  
 As *Hectors* leysure, and your bounties shall      <sup>1</sup>feast  
 Concurre together, severally intreat him.

Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,  
 That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*

*Troy.* My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me I beseech you,  
 In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keepe?

*Ulys.* At *Menelaus* Tent, most Princely *Troylus*,  
 There *Diomed* doth feast with him to night,  
 Who neither lookes on heaven, nor on earth,      310  
 But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view  
 On the faire *Cressid*.

*Troy.* Shall I (sweet Lord) be bound to thee so much,  
 After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,  
 To bring me thither?

*Ulys.* You shall command me sir:  
 As gentle tell me, of what Honour was  
 This *Cressida* in Troy, had she no Lover there  
 That wailes her absence?

*Troy.* O sir, to such as boasting shew their scarres,  
 A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?      321  
 She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and dooth;  
 But still sweet Love is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt*

[Act V. Scene i. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles' tent.*]

*Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.*

*Achil.* Ile heat his blood with Greekish wine to night,  
 Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:  
*Patroclus*, let us Feast him to the hight.

301. *you: we*-Q.

310. *on .. on earth:* upon the heaven nor earth-Q.

313. *thee: you*-Q.      3. *Cemitar: scimitar*-2Rowe.

*Pat.* Heere comes *Thersites*.      *Enter Thersites.*

*Achil.* How now, thou core of Envy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

*Ther.* Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & Idoll of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

*Achil.* From whence, Fragment?

10

*Ther.* Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

*Pat.* Who keepes the Tent now?

*Ther.* The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.

*Patr.* Well said adversity, and what need these tricks?

*Ther.* Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

*Patro.* Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

*Ther.* Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a gravell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, [rawe eies, durtrotten livers, | whissing lungs, bladders full of imposthume. Sciaticae, lime- | kills ith'palme, incurable bone-ach, and the riveled fee-sim- | ple of the tetter,] and | the like, take and take againe, such pre-  
postrous discove- | ries.

22

*Pat.* Why thou damnable box of envy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

*Ther.* Do I curse thee?

*Patr.* Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indi-  
stinguishable Curre. [no.]

*Ther.* No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd silke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou: Ah how the poore world is pested with such water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

32

19. *South, guts:* south, the guts-Q.

20. bracketed ll.-Q.

27. bracketed word-Q.

29. *skiene of Sleyd:* skein of sleave (sleive)-Q.

*Pat.* Out gall.

*Tber.* Finch Egge.

*Ach.* My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:  
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,  
A token from her daughter, my faire Love,  
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe  
An Oath that I have sworne. I will not breake it, 40  
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,  
My major vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:  
Come, come *Thersites*, helpe to trim my Tent,  
This night in banqueting must all be spent.  
*Away Patroclus.*

<sup>1</sup>stuffed      Exit.

*Tber.* With too much bloud, and too little Brain, these  
two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too  
little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's  
*Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves  
Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as eare-wax; and  
the goodly transformation of Jupiter there his Brother,  
the Bull, the primitive Statue, and oblique memoriall of  
Cuckolds, a thrifty shooing-horne in a chaine, hanging  
at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, shold  
wit larded with malice, and malice forced<sup>1</sup> with wit, turne  
him too: to an Asse were nothing; hee is both Asse and  
Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Asse:  
to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Li-  
zard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe,  
I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conspire  
against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were  
not *Thersites*: for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar,  
so I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, spirits and fires.

*Enter Hector, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomed, with Lights.*

*Aga.* We go wrong, we go wrong.

*Ajax.* No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

*Hect.* I trouble you.

*Ajax.* No, not a whit.

69

*Enter Achilles.*

*Ulys.* Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

*Achil.* Welcome brave *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

*Agam.* So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,  
*Ajax* commands the guard to tend on you.

*Hect.* Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.

*Men.* Goodnight my Lord.

*Hect.* Goodnight sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

*Ther.* Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet sinke,  
sweet sure.

*Achil.* Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those  
that go, or tarry.

81

*Aga.* Goodnight.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*]

*Achil.* Old *Nestor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*,  
Keep *Hector* company an houre, or two.

*Dio.* I cannot Lord, I have important businesse,  
The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

*Hect.* Give me your hand.

*Ulys.* [Aside to *Troilus*] Follow his Torch, he goes  
to *Chalcas* Tent,

Ile keep you company.

*Troy.* Sweet sir, you honour me.

90

*Hect.* And so good night.

67. new l. at There—CAPELL. *light:* *lights*—Q.

79. *sure:* *sewer*—ROWE. 80-1. new l. at That—THEOBALD.

[Exit *Diomed*; *Ulysses* and *Troilus* following.]  
*Achil.* Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*

*Ther.* That same *Diomed*'s a false-hearted Rogue, a  
 most unjust Knave; I will no more trust him when hee  
 leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend  
 his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when  
 he performes, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious,  
 there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes  
 of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word. I will rather  
 leave to see *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they say,  
 he keepes a Troyan Drab, and uses the Traitor *Chalcas*  
 his Tent. Ile after——Nothing but Letcherie? All  
 incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt* 103

[Scene ii. *The same.* *Before Calchas'* tent.]

*Enter Diomed.*

*Dio.* What are you up here ho? speake?

*Chal.* [Within] Who calst?

*Dio.* *Diomed*, *Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?

*Chal.* [Within] She comes to you.

*Enter Troylus and Ulisses* [at a distance; after them,  
*Thersites*].

*Ulis.* Stand where the Torch may not discover us.

*Enter Cressid.*

*Troy.* *Cressid* comes forth to him.

*Dio.* How now my charge?

*Cres.* Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you. 10

*Troy.* Yea, so familiar? [Whispers.]

*Ulis.* She will sing any man at first sight.

*Ther.* And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: she's noted.

*Dio.* Will you remember?

*Cal.* Remember? yes.

*Dio.* Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.

*Troy.* What should she remember?

20

*Ulis.* List?

*Cres.* Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

*Ther.* Roguery.

*Dio.* Nay then.

*Cres.* Ile tell you what.

*Dio.* Fo, fo, eome tell a pin, you are a forsworne.—

*Cres.* In faith I cannot: what would you have me do?

*Ther.* A jugling tricke, to be secretly open.

*Dio.* What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

*Cres.* I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,

30

Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

*Dio.* Good night.

*Troy.* Hold, patience.

*Ulis.* How now Trojan?

*Cres.* Diomed.

*Dio.* No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.

*Troy.* Thy better must.

*Cres.* Harke one word in your eare.

*Troy.* O plague and madnesse!

39

*Ulis.* You are moved Prince, let us depart I pray you,  
Lest your displeasure should enlarge it selfe

To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.

*Troy.* Behold, I pray you.

14. finde: sing-Q.

15. life: cliff-Q.

18-19. verse, 2 ll. ending then, words-CAPELL.

26. eome: come-2-4F. are a: a out-Q. 31. not out-Q. 2-4F.

*Ulis.* Nay, good my Lord goe off:  
You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?

*Troy.* I pray thee stay?

*Ulis.* You have not patience, come.

*Troy.* I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,  
I will not speake a word. 50

*Dio.* And so good'night.

*Cres.* Nay, but you part in anger.

*Troy.* Doth that grieve thee? O withered truth!

*Ulis.* Why, how now Lord?

*Troy.* By *Jove* I will be patient.

*Cres.* Gardian? why Greeke?

*Dio.* Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

*Cres.* In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

*Ulis.* You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?  
you will breake out. 60

*Troy.* She stroakes his cheeke.

*Ulis.* Come, come.

*Troy.* Nay stay, by *Jove* I will not speake a word.  
There is betweene my will, and all offences,  
A guard of patience; stay a little while.

*Ther.* How the divell Luxury with his fat rumpe and  
potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.

*Dio.* But will you then?

*Cres.* In faith I will lo; never trust me else.

*Dio.* Give me some token for the surety of it. 70

*Cres.* Ile fetch you one.

*Exit.*

*Ulis.* You have sworne patience.

*Troy.* Feare me not sweete Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor have cognition

Of what I feele: I am all patience. *Enter Cressid.*

*Ther.* Now the pledge, now, now, now.

49. and bell: and all hell's—Q. 2-4F. 53. new l. at O—CAPELL.

55. new l. at I—CAPELL.

69. lo: la—THEOBALD.

*Cres.* Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeve.

*Troy.* O beautie! where is thy Faith?

*Ulis.* My Lord.

*Troy.* I will be patient, outwardly I will. 80

*Cres.* You looke upon that Sleeve? behold it well:  
He lov'd me: O false wench: give't me againe.

*Dio.* Whose was't?

*Cres.* It is no matter now I have't againe.  
I will not meeete with you to morrow night:  
I prynthee *Diomed* visite me no more.

*Ther.* Now she sharpens: well said Whetstone.

*Dio.* I shall have it.

*Cres.* What, this?

*Dio.* I that.

*Cres.* O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge; 90  
Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed  
Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Glove,  
And gives memoriall daintie kisses to it;  
As I kisse thee.

*Dio.* Nay, doe not snatch it from me.

*Cres.* He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.

*Dio.* I had your heart before, this followes it.

*Troy.* I did sweare patience.

*Cres.* You shall not have it *Diomed*; faith you shall not:  
Ile give you something else. 101

*Dio.* I will have this: whose was it?

*Cres.* It is no matter.

*Dio.* Come tell me whose it was?

*Cres.* 'Twas one that lov'd me better then you will.  
But now you have it, take it.

*Dio.* Whose was it?

*Cres.* By all *Dianas* waiting women yond:

96. *Dio.*: out, speech given to *Cres.*—THEOBALD.

97. *rakes*: *takes*—2-4F. 105. *one*: *one's* (*on's*)—Q.

And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.

*Dio.* To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,  
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it. 111

*Troy.* Wert thou the divell, and wor'st it on thy horne,  
It should be challeng'd.

*Cres.* Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:  
I will not keepe my word.

*Dio.* Why then farewell,  
Thou never shalt mocke *Diomed* againe.

*Cres.* You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,  
But it strait starts you.

*Dio.* I doe not like this fooling. 120

*Ther.* Nor I by *Pluto*: but that that likes not me, pleases me best.

*Dio.* What shall I come? the houre.

*Cres.* I, come: O *Jove!* doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.

*Dio.* Farewell till then. *Exit.*

*Cres.* Good night: I prythee come:

*Troylus* farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee;  
But with my heart, the other eye, doth see.

Ah poore our sexe; this fault in us I finde:  
The error of our eye, directs our minde. 130

What error leads, must erre: O then conclude,  
Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*

*Ther.* A proofe of strength she could not publish more;  
Unlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.

*Ulis.* Al's done my Lord.

*Troy.* It is.

*Ulis.* Why stay we then?

*Troy.* To make a recordation to my soule  
Of every syllable that here was spoke:  
But if I tell how these two did coact; 140

121. *me: you-Q.*

121-2. new l. at *Pleases-HANMER.*

134. *say: said-Q.*

Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?  
 Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:  
 An esperance so obstinately strong,  
 That doth invert that test of eyes and eares;  
 As if those organs had deceiptious functions,  
 Created onely to calumniate.  
 Was *Cressed* here?

*Ulis.* I cannot conjure Trojan.

*Troy.* She was not sure.

*Ulis.* Most sure she was.

150

*Troy.* Why my negation hath no taste of madnesse?

*Ulis.* Nor mine my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

*Troy.* Let it not be beleev'd for womanhood:

Thinke we had mothers; doe not give advantage

To stubborne Criticks, apt without a theame

For depravation, to square the generall sex

By *Cressids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Cressid*.

*Ulis.* What hath she done Prince, that can soyle our  
mothers?

*Troy.* Nothing at all, unlesse that this were she. 160

*Ther.* Will he swagger himselfe out on's owne eyes?

*Troy.* This she? no, this is *Diomids Cressida*:

If beautie have a soule, this is not she:

If soules guide vowes; if vowes are sanctimonie;

If sanctimonie be the gods delight:

If there be rule in unitie it selfe,

This is not she: O madnesse of discourse!

That cause sets up, with, and against thy selfe

By foule authoritie: where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and losse assume all reason, 170

144. *that test:* the attest (th'attest)-Q.

147. *Cressed:* misprint 1F.

161. *be:* a'-Q.

164. *are sanctimonie:* be sanctimonies-Q.

168. *tby selfe:* itself-Q.

169. *By foule:* Bi-fold-Q.

Without revolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*:  
 Within my soule, there doth conduce a fight  
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseperate,  
 Divides more wider then the skie and earth:  
 And yet the spacious breth of this division,  
 Admits no Orifex<sup>1</sup> for a point as subtle,  
 As *Ariachnes* broken woofe to enter:      <sup>1 opening</sup>  
 Instance, O instance! strong as *Plutoes* gates:  
*Cressid* is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven;  
 Instance, O instance, strong as heaven it selfe:      180  
 The bonds of heaven are slipt, dissolv'd, and loos'd,  
 And with another knot five finger tied,  
 The fractions of her faith, ort<sup>2</sup>s of her love: <sup>2 remnants</sup>  
 The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,  
 Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed*

*Ulis.* May worthy *Troylus* be halfe attached  
 With that which here his passion doth expresse?

*Troy.* I Greeke: and that shall be divulged well  
 In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart  
 Inflam'd with *Venus*: never did yong man fancy      190  
 With so eternall, and so fixt a soule.  
*Harke Greek:* as much I doe *Cressida* love;  
 So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed*,  
 That Sleeve is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:  
 Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,  
 My Sword should bite it: Not the dreadfull spout,  
 Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,  
 Constring'd<sup>3</sup> in masse by the almighty Fenne,  
 Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare  
 In his discent; then shall my prompted sword,      200  
 Falling on *Diomed*.      <sup>3 condensed</sup>      <sup>4 concupiscence</sup>  
*Ther.* Heele tickle it for his concupie.<sup>4</sup>

192. *much I:* much as 1-2-4F.

198. *Fenne:* sun-Q.

194. *in: on-Q.*

*Troy.* O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false:  
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,  
And theyle seeme glorious.

*Ulis.* O containe your selfe:  
Your passion drawes eares hither.

*Enter Æneas.*

*Æne.* I have beene seeking you this houre my Lord:  
*Hector* by this is arming him in Troy. 210  
*Ajax* your Guard, staies to conduct you home.

*Troy.* Have with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:  
Farewell revolted faire: and *Diomed*,  
Stand fast, and weare a Castle on thy head.

*Uli.* Ile bring you to the Gates.

*Troy.* Accept distracted thankes.

*Exeunt Troylus, Æneas, and Ulisses.*

*Ther.* Would I could meeke that roague *Diomed*, I  
would croke like a Raven: I would bode, I would bode:  
*Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of  
this whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond,  
then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, still  
warres and lechery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning  
divell take them. [Exit.] 224

[Scene iii. *Troy.* Before Priam's palace.]

*Enter Hector and Andromache.*

*And.* When was my Lord so much ungently temper'd,  
To stop his eares against admonishment?  
Unarme, unarme, and doe not fight to day.

*Hect.* You traine me to offend you: get you gone.  
By the everlasting gods, Ile goe.

211. *yous:* misprint 1F. 1. *Hector:* misprint 1F. 5. *gone:* in-Q.

*And.* My dreames will sure prove ominous to the day.

*Hect.* No more I say. *Enter Cassandra.*

*Cassa.* Where is my brother *Hector*?

*And.* Here sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent: 10  
Consort with me in loud and deere petition:  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreampt  
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night  
Hath nothing beene but shapes, and formes of slaughter.

*Cass.* O, 'tis true.

*Hect.* Ho? bid my Trumpet sound.

*Cass.* No notes of sallie, for the heavens, sweet brother.

*Hect.* Begon I say: the gods have heard me sweare.

*Cass.* The gods are deafe to hot and peevious vowes;  
They are polluted offrings, more abhord 20  
Then spotted Livers in the sacrifice.

*And.* O be perswaded, doe not count it holy,  
To hurt by being just; it is as lawfull:  
For we would count give much to as violent thefts,  
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

*Cass.* It is the purpose that makes strong the vowe;  
But vowes to every purpose must not hold:  
Unatme sweete *Hector*.

*Hect.* Hold you still I say;  
Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate: 30  
Life every man holds deere, but the deere man  
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

*Enter Troylus.*

How now yong man? mean'st thou to fight to day?

6. *By the:* By all the—Q. 24. *would count give much to as:*  
*would give much, to use—MALONE.* 28. *Unatme:* Unarm—  
Q.2-4F. 31. *deere:* brave—POPE. 32. *precious, deere:*  
*precious-dear—2-4F.*

*And. Cassandra,* call my father to perswade.

*Exit Cassandra.*

*Hect.* No faith yong *Troylus*; doffe thy harnesse youth:  
I am to day ith'vaine of Chivalrie:  
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be strong;  
And tempt not yet the brushes of the warre. 40  
Unarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not brave boy,  
Ile stand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

*Troy.* Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;  
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.

*Hect.* What vice is that? good *Troylus* chide me for it.

*Troy.* When many times the captive Grecian fals,  
Even in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:  
You bid them rise, and live.

*Hect.* O 'tis faire play.

*Troy.* Fooles play, by heaven *Hector*. 50

*Hect.* How now? how now?

*Troy.* For th'love of all the gods

Let's leave the Hermit Pitty with our Mothers;  
And when we have our Armors buckled on,  
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,  
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

*Hect.* Fie savage, fie.

*Troy.* *Hector*, then 'tis warres.

*Hect.* *Troylus*, I would not have you fight to day.

*Troy.* Who should with-hold me? 60

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*,  
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire;<sup>1</sup>  
Not *Priamus*, and *Hecuba* on knees; <sup>1</sup> retreat  
Their eyes ore-galled with recourse<sup>2</sup> of teares;  
Nor you my brother, with your true sword drawne  
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way:  
But by my ruine. <sup>2</sup> repetition

*Enter Priam and Cassandra.*

*Cass.* Lay hold upon him *Priam*, hold him fast:  
He is thy crutch; now if thou loose thy stay,      70  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

*Priam.* Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:  
Thy wife hath dreamp't: thy mother hath had visions;  
*Cassandra* doth foresee; and I my selfe,  
Am like a Prophet suddenly enrapt,  
to tell thee that this day is ominous:  
Therefore come backe.

*Hect. Aeneas* is a field,  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greekes,      80  
Even in the faith of valour, to appeare  
This morning to them.

*Priam.* I, but thou shalt not goe,

*Hect.* I must not breake my faith:  
You know me dutifull, therefore deare sir,  
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice,  
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam*.

*Cass.* O *Priam*, yelde not to him.

*And.* Doe not deere father.      90

*Hect.* *Andromache* I am offended with you:  
Upon the love you beare me, get you in.

*Exit Andromache.*

*Troy.* This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girle,  
Makes all these bodements.

*Cass.* O farewell, deere *Hector*:  
Looke how thou diest; looke how thy eye turnes pale:  
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:

Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;  
 How poore *Andromache* shrils her dolour forth; 100  
 Behold distraction, frenzie, and amazement,  
 Like witlesse Antickes one another meete,  
 And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector*!

*Troy.* Away, away.

*Cas.* Farewell: yes, soft: *Hector* I take my leave;  
 Thou do'st thy selfe, and all our Troy deceive. *Exit.*

*Hect.* You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaine:  
 Goe in and cheere the Towne, weeble forth and fight:  
 Doe deedes of praise, and tell you them at night. 109

*Priam.* Farewell: the gods with safetie stand about  
 thee. [Exeunt severally *Priam* and *Hector*.] *Alarum.*

*Troy.* They are at it, harke: proud *Diomed*, beleeve  
 I come to loose my arme, or winne my sleeve.

*Enter Pandar.*

*Pand.* Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

*Troy.* What now?

*Pand.* Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

*Troy.* Let me reade.

118

*Pand.* A whorson tisicke, a whorson rascally tisicke,  
 so troubles me; and the foolish fortune of this girle, and  
 what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one  
 o'th's dayes: and I have a rheume in mine eyes too; and  
 such an ache in my bones; that unlesse a man were curst,  
 I cannot tell what to thinke on't. What sayes shee  
 there?

*Troy.* Words, words, meere words, no matter from  
 the heart;  
 Th'effect doth operate another way.

[*Tearing the letter.*]

100. *dolour*: dolours—Q.

109. *of praise*: worth praise—Q.

105. *yes*: yet—Q. 3-4 F.

122. *th's*: these—Rowe.

Goe winde to winde, there turne and change together:  
 My love with words and errors still she feedes;      130  
 But edifies another with her deedes.

*Pand.* Why, but heare you?

*Troy.* Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame  
 Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

*A Larum.*

*Exeunt.*

[Scene iv. *The field between Troy and the Grecian camp.*]

*Enter Thersites in excursion.*

*Ther.* Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile  
 goe looke on: that dissembling abhominable varlet *Dio-medē*, has got that same scurvie, doting, foolish yong  
 knaves Sleeve of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine  
 see them meet; that, that same yong Trojan asse, that loves  
 the whore there, might send that Greekish whore-mai-  
 sterly villaine, with the Sleeve, backe to the dissembling  
 luxurious drabbe, of a sleevelesse errant. O'th'totheside,  
 the pollicie of those craftie swearing rascals; that stole  
 old Mouse-eaten dry cheese, *Nestor*: and that same dog-  
 foxe *Ulisses*<sup>4</sup> is not prov'd worth a Black-berry. They set  
 me up in pollicy, that mungrill curre *Ajax*, against that  
 dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curre  
*Ajax* prouder then the curre *Achilles*, and will notarme  
 to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime  
 barbarisme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

*Enter Diomed and Troylus [following].*

Soft, here comes Sleeve, and th' other.

*Troy.* Flye not: for should'st thou take the River Stix,  
 I would swim after.

21

132-5. out-Q.

10. stole: stale—Q. 3-4F.

9. errant: errand—HANMER.

16. began: begin—2ROWE.

*Diom.* Thou do'st miscall retire:<sup>1</sup>  
 I doe not flye; but advantagious care  
 Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:  
 Have at thee? 1 retreat

*Tber.* Hold thy whore Grecian: now for thy whore  
 Trojan: Now the Sleeve, now the Sleeve.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomed fighting.*]

*Euter Hector.*

*Hect.* What art thou Greek? art thou for *Hectors* match?  
 Art thou of bloud, and honour? 30

*Tber.* No, no: I am a rascall: a scurvie railing knave:  
 a very filthy roague.

*Hect.* I doe beleeve thee, live. [Exit.]

*Tber.* God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeve me; but a  
 plague breake thy necke—for frightening me: what's be-  
 come of the wenching rogues? I thinke they have  
 swallowed one another. I would laugh at that mira-  
 cle—yet in a sort, lecherie eates it selfe: Ile seeke them.

*Exit.*

[Scene v. *Another part of the plains.*]

*Enter Diomed and Servants.*

*Dio.* Goe, goe, my servant, take thou *Troylus* Horse;  
 Present the faire Steede to my Lady *Cressid*:  
 Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;  
 Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan.  
 And am her Knight by prooфе.

*Ser.* I goe my Lord. [Exit.] Enter *Agamemnon*.

*Aga.* Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*  
 Hath beate downe *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon*  
 Hath *Doreus* prisoner. 10  
 And stands Calossus-wise waving his beame,<sup>2</sup> 2 lance

28. *Euter:* Enter—2-4F.

37. *another:* misprint 1F.

Upon the pashed<sup>1</sup> courses of the Kings:      <sup>1</sup> bruised  
*Epistropus* and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is slaine;  
*Amphimacus*, and *Thous* deadly hurt;  
*Patroclus* tane or slaine, and *Palamedes*  
Sore hurt and bruised; the dreadfull Sagittary  
Appauls our numbers, haste we *Diomed*  
To re-enforcement, or we perish all.

*Enter Nestor.*

*Nest.* Coe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,      20  
And bid the snaile-pac'd *Ajax* arme for shame;  
There is a thousand *Hectors* in the field:  
Now here he fights on *Galatbe* his Horse,  
And there lacks worke: anon he's there a foote,  
And there they flye or dye, like scaled sculs,<sup>2</sup>  
Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,  
And there the straying Greekes, ripe for his edge,  
Fall downe before him, like the mowers swath;  
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes;  
Dexteritie so obeying appetite,      <sup>2</sup> shoals of fish      30  
That what he will, he does, and does so much,  
That proofe is call'd impossibility.

*Enter Ulisses.*

*Ulis.* Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*  
Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowed vengeance;  
*Patroclus* wounds have rouz'd his drowzie bloud,  
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,  
That noselesse, handlesse, hackt and chipt, come to him;  
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,

12. courses: corses-Q.

13. *Epistropus*: Epistrophus-STEEVENS. *Cedus*: Cedium-CAPELL.  
*Polixines*: Polyxenus-POPE.

20. *Coe*: Go-Q. 2-4F.

14. *Thous*: Thoas-POPE.  
27. straying: strawy- Q.

And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it: 40  
 Roaring for *Troylus*; who hath done to day,  
 Mad and fantasticke execution;  
 Engaging and redeeming of himselfe,  
 With such a carelesse force, and forcelesse care,  
 As if that luck in very spight of cunning, bad him win all.

*Enter Ajax.*

*Aja.* *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*.

*Exit.*

*Dio.* I, there, there.

*Nest.* So, so, we draw together.

*Exit.*

*Enter Achilles.*

50

*Achil.* Where is this *Hector*?

Come, come, thou boy-queller, shew thy face:

Know what it is to meeke *Achilles* angry.

*Hector*, wher's *Hector*? I will none but *Hector*. *Exit.*

[Scene vi. *Another part of the plains.*]

*Enter Ajax.*

*Aja.* *Troylus*, thou coward *Troylus*, shew thy head.

*Enter Diomed.*

*Diom.* *Troylus*, I say, wher's *Troylus*?

*Aja.* What would'st thou?

*Diom.* I would correct him.

*Aja.* Were I the Generall,  
 Thou should'st have my office,  
 Ere that correction: *Troylus* I say, what *Troylus*?

*Enter Troylus.*

10

*Troy.* Oh traitour *Diomed!*  
 Turne thy false face thou traytor,  
 And pay thy life thou owest me for my horse.

*Dio.* Ha, art thou there?

*Aja.* Ile fight with him alone, stand *Diomed.*

*Dio.* He is my prize, I will not looke upon.

*Troy.* Come both you coging<sup>1</sup> Greekes, have at you  
 both. *Exit Troylus* [fighting]. <sup>1</sup> lying

*Enter Hector.*

*Hect.* Yea *Troylus?* O well fought my yongest Brother.

*Euter Achilles.*

21

*Achil.* Now doe I see thee; have at thee *Hector.*

*Hect.* Pause if thou wilt.

*Achil.* I doe disdaine thy curtesie, proud Trojan;  
 Be happy that my armes are out of use:  
 My rest and negligence befriends thee now,  
 But thou anon shalt heare of me againe:  
 Till when, goe seeke thy fortune.

*Exit.*

*Hect.* Fare thee well:  
 I would have beene much more a fresher man,  
 Had I expected thee: how now my Brother?

30

*Enter Troylus.*

*Troy.* *Ajax* hath tane *Æneas*; shall it be?  
 No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,  
 He shall not carry him: Ile be tane too,  
 Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I say;  
 I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. *Exit.*

11-12. 1 l.-Q. 21. *Euter:* misprint 1 F. 22. *thee; have:* thee;  
 ha! have-Q. 37. *wreake:* reck-POPE. *thou end:* I end-Q.

*Enter one in Armour.*

*Hect.* Stand, stand, thou Greeke,  
Thou art a goodly marke: 40  
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,  
Ile frush<sup>1</sup> it, and unlocke the rivets all, 1 batter  
But Ile be maister of it: wilt thou not beast abide?  
Why then flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

[Scene vii. *Another part of the field.*]

*Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Come here about me you my *Myrmidons*:  
Marke what I say; attend me where I wheele:  
Strike not a stroake, but keepe your selves in breath;  
And when I have the bloudy *Hector* found,  
Empale him with your weapons round about:  
In fellest manner execute your arme.  
Follow me sirs, and my proceedings eye;  
It is decreed, *Hector* the great must dye. *Exit.*

*Enter Thersites, Menelaus, and Paris.* 10

*Ther.* The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it:  
now bull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris* lowe; now my dou-  
ble hen'd sparrow; lowe *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the  
game: ware hornes ho?

*Exit Paris and Menelaus.*

*Enter Bastard [Margarelon].*

*Bast.* Turne slave and fight.

*Ther.* What art thou?

*Bast.* A Bastard Sonne of *Priams.* 19

39-40. i l.-Q.

12, 13. lowe: 'lloo-Rowe.

7. arme: aims—CAPELL.

13. sparrow: Spartan—Q.

*Ther.* I am a Bastnrd too, I love Bastards, I am a Bastard begot, Bastard instructed, Bastard in minde, Bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore should one Bastard? take heede, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgement: farewell Bastard.

*Bast.* The divell take thee coward.

*Exeunt.*

[Scene viii. *Another part of the field.*]

*Enter Hector.*

*Hect.* Most putrified core so faire without:  
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.  
Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:  
Rest Sword, thou hast thy fill of bloud and death.  
[*Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield behind him.*]

*Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.*

*Achil.* Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to set;  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heeles,  
Even with the vaile and darking of the Sunne.  
To close the day up, *Hectors* life is done.      10

*Hect.* I am unarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.

*Achil.* Strike fellowes, strike, this is the man I seeke.

[*Hector falls.*]

So Illion fall thou: now Troy sinke downe;  
Here lyes thy heart, thy sinewes, and thy bone.  
On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine,  
*Achilles* hath the mighty *Hector* slaine.      Retreat.  
Harke, a retreat upon our Grecian part.

20. *Bastnrd:* Bastard—Q. 2-4F.

13. *thou:* now: thou next! now—POPE.

15. *Myrmidons, cry:* Myrmidons and cry—Q.

17. *retreat:* retire—Q.

[Myr.] *Gree.* The Trojan Trumpets sounds the like  
my Lord. |

*Achi.* The dragon wing of night ore-spreds the earth  
And stickler<sup>1</sup>-like the Armies seperates <sup>1</sup> *umpire* 20  
My halfe supt Sword, that frankly would have fed,  
Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to bed.

[Sheathes his sword.]

Come, tye his body to my horses tayle;  
Along the field, I will the Trojan traile. *Exeunt.*

*Sound Retreat.* *Shout.*

[Scene ix. *Another part of the plains.* ]

*Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor,  
Diomed, and the rest marching.* [Shouts within.]

*Aga.* Harke, harke, what shout is that?

*Nest.* Peace Drums.

*Sold.* Achilles, Achilles, Hector's slaine, Achilles.

*Dio.* The bruite is, Hector's slaine, and by Achilles.

*Aja.* If it be so, yet braglesse let it be:

Great Hector was a man as good as he.

*Agam.* March patiently along; let one be sent  
To pray Achilles see us at our Tent. 10

If in his death the gods have us befrended,

Great Troy is ours, and our sharpe wars are ended.

*Exeunt* [marching].

[Scene x. *Another part of the plains.* ]

*Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphæbus.*

*Æne.* Stand hoe, yet are we maisters of the field,  
Never goe home; here starve we out the night.

22. *dainty bed:* dainty bait—Q.

*Enter Troylus.*

*Troy.* *Hector* is slaine.

*All.* *Hector?* the gods forbid.

*Troy.* Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horses taile,  
In beastly sort, drag'd through the shamefull Field.  
Frowne on you heavens, effect your rage with speede:  
Sit gods upon your throanes, and smile at Troy.      10  
I say at once, let your briefe plagues be mercy,  
And linger not our sure destructions on.

*Aene.* My Lord, you doe discomfort all the Hoste.

*Troy.* You understand me not, that tell me so:  
I doe not speake of flight, of feare, of death,  
But dare all imminence that gods and men,  
Addresse their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:  
Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba*?  
Let him that will a screechoule aye be call'd,  
Goe in to Troy, and say there, *Hector*'s dead:      20  
There is a word will *Priam* turne to stone;  
Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wives;  
Coole statues of the youth: and in a word,  
Scarre Troy out of it selfe. But march away,  
*Hector* is dead: there is no more to say.  
Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,  
Thus proudly pight<sup>1</sup> upon our Phrygian plaines:  
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,      1 pitched  
Ile through, and through you; & thou great siz'd coward:  
No space of Earth shall sunder our two hates,      30  
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,  
That mouldeth goblins swift as frensies thoughts.  
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:  
Hope of revenge, shall hide our inward woe.

23. *Coole:* Cold (Could)-Q.

32. *frensies:* frenzy's-Dyce.

24. *Scarre:* Scare-3-4F.

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pand.* But heare you? heare you?

*Troy.* Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and shame 37  
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*

*Pan.* A goodly medicine for mine aking bones:oh world,  
world, world! thus is the poore agent dispisde: Oh trai-  
tors and bawdes; how earnestly are you set aworke, and  
how ill requited? why should our indeavour be so desir'd,  
and the performance so loath'd? What Verse for it? what  
instance for it? let me see.

Full merrily the humble Bee doth sing,  
Till he hath lost his hony, and his sting.  
And being once subdu'd in armed taile,  
Sweete hony, and sweete notes together faile.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloathes;  
As many as be here of Panders hall, 50

Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pandar's* fall:  
Or if you cannot weepe, yet give some grones;  
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones:  
Brethren and sisters of the hold-dore trade,  
Some two months hence, my will shall here be made:  
It should be now, but that my feare is this:  
Some galled Goose of Winchester would hisse:  
Till then, Ile sweate, and seeke about for eases;  
And at that time bequeath you my diseases. *Exeunt.*

39. *mine:* my—Q. new l. at O world—POPE.

42. *desir'd:* loved—Q.

49. *cloathes:* cloths—2Rowe.

FINIS.



## PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

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The First Folio, 1623, did not include this play. The Third Folio reproduced it from a later Quarto.

The First Quarto is the text here followed



## INTRODUCTION

### ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

'PERICLES' may be summarized as a romance of adventure, extending over several years and involving many changes of fortune to its actors.

The wrath of Antiochus, King of Antioch, is aroused against a transient suitor for his daughter's hand, Pericles, Prince of Tyre, and the latter is forced to flee into foreign lands to preserve his life.

He is shipwrecked at Pentapolis (Act II), and, though poor and unknown, wins the hand of the king's daughter Thaisa in a tournament.

Some months later Antiochus dies, and Pericles then reveals his identity and sets sail for Tyre (Act III). During a storm at sea Thaisa is delivered of a daughter, Marina. The mother is thought to be dead, and is accordingly consigned to the sea, but is afterward cast up alive at Ephesus, where she becomes a priestess of Diana. The infant is intrusted to the governor of Tarsus to rear.

Marina reaches her fourteenth year (Act IV), when her beauty arouses the jealousy of the governor's wife, who plots to kill her; but the girl is carried off by pirates, who leave her in evil hands.

The grief-stricken Pericles visits Mytilene (Act V), where by chance his daughter is restored to him unin-

## PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

jured. He then makes a pilgrimage to Ephesus, where he discovers his long-lost wife.

### SOURCES

The romance of ‘Apollonius Tyrius,’ which is the ultimate source of ‘Pericles,’ belongs to a period of antiquity. It appears less a story than a series of legends roughly interwoven. It is found in ancient Latin manuscripts, but even these are believed to be founded on the Greek in the early years of the Christian era. The earliest allusion to the Latin version is in the eighth century. A West-Saxon translation was made in the eleventh century. Early French versions were known.

The direct sources are two in number: Laurence Twine’s prose narrative, ‘Patterne of Painefull Adventures’ (1576), and John Gower’s poetical tales, ‘Confessio Amantis.’ Twine probably drew from the French, while Gower found his material in Godfrey of Viterbo’s ‘Pantheon,’ a Latin work of the twelfth century. From these two sources the play of ‘Pericles’ found its material. In tale, poem, and play the episodes are placed in similar succession, while several proper names are found in all three. Gower’s poem, however, seems to have been chiefly used in writing ‘Pericles,’ and the playwright’s indebtedness is freely acknowledged. The name of Gower himself is used as the presenter of the play.

In 1608 George Wilkins wrote a novel entitled ‘The Painfull Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet, John Gower. London, 1608.’ This evidently followed

## INTRODUCTION

the ‘Play of Pericles,’ but is valuable in determining not only source and date, but also authorship, which is gravely in doubt (see Date of Composition).

## DURATION OF THE ACTION

The action covers a period of fifteen or sixteen years. The actual time represented on the stage is fourteen days, with the larger intervals accounted for by the presenter:

Day 1, Act I, scene i. Interval. Day 2, Act I, scenes ii and iii. Interval. Day 3, Act I, scene iv. Interval. Day 4, Act II, scene i. Day 5, Act II, scenes ii-iv. Day 6, Act II, scene v. Interval. Day 7, Act III, scene i. Day 8, Act III, scene ii. Interval. Day 9, Act III, scenes iii and iv. Interval of fourteen years. Day 10, Act IV, scene i. Interval. Day 11, Act IV, scenes ii and iii. Interval. Day 12, Act IV, scenes iv-vi. Interval. Day 13, Act V, scene i. Interval. Day 14, Act V, scenes ii (?) and iii.

## DATE OF COMPOSITION

In considering the date of ‘Pericles’s’ composition the question of its authorship arises. This question has never been satisfactorily answered, and only a brief summary of evidence can be entered into here.

In 1609 a Quarto edition of the play appeared with Shakespeare’s name upon the title-page. His authorship of it was generally received while he was alive and for some years after his death. In 1646 S. Shepherd, in ‘Six Sestads,’ alluded to Shakespeare as its author, as though the fact were well known. J.

## PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

Tatham, in 1652, also ascribed it to Shakespeare, but censured it: ‘Shakespeare . . . was floundered in Pericles.’ Ben Jonson and other contemporary writers spoke of it unhesitatingly as a poor play, but did not couple Shakespeare’s name with it.

‘Pericles’ is the only drama now credited to Shakespeare which did not receive the sanction of the editors of the First Folio. It was not included in that authoritative edition of 1623, nor in the Second Folio of 1632. It was included in the Third Folio of 1664, which, however, reprinted it from a current Quarto, and which included six other plays now universally rejected.

To this negative data may be added internal but powerful evidence against it. In style and general workmanship the play is inferior to even the earliest attempts of Shakespeare. The first two acts are certainly foreign to his method, and his work, if present, is in fragments found in the later acts. This is the consensus of criticism since the earliest editors. Dryden accepted it, and in 1675 stated that ‘Shakespeare’s own Muse her Pericles first bore.’ Pope rejected it, and other editors down to the time of Malone followed his example. It has since been included, but only in doubtful capacity and as containing Shakespearian lines.

George Wilkins, who wrote the ‘Painfull Adventures’ already alluded to, laid claim to the play, and his claim has received some consideration. He may have written the first two acts; he or another writer finished the drama in the rough; and Shakespeare enriched the work for the benefit of the theater in which he was a shareholder. Steevens was one of the earliest editors to set forth this opinion.

Shakespeare’s work is most clearly discerned in that

## INTRODUCTION

portion relating to the birth and life of Marina, contributed about 1607. We have seen that the Quarto appeared in 1609, and Wilkins's novel, based on the play, in 1608. The play itself probably appeared about the first part of 1608.

## EARLY EDITIONS

‘Pericles’s’ first publication in Quarto form bore the following title :

‘The late and much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole Historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince ; As also, The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana, As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Majesties Servants, at the Globe on the Banckside. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Paternoster Row, &c. 1609.’

A Second Quarto appeared in the same year ; others in 1611, 1619, 1630, 1635, and 1639.

The Third Folio of 1664 and the Fourth of 1685 were the first Folios to include it, but they reprinted from the sixth Quarto.

The text has reached us in a far worse state than the other plays, being obscure, incomplete, and inaccurate.



THE LATE,  
And much admired Play,  
Called  
Pericles, Prince  
of Tyre.

With the true Relation of the whole Historie,  
adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince:  
As also,

The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents,  
in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter

MARIANA.

As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by  
His Majesties Servants, at the Globe on  
the Banck-side.

By William Shakespeare.

Imprinted at London for *Henry Gossen*, and are  
to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in  
Pater-noster row, &c.

1609.

*The Late*, etc., not printed in 1F., is here reprinted from original  
Quarto, 1609, once owned by the Shakespearian editor George  
Steevens, and now in the Barton Collection of the Boston Public  
Library.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch.*

PERICLES, *prince of Tyre.*

HELICANUS,  
ESCANES, } *two lords of Tyre.*

SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis.*

CLEON, *governor of Tarsus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene.*

CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*

THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*

PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*

LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*

Marshal.

A Pandar.

BOULT, *his servant.*

*The Daughter of Antiochus.*

DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*

THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*

MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*

A Bawd.

Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Dispersedly in various countries.]*

# THE PLAY OF PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE. &c.



[Act I.]

*Enter Gower.*

[*Before the palace of Antioch.*]

TO sing a Song that old was sung,  
From ashes, auntient *Gower* is come,  
Assuming mans infirmities,  
To glad your eare, and please your eyes:  
It hath been sung at Festivals,  
On Ember eves, and Holydayes:  
And Lords and Ladyes in their lives,  
Have red it for restoratives:  
The purchase is to make men glorious,      10  
*Et bonum quo Antiquius eo melius:*  
If you, borne in those latter times,  
When Witts more ripe, accept my rimes  
And that to heare an old man sing,  
May to your Wishes pleasure bring:  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like Taper light.  
This *Antioch*, then *Antiochus* the great,  
Buylt up this Citie, for his chiefest Seat;

7. *Holydayes:* holy-ales—MALONE.

13. *Witts:* wit's—Rowe.

The fayrest in all Syria.

I tell you what mine Authors saye:  
 This King unto him tooke a Peere,  
 Who dyed, and left a female heyre,  
 So bucksome, blith, and full of face,  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace:  
 With whom the Father liking tooke,  
 And her to Incest did provoke:  
 Bad child, worse father, to intice his owne  
 To evill, should be done by none:  
 But custome what they did begin,  
 Was with long use, account'd no sinne;  
 The beautie of this sinfull Dame,  
 Made many Princes thither frame,  
 To seeke her as a bedfellow,  
 In maryage pleasures, playfellow.  
 Which to prevent, he made a Law,  
 To keepe her still, and men in awe:  
 That who so askt her for his wife,  
 His Riddle tould, not lost his life:  
 So for her many of wight did die,  
 As yon grimme lookes do testifie.  
 What now ensues, to the judgement of your eye,  
 I give my cause, who best can justifie.

*Exit.*

[Scene i. *Antioch. A room in the palace.*]

*Enter Antiochus, Prince Pericles, and followers.*

*Anti.* Young Prince of Tyre, you have at large received  
 The danger of the taske you undertake.

22. *Peere: fere* (pheere)—MALONE.

31. *account'd: account*—MALONE.

39. *tould, not lost:* told not, lost—3-4F.

40. *many of: many*  
 a-3-4F. 42-3. *eye, I give my: eye I give, my*—MALONE.

*Peri.* I have (*Antiochus*) and with a soule emboldned  
With the glory of her prayse, thinke death no hazard,  
In this enterprise.

*Ant.* Musicke bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For embracements even of *Jove* himselfe;  
At whose conception, till *Lucina* rained,  
Nature this dowry gave; to glad her presence,      10  
The Seanate house of Planets all did sit,  
To knit in her, their best perfections.

[*Music.*] Enter *Antiochus daughter.*

*Per.* See where she comes, appareled like the Spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the King,  
Of every Vertue gives renowne to men:  
Her face the booke of prayses, where is read,  
Nothing but curious pleasures as from thence,  
Sorrow were ever racte, and teastie wrath  
Could never be her milde companion.      20  
You Gods that made me man, and sway in love;  
That have enflamde desire in my breast,  
To taste the fruite of yon celestiall tree,  
(Or die in th'adventure) be my helpes,  
As I am sonne and servant to your will,  
To compasse such a bondlesse happinesse.

*Anti.* Prince *Pericles.*

*Peri.* That would be sonne to great *Antiochus*.

*Ant.* Before thee standes this faire *Hesperides*,  
With golden fruite, but dangerous to be toucht:      30  
For Death like Dragons heere affright thee hard:

4-6. 3 five-accent ll. ending soul, praise, enterprise—MALONE.

7. *Musicke:* out and made stage direction—MALONE.

8. *For embracements:* For the embracements—MALONE.

19. *racte:* razed (ras'd)—MALONE.      26. *bondlesse:* boundless—  
ROWE.      31. *Death like:* death-like—MALONE.

Her face like Heaven, inticeth thee to view  
 Her countlesse glory; which desert must gaine:  
 And which without desert, because thine eye  
 Presumes to reach, all the whole heape must die:  
 Yon sometimes famous Princes, like thy selfe,  
 Drawne by report, adventrous by desire,  
 Tell thee with speachlesse tongues, and semblance pale,  
 That without covering, save yon field of Starres,  
 Heere they stand Martyrs slaine in *Cupids Warres*: 40  
 And with dead cheekes, advise thee to desist,  
 For going on deaths net, whom none resist.

*Per.* *Antiochus*, I thanke thee, who hath taught,  
 My frayle mortalitie to know it selfe;  
 And by those fearefull objectes, to prepare  
 This body, like to them, to what I must:  
 For Death remembered should be like a myrrour,  
 Who tels us, life's but breath, to trust it errour:  
 Ile make my Will then, and as sicke men doe,  
 Who know the World, see Heaven, but feeling woe,  
 Gripe not at earthly joyes as earst they did; 51  
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
 And all good men, as every Prince should doe;  
 My ritches to the earth, from whence they came;  
 But my unspotted fire of Love, to you:

[*To the daughter of Antiochus.*]  
 Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
 I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)

[*Ant.*] Scorning advice; read the conclusion then:  
 Which read and not expounded, tis decreed,  
 As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed. 60

*Daugh.* Of all sayd yet, mayst thou proove prosperous,  
 Of all sayd yet, I wish thee happinesse.

*Peri.* Like a bold Champion I assume the Listes,  
Nor aske advise of any other thought,  
But faythfulness and courage.

[*He reads.] The Riddle.*

*I am no Viper, yet I feed*  
*On mothers flesh which did me breed:*  
*I sought a Husband, in which labour,*  
*I found that kindnesse in a Father;*      70  
*Hee's Father, Sonne, and Husbande milde;*  
*I, Mother, Wife; and yet his Child:*  
*How they may be, and yet in two,*  
*As you will live resolve it you.*

Sharpe Phisicke is the last: But ô you Powers!  
 That gives heaven countlesse eyes to view mens actes,  
 Why cloude they not their sights perpetually,  
 If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?  
 Faire Glasse of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]*

Were not this glorious Casket stor'd with ill:      80  
 But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt,  
 For hee's no man on whom perfections waite,  
 That knowing sinne within, will touch the gate.  
 You are a faire Violl, and your sense, the stringes;  
 Who finger'd to make man his lawfull musicke,  
 Would draw Heaven downe, and all the Gods to harken:  
 But being playd upon before your time,  
 Hell onely daunceth at so harsh a chime:  
 Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life; 90  
 For that's an Article within our Law,

As dangerous as the rest: your time's expir'd,  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Peri.* Great King,

Few love to heare the sinnes they love to act,  
T'would brayde your selfe too neare for me to tell it:  
Who has a booke of all that Monarchs doe,  
Hee's more secure to keepe it shut, then showne.  
For Vice repeated, is like the wandring Wind,  
Blowes dust in others eyes to spread it selfe;      100  
And yet the end of all is bought thus deare,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see cleare:  
To stop the Ayre would hurt them, the blind Mole castes  
Copt hilles towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng'd  
By mans oppression, and the poore Worme doth die for't:  
Kinges are earths Gods; in vice, their law's their will:  
And if *Jove* stray, who dares say, *Jove* doth ill:  
It is enough you know, and it is fit;  
What being more knowne, growes worse, to smother it.  
All love the Wombe that their first beeing bred,    110  
Then give my tongue like leave, to love my head.

*Ant.* [Aside] Heaven, that I had thy head; he ha's found  
the meaning |

But I will gloze with him. Young Prince of *Tyre*,  
Though by the tenour of your strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting,  
We might proceed to counsell of your dayes;  
Yet hope, succeeding from so faire a tree  
As your faire selfe, doth tune us otherwise;  
Fourtie days longer we doe respite you,  
If by which time, our secret be undone,      120  
This mercy shewes, wee'le joy in such a Sonne:  
And untill then, your entertaine shall bee

96. *brayde:* braid—4-6Q. 3-4F.

114. *your:* our—3-4F.

116. *counsell:* cancel (cancel off)—3-4F.

As doth befit our honour and your worth.

*Manet Pericles solus.*

*Peri.* How courtesie would seeme to cover sinne,  
When what is done, is like an hipocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight.

If it be true that I interpret false,  
Then were it certaine you were not so bad,  
As with foule Incest to abuse your soule:      130  
Where now you both a Father and a Sonne,  
By your untimely claspings with your Child,  
(Which pleasures fittes a husband, not a father)  
And shee an eater of her Mothers flesh,  
By the defiling of her Parents bed,  
And both like Serpents are; who though they feed  
On sweetest Flowers, yet they Poyson breed.

*Antioch* farewell, for Wisdome sees those men,  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will shew no course to keepe them from the light: 140  
One sinne (I know) another doth provoke;  
Murther's as neere to Lust, as Flame to Smoake:  
Poyson and Treason are the hands of Sinne,  
I, and the targets to put off the shame,  
Then least my life be cropt, to keepe you cleare,  
By flight, Ile shun the danger which I feare.      *Exit*

*Enter Antiochus.*

*Anti.* He hath found the meaning,  
For which we meane to have his head:  
He must not live to trumpet foorth my infamie, 150

131. *you: you're*-3-4F.

133. *pleasures fittes: pleasure fits*-2ROWE. *a husband: an husband*-2-6Q. 3-4F.      135. *Parents: parent's*-2ROWE.

140. *shew: shun*-MALONE.

148-9. 2 ll. ending *mean, head*-MALONE.

Nor tell the world *Antiochus* doth sinne  
 In such a loathed manner:  
 And therefore instantly this Prince must die,  
 For by his fall, my honour must keepe hie.  
 Who attends us there?

*Enter Thaliard.*

*Thali.* Doth your highnes call?

*Antio.* *Thaliard*, you are of our Chamber, *Thaliard*,  
 And our minde pertakes her privat actions,  
 To your secrecie; and for your faythfulnes, 160  
 We will advaunce you, *Thaliard*:  
 Behold, heere's Poyson, and heere's Gold:  
 Wee hate the Prince of *Tyre*, and thou must kill him;  
 It fittes thee not to aske the reason why?  
 Because we bid it: say, is it done?

*Thali.* My Lord, tis done.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Anti.* Enough. Let your breath coole your selfe, telling  
 your haste.

*Mess.* My Lord, Prince *Pericles* is fled. [Exit.] 170

*Antin.* As thou wilt live flie after, and like an arrow shot  
 from a well experienst Archer hits the marke his eye doth  
 levell at: so thou never returne unlesse thou say Prince *Pericles* is dead.

*Thal.* My Lord, if I can get him within my Pistols  
 length, Ile make him sure enough, so farewell to your  
 highnesse. [Exit *Thaliard.*]

158. second *Thaliard*: out-4-6Q.3-4F. 158-62. 5 ll. ending  
*Thaliard*, partakes, secrecy, you, gold-COLIER.

166. new l. at 'Tis-STEEVENS. 171. *Antin.*: misprint 1Q.

170-4. 5 ll. ending thou, shot, mark, return, dead-MALONE.

175-7. 3 ll. ending lord, length, highness-DYCE.

*Thaliard adieu, till Pericles be dead,  
My heart can lend no succour to my head.*

[Scene ii. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*]

*Enter Pericles with his Lords.*

*Pe.* Let none disturb us, why shold this change of thoughts |

The sad companion dull eyde melancholie,  
By me so usde a guest, as not an houre  
In the dayes glorious walke or peacefull night,  
The tombe where grieve should sleepe can breed me quiet, |

Here pleasures court mine eies, and mine eies shun them,  
And daunger which I fearde is at *Antioch*,  
Whose arme seemes farre too short to hit me here,  
Yet neither pleasures Art can joy my spirits,      10  
Nor yet the others distance comfort me,  
Then it is thus, the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by misdread,  
Have after nourishment and life, by care  
And what was first but feare, what might be done,  
Growes elder now, and cares it be not done.

And so with me the great *Antiochus*,  
Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since hee's so great, can make his will his act,  
Will thinke me speaking, though I sweare to silence,  
Nor bootes it me to say, I honour,      21  
If he suspect I may dishonour him.

And what may make him blush in being knowne,  
Heele stop the course by which it might be knowne,  
With hostile forces heele ore-spread the land,

4. *By me:* Be my—Dyce.    17. colon after me (semicolon)—2Q.

21. *honour:* honour him—Rowe.

And with the stint of warre will looke so huge,  
 Amazement shall drive courage from the state,  
 Our men be vanquisht ere they doe resist,  
 And subjects punisht that nere thought offence,  
 Which care of them, not pittie of my selfe,      30  
 Who once no more but as the tops of trees,  
 Which fence the rootes they grow by and defend them,  
 Makes both my bodie pine, and soule to languish,  
 And punish that before that he would punish.

*Enter all the Lords to Pericles.*

1. *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred brest.  
 2. *Lord.* And keepe your mind till you returne to us  
 peacefull and comfortable.

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and give experience tongue,  
 They doe abuse the King that flatter him,      40  
 For flatterie is the bellowes blowes up sinne,  
 The thing the which is flattered, but a sparke,  
 To which that sparke gives heate, and stronger  
 Glowing, whereas reproofe obedient and in order,  
 Fits kings as they are men, for they may erre,  
 When *signior* sooth here does proclaime peace,  
 He flatters you, makes warre upon your life.  
 Prince paadon me, or strike me if you please,  
 I cannot be much lower then my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else: but let your cares ore-looke,  
 What shipping, and what ladings in our haven,      51  
 And then returne to us, [Exeunt Lords] *Hellicans* thou  
 hast |

26. *stint:* ostent—MALONE.      38. new l. at Peaceful—3, 5Q.  
 43-4. *To .. Glowing:* 1 l.—4-6Q. 3-4F.  
 46. *proclaime peace:* proclaim a peace—MALONE.  
 48. *paadon:* pardon—2Q.      51. *ladings:* lading's—ROWE.  
 52. new l. at *Hast*—MALONE.

Moovde us, what seest thou in our lookes?

*Hel.* An angrie brow, dread Lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in Princes frownes,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

*Hel.* How dares the plants looke up to heaven,  
From whence they have their nourishment?

*Per.* Thou knowest I have power to take thy life  
from thee. |

*Hel.* [Kneeling] I have ground the Axe my selfe,  
Doe but you strike the blowe. 61

*Per.* Rise, prethee rise, sit downe, thou art no flat-  
terer, |

I thanke thee fort, and heave forbid  
That kings should let their eares heare their faults hid.  
Fit Counsellor, and servant for a Prince,  
Who by thy wisdome makes a Prince thy servant,  
What wouldest thou have me doe?

*Hel.* To beare with patience such grieves as you your  
selfe doe lay upon your selfe.

*Per.* Thou speakest like a Physition *Hellicanus*, 70  
That ministers a potion unto me:  
That thou wouldest tremble to receive thy selfe,  
Attend me then, I went to *Antioch*,  
Whereas thou knowst against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beautie,  
From whence an issue I might propogate,  
Are armes to Princes, and bring joyes to subjects,  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder,

57. *dares*: dare—MALONE.

57-60. 3 ll. ending whence, power, myself—MALONE.

61. *but you*: you but—4-6Q. 3-4F.

62. new l. at Sit—STEEVENS. 63. *heave*: heaven—2-6Q. 3-4F.

66. *makes*: makest (mak'st)—MALONE.

68. new l. at Such—KNIGHT.

71. *ministers*: minister'st—MALONE.

The rest harke in thine eare, as blacke as incest,  
 Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father 80  
 Seemde not to strike, but smooth, but thou knowst this,  
 Tis time to feare when tyrants seemes to kisse.  
 Which feare so grew in me I hither fled,  
 Under the covering of a carefull night,  
 Who seemd my good protector, and being here,  
 Bethought what was past, what might succeed,  
 I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants feare  
 Decrease not, but grow faster than the yeares,  
 And should he doo't, as no doubt he doth,  
 That I should open to the listning ayre, 90  
 How many worthie Princes blouds were shed,  
 To keepe his bed of blacknesse unlayde ope,  
 To lop that doubt, hee'le fill this land with armes,  
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him,  
 When all for mine, if I may call offence,  
 Must feel wars blow, who spares not innocence,  
 Which love to all of which thy selfe art one,  
 Who now reprov'dst me fort.

*Hell.* Alas sir.

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eies, blood from my  
 cheekes, | 100  
 Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts  
 How I might stop this tempest ere it came,  
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
 I thought it princely charity to grive for them.

*Hell.* Well my Lord, since you have given mee leave  
 to speake, |

Freely will I speake, *Antiochus* you feare,

82. *seemes:* *seem*-2-6Q.

86. *Bethought what:* *Bethought me what*-ROWE.

87. *feare:* *fears*-4F. 89. *doo't:* *doubt it*-MALONE.

104. *grive:* *grieve*-2Q. *for:* *out*-5Q.

And justly too, I thinke you feare the tyrant,  
 Who either by publike warre, or privat treason,  
 Will take away your life: therefore my Lord, go travell for  
 a while, till that his rage and anger be forgot, or till the De-  
 stinies doe cut his threed of life: your rule direct to anie,  
 if to me, day serves not light more faithfull than Ile be.

*Per.* I doe not doubt thy faith.

But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

*Hel.* Weele mingle our bloods togither in the earth,  
 From whence we had our being, and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre I now looke from thee then, and to *Tharsus*  
 Intend my travaile, where Ile heare from thee,  
 And by whose Letters Ile dispose my selfe.  
 The care I had and have of subjects good,      120  
 On thee I lay, whose wisdomes strength can bear it,  
 Ile take thy word, for faith not aske thine oath,  
 Who shuns not to breake one, will cracke both.  
 But in our orbs will live so round, and safe,  
 That time of both this truth shall nere convince,  
 Thou shewdst a subjects shine, I a true Prince. *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *Tyre.* An ante-chamber in the palace.]

*Enter Thaliard solus.*

[*Thal.*] So this is *Tyre*, and this the Court, heere  
 must I kill |  
 King *Pericles*, and if I doe it not, I am sure to be hang'd at  
 home: t'is daungerous.

Well, I perceive he was a wise fellowe, and had good

109-12. verse, 6 ll. ending life, while, forgot, life, me, be—Rowe.  
 117, etc. *Tharsus*: Tarsus throughout—CAMBRIDGE.

122. comma shifted after faith—2Q. 3-4F.

123. will cracke: will sure crack—3-4F.

124. will: we'll—MALONE.

discretion, that beeing bid to aske what hee would of the King, desired hee might knowe none of his secrets.

Now doe I see hee had some reason for't: for if a king bidde a man bee a villaine, hee's bound by the indenture of his oath to bee one. 10

Husht, heere comes the Lords of *Tyre*.

*Enter Hellicanus, Escanes, with other Lords.*

*Helli.* You shall not neede my fellow-Peers of *Tyre*, further to question mee of your kings departure: his sealed Commission left in trust with mee, does speake sufficiently hee's gone to travaile.

*Thaliard. [Aside]* How? the King gone?

*Hell.* If further yet you will be satisfied, (why as it were unlicensed of your loves) he would depart? He give some light unto you, beeing at *Antioch*. 21

*Thal.* *[Aside]* What from *Antioch*?

*Hell.* Royall *Antiochus* on what cause I knowe not, tooke some displeasure at him, at least hee judg'de so: and doubting lest hee had err'de or sinn'de, to show his sorrow, hee'de correct himselfe; so puts himselfe unto the Shipmans toyle, with whome eache minute threatens life or death.

*Thaliard. [Aside]* Well, I perceive I shall not be

11. *Husbt: Hush-*MALONE. *comes: come-*4F.

14-17. verse, 4 ll. ending *Tyre, departure, me, travel-*ROWE.

16. *does: doth-*3-4F.

19-22. verse, 4 ll. ending *satisfied, loves, you, from Antioch -*ROWE.

24-8. verse, 5 ll. ending *so, sinn'd, himself, toil, death-*ROWE.

25. *lest bee: lest that he* (doubting that-3-4F.)-MALONE.

26. *bee'de: he'ld-*CAMBRIDGE.

29-32. verse, 5 ll. ending *perceive, would, please, sea, Tyre -*MALONE.

hang'd now, | although I would, but since hee's gone,  
the Kings seas | must please: hee scap'te the Land to  
perish at the Sea, I'le | present my selfe. Peace to the  
Lords of *Tyre*. |

32

[*Hel.*] Lord Thaliard from *Antiochus* is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come with message unto princely  
*Pericles*, but since my landing, I have understood your  
Lord | has betake himselfe to unknowne travailes, now  
message | must returne from whence it came.

*Hell.* Wee have no reason to desire it, commended  
to our maister not to us, yet ere you shall depart, this wee  
desire as friends to *Antioch* wee may feast in *Tyre*. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's house.*]

Enter *Cleon the Governour of Tharsus*, with  
his wife [*Dionyza*] and others.

*Cleon.* My *Dyoniza* shall wee rest us heere,  
And by relating tales of others grieves,  
See if t'will teach us to forget our owne?

*Dion.* That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it,  
For who digs hills because they doe aspire?  
Throwes down one mountaine to cast up a higher:  
O my distressed Lord, even such our grieves are,  
Heere they are but felt, and seene with mischiefs eyes,  
But like to Groves, being topt, they higher rise. 11

*Cleon.* O *Dioniza*,  
Who wanteth food, and will not say hee wants it,  
Or can conceale his hunger till hee famish?

33. *Hel.* prefixed—4Q.3-4F.

34-40. verse, 1 l. ending come, and 8 five-accent ll.—*Rowe*.

36. betake: betook—2-6Q.3-4F. now: My—4-6Q.3-4F.

3, etc. *Dyoniza*: *Dionyza* throughout—*MALONE*.

10. *they are*: *they're*—*Rowe*.

Our tounys and sorrowes to sound deepe:  
 Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.  
 Till tounys fetch breath that may proclaime  
 Them louder, that if heaven slumber, while  
 Their creatures want, they may awake  
 Their helpers, to comfort them.

Ile then discourse our woes felt severall yeares,  
 And wanting breath to speake, helpe mee with teares.

*Dyoniza.* Ile doe my best Syr.

*Cleon.* This *Tharsus* ore which I have the government, |

A Cittie on whom plentie held full hand:  
 For riches strew'de her selfe even in her streetes,  
 Whose towers bore heads so high they kist the cloudes,  
 And strangers nere beheld, but wondred at,  
 Whose men and dames so jettied and adorn'de,  
 Like one anothers glasse to trim them by, 30  
 Their tables were stor'de full to glad the sight,  
 And not so much to feede on as delight,  
 All povertie was scor'nde, and pride so great,  
 The name of helpe grewe odious to repeat.

*Dion.* O t'is too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can doe by this our change,  
 These mouthes who but of late, earth sea, and ayre,  
 Were all too little to content and please,  
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
 As houses are defil'de for want of use, 40  
 They are now starv'de for want of exercise,  
 Those pallats who not yet too savers younger,

15, 16. *to:* do—2-6Q. 3-4F.

17-20. 3 ll. ending louder, want, them—COLLIER.

20. *helpers:* helps—MALONE.

26. *her:* the—3-6Q. 3-4F.

36. *doe by:* do! By—MALONE.

42. *too savers:* two summers—STEEVENS.

Must have inventions to delight the tast,  
 Would now be glad of bread and beg for it,  
 Those mothers who to nouzell up their babes,  
 Thought nought too curious, are readie now  
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'de,  
 So sharpe are hungers teeth, that man and wife,  
 Drawe lots who first shall die, to lengthen life.  
 Heere stands a Lord, and there a Ladie weeping: 50  
 Heere manie sincke, yet those which see them fall,  
 Have scarce strength left to give them buryall.

Is not this true?

*Dion.* Our cheekes and hollow eyes doe witnesse it.

*Cle.* O let those Cities that of plenties cup,  
 And her prosperities so largely taste,  
 With their superfluous riots heare these teares,  
 The miserie of *Tharsus* may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Wheres the Lord Governour? 60

*Cle.* Here, speake out thy sorrowes, which thee bringst  
 in hast, for comfort is too farre for us to expect.

*Lord.* Wee have descryed upon our neighbouring  
 shore, a portlie saile of ships make hitherward.

*Cleon.* I thought as much.

One sorrowe never comes but brings an heire,  
 That may succeede as his inheritor:  
 And so in ours, some neighbouring nation,  
 Taking advantage of our miserie,  
 That stuff't the hollow vessels with their power, 70  
 To beat us downe, the which are downe alreadie,  
 And make a conquest of unhappie mee,

61. *Here:* separate l.—MALONE.

61-4. *speake .. bitheward:* 4 five-accent ll.—MALONE.

70. *That:* Hath-2Rowe. *stuff't the:* stuff'd these—MALONE.

Whereas no glories got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least feare.

For by the semblance of their white flagges displayde, they bring us peace, and come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cleon.* Thot speak'st like himnes untuterd to repeat, Who makes the fairest shewe, meanes most deceipt. But bring they what they will, and what they can, What need wee leave our grounds the lowest? 80 And wee are halfe way there: Goe tell their Generall wee attend him heere, to know for what he comes, and whence he comes, and what he craves?

*Lord.* I goe my Lord.

[Exit.]

*Cleon.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist, If warres, wee are unable to resist.

*Enter Pericles with attendants.*

*Per.* Lord Governour, for so wee heare you are, Let not our Ships and number of our men, Be like a beacon fier'de, t'amaze your eyes, 90 Wee have heard your miseries as farre as *Tyre*, And seene the desolation of your streets, Nor come we to adde sorrow to your teares, But to relieve them of their heavy loade, And these our Ships you happily may thinke, Are like the Trojan Horse, was stuf within With bloody veines expecting overthrow, Are stor'd with Corne, to make your needie bread, And give them life, whom hunger-starv'd halfe dead.

*Omnes.* The Gods of *Greece* protect you, 100

73. *glories:* glory's—MALONE.

74-6. 3 ll. ending *semblance, peace, foes*—MALONE.

77. *bimnes:* him's—MALONE.

80. *wee leave our grounds.* we fear? The ground's—4-6Q. 3-4F.

80-3. 5 ll. ending *fear, there, here, comes, craves*—MALONE.

And wee'le pray for you.

*Per.* Arise I pray you, rise; we do not looke for reverence,  
But for love, and harborage for our selfe, our ships, & men.

*Cleon.* The which when any shall not gratifie,  
Or pay you with unthankfulnesse in thought,  
Be it our Wives, our Children, or our selves,  
The Curse of heaven and men succeed their evils:  
Till when the which (I hope) shall neare be seene:  
Your Grace is welcome to our Towne and us. 109

*Peri.* Which welcome wee'le accept, feast here awhile,  
Untill our Starres that frowne, lend us a smile. *Exeunt.*

[Act II.]

*Enter Gower.*

[*Gow.*] Heere have you seene a mightie King,  
His child I'wis to incest bring:  
A better Prince, and benigne Lord,  
That Will prove awfull both in deed and word:  
Be quiet then, as men should bee,  
Till he hath past necessitie:  
I'le shew you those in troubles raigne;  
Loosing a Mite, a Mountaine gaine:  
The good in conversation, 10  
To whom I give my benizon:  
Is still at *Tbarstill*, where each man,  
Thinkes all is writ, he spoken can:  
And to remember what he does,  
Build his Statue to make him glorious:  
But tidinges to the contrarie,  
Are brought your eyes, what need speake I.

101-3. 3 ll. ending **rise, love, men**-Rowe.

108. *neare:* ne'er (ne're)-3-4F. 9. *Loosing:* Losing-4F.

12. *Tbarstill:* misprint for Tarsus-CAMBRIDGE.

13. *spoken:* spoken-GRANT WHITE.

*Dombe shew.*

Enter at one dore Pericles talking with Cleon, all the  
 traine | with them; Enter at an other dore, a Gen-  
 tleman with a | Letter to Pericles, Pericles shewes  
 the Letter to Cleon; | Pericles gives the Messenger  
 a reward, and Knights him: | Exit Pericles at one  
 dore, and Cleon at an other. | 23

Good Helicon that stayde at home,  
 Not to eate Hony like a Drone,  
 From others labours; for though he strive  
 To killen bad, keepe good alive:  
 And to fulfill his prince desire,  
 Sav'd one of all, that haps in *Tyre*:  
 How *Thaliart* came full bent with sinne,  
 And had intent to murder him;  
 And that in *Tharsis* was not best  
 Longer for him to make his rest:  
 He doing so, put foorth to Seas;  
 Where when men been, there's seldome ease,  
 For now the Wind begins to blow,  
 Thunder above, and deepes below,  
 Makes such unquiet, that the Shippe,  
 Should house him safe; is wrackt and split,  
 And he (good Prince) having all lost,  
 By Waves, from coast to coast is tost:  
 All perishen of man, of pelfe,  
 Ne ought escapend but himselfe;  
 Till Fortune tir'd with doing bad,  
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad:

24. *Helicon*: Helicane—MALONE.

38. *Makes*: Make—2ROWE.

43. *escapend*: escapan—MALONE.

And heere he comes: what shall be next,  
 Pardon old *Gower*, this long's the text. [Exit.]

[Scene i. *Pentapolis.* An open place by the sea-side.]

*Enter Pericles wette.*

*Peri.* Yet cease your ire you angry Starres of heaven,  
 Wind, Raine, and Thunder, remember earthly man  
 Is but a substaunce that must yeeld to you:  
 And I (as fits my nature) do obey you.  
 Alasse, the Seas hath cast me on the Rocks,  
 Washt me from shore to shore, and left my breath  
 Nothing to thinke on, but ensuing death:  
 Let it suffize the greatnessse of your powers,  
 To have bereft a Prince of all his fortunes; 10  
 And having throwne him from your watry grave,  
 Heere to have death in peace, is all hee'le crave.

*Enter three Fisher-men.*

- 1. What, to pelch?
  - 2. Ha, come and bring away the Nets.
  - 1. What Patch-breech, I say.
  - 3. What say you Maister?
  - 1. Looke how thou stirr'st now:  
 Come away, or Ile fetch'th with a wanion. 19
  - 3. Fayth Maister, I am thinking of the poore men,  
 That were cast away before us even now.
  - 1. Alasse poore soules, it grieved my heart to heare,  
 What pittifull cryes they made to us, to helpe them,  
 When (welladay) we could scarce helpe our selves.
47. *long's:* longs—Dyce. 6. *Seas:* sea—2Rowe.  
 7. *my:* me—MALONE. 14. *to pelch:* ho! Pilch—MALONE.  
 18-19. prose—MALONE. 19. *fetch'tb:* fetch thee—4-6Q. 3-4F.  
 20-51. prose—MALONE.

3. Nay Maister, sayd not I as much,  
 When I saw the Porpas how he bounst and tumbled?  
 They say they're halfe fish, halfe flesh:  
 A plague on them, they nere come but I looke to be washt  
 Maister, I marvell how the Fishes live in the Sea?

1. Why, as Men doe a-land; 30  
 The great ones eate up the little ones:  
 I can compare our rich Misers to nothing so fitly,  
 As to a Whale; a playes and tumbles,  
 Dryving the poore Fry before him,  
 And at last, devowre them all at a mouthfull:  
 Such Whales have I heard on, a'th land,  
 Who never leave gaping, till they swallow'd  
 The whole Parish, Church, Steeple, Belles and all.

*Peri. [Aside]* A prettie morall.

3. But Maister, if I had been the Sexton, 40  
 I would have been that day in the belfrie.

2. Why, Man?

1. Because he should have swallowed mee too,  
 And when I had been in his belly,  
 I would have kept such a jangling of the Belles,  
 That he should never have left,  
 Till he cast Belles, Steeple, Church and Parish up againe  
 But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

*Per. [Aside]* *Simonides?*

3. We would purge the land of these Drones, 50  
 That robbe the Bee of her Hony.

*Per. [Aside]* How from the fenny subject of the Sea  
 These Fishers tell the infirmities of men,  
 And from their watry empire recollect,<sup>1</sup> 1 sum u  
 All that may men approve, or men detect.

35. *devowre*: devours-4F.

36. *a'th*: o'the-Dyc-

37. *tby*: they're-MALONE.

52. *fenny*: finny-MALONE. *subject*: subjects--STAUNTON.

Peace be at your labour, honest Fisher-men.

2. Honest good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits  
you |

Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

*Peri.* May see the Sea hath cast upon your coast.

2. What a drunken Knave was the Sea, 60  
To cast thee in our way?

*Per.* A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,  
In that vast Tennis-court, hath made the Ball  
For them to play upon, intreates you pittie him:  
Hee askes of you, that never us'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?

Heer's them in our country of *Greece*,  
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canst thou catch any Fishes then?

*Peri.* I never practizde it. 70

2. Nay then thou wilt starve sure: for heer's nothing to  
be got now-adayes, unlesse thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been, I have forgot to know;  
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:  
A man throngd up with cold, my Veines are chill,  
And have no more of life then may suffize,  
To give my tongue that heat to aske your helpe:  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray you see me buried. 79

1. Die, ke-tha; now Gods forbid't, and I have a Gowne  
heere, come put it on, keepe thee warme: now afore mee a  
handsome fellow: Come, thou shalt goe home, and wee'le

57. Honest good .. that,: Honest! Good .. that?—MALONE.

57-8. prose—MALONE. 60-1. prose—MALONE.

63. bath: have—DYCE. 66-8. prose—MALONE.

79. you: out—4-6Q. 3-4F.

80. ke-tha: quotha—MALONE. forbid't, and I: forbid! I—4-6Q.  
3-4F.

have Flesh for all day, Fish for fasting-dayes and more; or Puddinges and Flap-jackes, and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thanke you sir.

2. Harke you my friend: You sayd you could not beg?

*Per.* I did but crave.

2. But crave?

Then Ile turne Craver too, and so I shall scape whipping. |

*Per.* Why, are you Beggers whipt then? 90

2. Oh not all, my friend, not all: for if all Beggers were whipt, I would wish no better office, then to be Beadle: |

But Maister, Ile goe draw up the Net.

[*Exit with Third Fisherman.*]

*Per.* [Aside] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour? |

1. Harke you sir; doe you know where yee are?

*Per.* Not well.

1. Why Ile tell you, this I cald *Pantapoles*,  
And our King, the good *Symonides*.

*Per.* The good *Symonides*, doe you call him?

1. I sir, and he deserves so to be cal'd, 100  
For his peaceable raigne, and good governement.

*Per.* He is a happy King, since he gaines from  
His subjects the name of good, by his government.  
How farre is his Court distant from this shore?

1. Marry sir, halfe a dayes journey: And Ile tell you,  
He hath a faire Daughter, and tomorrow is her birth-day,

83. *all day .. more; or: holidays (holydys) .. moreo'er--MALONE.* 88-9. prose-MALONE.

90. *are you: are all your*-4-6Q. 3-4F.

97. *I cald: is called*-2-3Q. 97-8. prose-MALONE.

99. *good Symonides: good king Simonides*-4-6Q. 3-4F.

100-10. prose-MALONE.

And there are Princes and Knights come from all partes of the World, to Just and Turney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equall to my desires,  
I could wish to make one there. 110

1. O sir, things must be as they may: and what a man can | not get, he may lawfully deale for his Wives soule. |

*Enter the two Fisher-men, drawing up a Net.*

2. Helpe Maiser helpe; heere's a Fish hanges in the Net, |

Like a poore mans right in the law: t'will hardly come out. |

Ha borts on't, tis come at last; & tis turnd to a rusty Armour. |

*Per.* An Armour friends; I pray you let me see it? Thankes Fortune, yet that after all crosses,  
Thou givest me somewhat to repaire my selfe:  
And though it was mine owne part of my heritage,  
Which my dead Father did bequeath to me, 121  
With this strict charge even as he left his life,  
Keepe it my *Perycles*, it hath been a Shield  
Twixt me and death, and poynted to this brayse,<sup>1</sup>  
For that it saved me, keepe it in like necessitie:  
The which the Gods protect thee, Fame may defend thee:  
It kept where I kept, I so dearely lov'd it, <sup>1</sup>arm-shield  
Till the rough Seas, that spares not any man,  
Tooke it in rage, though calm'd, have given't againe:  
I thanke thee for't, my shipwracke now's no ill, 130

112. *Wives:* wife's—Rowe.

118. *all crosses:* all thy crosses—DELIUS.

125. semicolon after keep it—MALONE.

126. *thee, Fame:* thee from!—DYCE.

128. *spares:* spare—MALONE.

Since I have heere my Father gave in his Will

1. What meane you sir?

*Peri.* To begge of you (kind friends) this Coate of worth, |

For it was sometime Target to a King;  
I know it by this marke: he loved me dearely,  
And for his sake, I wish the having of it;  
And that you'd guide me to your Soveraignes Court,  
Where with it, I may appeare a Gentleman:  
And if that ever my low fortune's better,  
Ile pay your bounties; till then, rest your debter. 140  
Ile shew the vertue I have borne in Armes.

1. Why do'e take it: and the Gods give thee good  
an't. |

2. I but harke you my friend, t'was wee that made up  
this Garment through the rough seames of the Waters:  
there are certaine Condolements, certaine Vailes: I hope  
sir, if you thrive, you'l remember from whence you had  
them.

*Peri.* Beleeve't, I will:  
By your furtherance I am cloth'd in Steele, 150  
And spight of all the rupture of the Sea,  
This Jewell holdes his buylding on my arme:  
Unto thy value I will mount my selfe  
Upon a Courser, whose delight steps,  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread;  
Onely (my friend) I yet am unprovided of a paire of  
Bases.<sup>1</sup> |

<sup>1</sup> under-armor skirts

131. *Father gave in his:* father's gift in's-3-4F.

137. *you'd:* you'l-CAMBRIDGE.

143. *an't:* on't-4F.

154. *delight:* delightful-3-4F.

156. new l. at OF-MALONE.

151. *rupture: rapture-*2Rowe.

156. *friend:* friends-Dyce.

2. Wee'le sure provide, thou shalt have  
 My best Gowne to make thee a paire;  
 And Ile bring thee to the Court my selfe.

*Peri.* Then Honour be but a Goale to my Will,  
 This day Ile rise, or else adde ill to ill. 161

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene ii. *The same. A public way or platform leading to the lists. A pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, etc.*]

*Enter Simonydes, with attendaunce, and Thaisa.*

*King.* [Sim.] Are the Knights ready to begin the Tryumph? |

*1. Lord.* They are my Leidge, and stay your comming,  
 To present themselves.

*King.* Returne them, We are ready, & our daughter heere, |

In honour of whose Birth, these Triumphs are,  
 Sits heere like Beauties child, whom Nature gat,  
 For men to see; and seeing, woonder at. [*Exit a Lord.*]

*Thai.* It pleaseth you (my royll Father) to expresse  
 My Commendations great, whose merit's lesse. 10

*King.* It's fit it should be so, for Princes are  
 A modell which Heaven makes like to it selfe:  
 As Jewels loose their glory, if neglected,  
 So Princes their Renownes, if not respected:  
 Tis now your honour (Daughter) to entertaine  
 The labour of each Knight, in his device.

*Thai.* Which to preserve mine honour, I'le performe.

157-9. prose—MALONE.

3-4. 2 ll. ending liege, themselves—MALONE.

5. beere: out—MALONE.

15. entertaine: explain—MALONE.

*The first Knight passes by [and his Squire presents his shield to the Princess].*

*King.* Who is the first, that doth preferre himselfe?

*Thai.* A Knight of Sparta (my renowned father) 20  
And the device he beares upon his Shield,  
Is a blacke Ethyope reaching at the Sunne:  
The word: *Lux tua vita mibi.*

*King.* He loves you well, that holdes his life of you.

*The second Knight [passes over].*

Who is the second, that presents himselfe?

*Tha.* A Prince of Macedon (my royll father)  
And the device he beares upon his Shield,  
Is an Armed Knight, that's conquered by a Lady: 29  
The motto thus in Spanish. *Pue per dolera kee per forsa.*

*3. Knight [passes over]. Kin.* And with the third?

*Thai.* The third, of Antioch; and his device,  
A wreath of Chivally: the word: *Me Pompey provexit apex.* |

*4. Knight [passes over]. Kin.* What is the fourth.

*Thai.* A burning Torch that's turned upside downe;  
The word: *Qui me alit me extinguit.*

*Kin.* Which shewes that Beautie hath his power & will,  
Which can as well enflame, as it can kill.

*5. Knight [passes over]. Thai.* The fift, an Hand  
environed with Clouds, |

Holding out Gold, that's by the Touch-stone tride: 40  
The motto thus: *Sic spectanda fides.*

30. *Pue .. forsa:* Piu por dulzura que por fuerza—Dyce.

31. *with:* what's—4-6Q. 3-4F.

31-3. 3 ll. ending Antioch, chivalry, apex—STEEVENS.

33. *Chivally:* chivalry, misprint 1Q. *Pompey:* pompæ—MALONE.

36. *Qui:* Quod—MALONE.

6. *Knight* [*Pericles, passes over*]. *Kin.* And what's  
the sixt, and last; the which, |  
The knight himself with such a graceful courtesie de-  
livered? |

*Thas.* Hee seemes to be a Stranger: but his Present is  
A withered Branch, that's onely greene at top,  
The motto: *In hac spe vivo.*

*Kin.* A pretty morrall from the dejected state wherein  
he is, |

He hopes by you, his fortunes yet may flourish.

1. *Lord.* He had need meane better, then his outward  
shew |

Can any way speake in his just commend: 50  
For by his rustie outside he appeares,  
To have practis'd more the Whipstocke, then the Launce.

2. *Lord.* He may well be a Stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd tryumph, strangly furnisht.

3. *Lord.* And on set purpose let his Armour rust  
Untill this day, to scowre it in the dust.

*Kin.* Opinion's but a foole, that makes us scan  
The outward habit, by the inward man.  
But stay, the Knights are comming,  
We will with-draw into the Gallerie [Exeunt.] 60  
*Great shoutes* [within], and all cry, the meane *Knight*.

[Scene iii. *The same.* *A ball of state: a banquet  
prepared.*]

*Enter the King and Knights from Tilting.*

*King.* Knights, to say you're welcome, were super-  
fluous. |

42-3. 3 ll. ending what's, himself, delivered—Dyce.

44. *Thas.*: misprint IQ. 47. new l. at From-Rowe.

60-1. 2 ll. ending with-draw, gallery—MALONE.

2. *Knights:* separate l.—MALONE.

I place upon the volume of your deeds,  
 As in a Title page, your worth in armes,  
 Were more then you expect, or more then's fit,  
 Since every worth in shew commends it selfe:  
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a Feast.  
 You are Princes, and my guestes.

*Thai.* But you my' Knight and guest,  
 To whom this Wreath of victorie I give,      10  
 And crowne you King of this dayes happinesse.

*Peri.* Tis more by Fortune (Lady) then my Merit.

*King.* Call it by what you will, the day is your,  
 And here (I hope) is none that envies it:  
 In framing an Artist, art hath thus decreed,  
 To make some good, but others to exceed,  
 And you are her labourd scholler: come Queen a th'feast,  
 For (Daughter) so you are; heere take your place:  
 Martiall the rest, as they deserve their grace.      19

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Symonides.

*King.* Your presence glads our dayes, honour we love,  
 For who hates honour, hates the Gods above.

*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Peri.* Some other is more fit.

*1.Knight.* Contend not sir, for we are Gentlemen,  
 Have neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
 Envies the great, nor shall the low despise.

*Peri.* You are right courtious Knights.

*King.* Sit sir, sit.

By Jove (I wonder) that is King of thoughts,      30  
 These Cates resist mee, hee not thought upon.

3. *I place:* To place—4F.

12. *my:* by—4-6Q. 3-4F.

13. *your:* yours—4-6Q. 3-4F. 17. *a th':* o' the (oth')—3-4F.

19. *Martiall:* Marshal—MALONE. 26. *Have:* That—4-6Q. 3-4F.

27. *Envies .. shall:* Envy .. do—4-6Q. 3-4F.

31. *bee:* she—MALONE. *not:* but—DYCE.

*Tba.* By *Juno* (that is Queene of mariage)  
 All Viands that I eate do seeme unsavery,  
 Wishing him my meat: sure hee's a gallant Gentleman.

*Kin.* Hee's but a countrie Gentleman: ha's done no more |

Then other Knights have done, ha's broken a Staffe,  
 Or so; so let it passe.

*Tba.* To mee he seemes like Diamond, to Glasse.

*Peri.* You Kings to mee, like to my fathers picture,  
 Which tels in that glory once he was, 40  
 Had Princes sit like Starres about his Throane,  
 And hee the Sunne for them to reverence;  
 None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,  
 Did vaile<sup>1</sup> their Crownes to his supremacie; <sup>1 lower</sup>  
 Where now his sonne like a Gloworme in the night,  
 The which hath Fire in darknesse, none in light:  
 Whereby I see that Time's the King of men,  
 Hee's both their Parent, and he is their Grave,  
 And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*King.* What, are you merry, Knights? 50

*Knights.* Who can be other, in this royall presence.

*King.* Heere, with a Cup that's stur'd unto the brim,  
 As do you love, fill to your Mistris lippes,  
 Wee drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thanke your Grace.

*King.* Yet pause awhile, yon Knight doth sit too melancholy, |

As if the entertainement in our Court,  
 Had not a shew might countervale his worth:

35-7. 3 ll. ending gentleman, have done, pass—MALONE (1821).

39. *You:* Yon—2,4,6Q. 3-4F.

40. *tels in:* tells me in—4-6Q. 3-4F.

45. *sonne:* son's—MALONE.

53. *do you:* you do—4-6Q. 3-4F.

52. *stur'd:* stor'd—MALONE

56. new l. at Yon—Rowe.

Note it not you, *Thaisa*.

*Tba.* What is't to me, my father? 60  
*king.* O attend my Daughter,  
 Princes in this, should live like Gods above,  
 Who freely give to every one that come to honour them:  
 And Princes not doing so, are like to Gnats,  
 Which make a sound, but kild, are wondred at:  
 Therefore to make his entraunce more sweet,  
 Heere, say wee drinke this standing boule of wine to him.

*Tba.* Alas my Father, it befits not mee,  
 Unto a stranger Knight to be so bold,  
 He may my profer take for an offence, 70  
 Since men take womens giftes for impudence.

*king.* How? doe as I bid you, or you'le moove me else.

*Tba.* [Aside] Now by the Gods, he could not please  
 me better. |

*king.* And furthermore tell him, we desire to know of  
 him |

Of whence he is, his name, and Parentage?

*Tba.* The King my father (sir) has drunke to you.

*Peri.* I thanke him.

*Tba.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Peri.* I thanke both him and you, and pledge him freely.

*Tba.* And further, he desires to know of you, 80  
 Of whence you are, your name and parentage?

*Peri.* A Gentleman of Tyre, my name *Pericles*,  
 My education beene in Artes and Armes:  
 Who looking for adventures in the world,  
 Was by the rough Seas reft of Ships and men,  
 and after shipwracke, driven upon this shore.

*Tba.* He thankes your Grace; names himselfe *Pericles*,  
 A Gentleman of Tyre: who onely by misfortune of the seas,

63. *come:* comes—6Q. new l. at To-Dyce.

72. *How:* separate l.—STEEVENS.

Bereft of Shippes and Men, cast on this shore.

*king.* Now by the Gods, I pitty his misfortune, 90  
 And will awake him from his melancholy.  
 Come Gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
 And waste the time which lookest for other revels;  
 Even in your Armours as you are addrest,  
 Will well become a Souldiers daunce:  
 I will not have excuse with saying this,  
 Lowd Musicke is too harsh for Ladyes heads,  
 Since they love men in armes, as well as beds.

*They daunce.*

So, this was well askt, t'was so well perform'd. 100  
 Come sir, heer's a Lady that wants breathing too,  
 And I have heard, you Knights of *Tyre*,  
 Are excellent in making Ladyes trippe;  
 And that their Measures are as excellent.

*Peri.* In those that practize them, they are (my Lord.)  
*king.* Oh that's as much, as you would be denyed  
 Of your faire courtesie: unclaspe, unclaspe.

*They daunce.*

Thankes Gentlemen to all, all have done well;

[*To Pericles*] But you the best: Pages and lights, to  
 conduct | 110

These Knights unto their severall Lodgings:

[*To Per.*] Yours sir, we have given order be next our  
 owne. |

*Peri.* I am at your Graces pleasure.

88. new l. at Who-COLIER.

95. *Will well:* Will very well—3-4F.

101. *Come sir:* separate l.—STEEVENS.

108. stage direction to dance put before Unclasp—MALONE.

111-12. 2 ll. ending *sir, own*—MALONE.

112. *order be:* order to be—MALONE.

Princes, it is too late to talke of Love,  
 And that's the marke I know, you levell at:  
 Therefore each one betake him to his rest,  
 Tomorrow all for speeding do their best. [Exeunt.]

[Scene iv. Tyre. A room in the Governor's house.]

*Enter Hellicanus and Escanes.*

*Hell.* No *Escanes*, know this of mee,  
*Antiochus* from incest lived not free:  
 For which the most high Gods not minding,  
 Longer to with-hold the vengeance that  
 They had in store, due to this heynous  
 Capitall offence, even in the height and pride  
 Of all his glory, when he was seated in  
 A Chariot of an inestimable value, and his daughter  
 With him; a fire from heaven came and shriveld      10  
 Up those bodyes even to lothing, for they so stounke,  
 That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,  
 Scorne now their hand should give them buriall.

*Escanes.* T'was very strange.

*Hell.* And yet but justice; for though this King were  
 great, |  
 His greatnessse was no gard to barre heavens shaft,  
 But sinne had his reward.

*Escan.* Tis very true.

4-8. For which .. glory: 4 ll. ending longer, store, offence, glory  
 —MALONE.

8-11. when he .. stounke: 4 ll. ending chariot, him, up, stunk-  
 DYCE.

11. those: Their—STEEVENS.

14-17. 3 ll. ending though, guard, reward—MALONE.

*Enter two or three Lords.*

1. *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference, 20  
Or counsaile, ha's respect with him but hee.

2. *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve, without reprofe.

3. *Lord.* And curst be he that will not second it.

1. *Lord.* Follow me then: Lord *Hellicane*, a word.

*Hell.* With mee? and welcome happy day, my Lords.

1. *Lord.* Know, that our grieves are risen to the top,  
And now at length they over-flow their bankes.

*Hell.* Your grieves, for what?

Wrong not your Prince, you love.

1. *Lord.* Wrong not your selfe then, noble *Hellican*, 30  
But if the Prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath:  
If in the world he live, wee'le seeke him out:  
If in his Grave he rest, wee'le find him there,  
And be resolved he lives to governe us:  
Or dead, give's cause to mourne his funerall,  
And leave us to our free election.

2. *Lord.* Whose death in deed, the strongest in our  
sensure, |

And knowing this Kingdome is without a head,  
Like goodly Buyldings left without a Roofe, 40  
Soone fall to ruine: your noble selfe,  
That best know how to rule, and how to raigne,  
Wee thus submit unto our Soveraigne.

*Omnes.* Live noble *Hellicane*.

*Hell.* Try honours cause; forbear your suffrages:  
If that you love Prince *Pericles*, forbear,  
(Take I your wish, I leape into the seas,  
Where's howerly trouble, for a minuts ease)

A twelve-month longer, let me intreat you  
 To forbear the absence of your King;      50  
 If in which time expir'd, he not returne,  
 I shall with aged patience beare your yoake:  
 But if I cannot winne you to this love,  
 Goe search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
 And in your search, spend your adventurous worth,  
 Whom if you find, and winne unto returne,  
 You shall like Diamonds sit about his Crowne.

1. *Lord.* To wisedome, hee's a foole, that will not  
 yeeld: |

And since Lord *Hellicane* enjoyneth us,  
 We with our travells will endeavour.      60

*He'll.* Then you love us, we you, & wee'le claspe hands:  
 When Peeres thus knit, a Kingdome ever stands.

[Scene v. *Pentapolis.* A room in the palace.]

*Enter the King reading of a letter at one doore,*  
*the Knightes meeete him.*

1. *Knight.* Good morrow to the good *Simonides.*

*King.* Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
 That for this twelve-month, shee'le not undertake  
 A maried life: her reason to her selfe is onely knowne,  
 Which from her, by no meanes can I get.

2. *Knight.* May we not get accesse to her (my Lord?)  
*king.* Fayth, by no means, she hath so strictly  
 Tyed her to her Chamber, that t'is impossible:      10  
 One twelve Moones more shee'le weare *Dianas* liverie:  
 This by the eye of *Cinthya* hath she vowed,

49-50. 2 ll. ending to, king—GLOBE.

60. endeavour: endeavour us—GLOBE.

6. new l. at Her—STEEVENS.

9-10. 2 ll. ending tied, impossible—GLOBE.

And on her Virgin honour, will not breake it.

3. *Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.

[*Exeunt Knights.*]

*king.* So, they are well dispatcht:

Now to my daughters Letter; she telles me heere,  
Shee'le wedde the stranger Knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.  
T'is well Mistris, your choyce agrees with mine:  
I like that well: nay how absolute she's in't,      20  
Not minding whether I dislike or no.  
Well, I do commend her choyce, and will no longer  
Have it be delayed: Soft, heere he comes,  
I must dissemble it.

*Enter Pericles.*

*Peri.* All fortune to the good Symonides.

*King.* To you as much: Sir, I am behoulding to you  
For your sweete Musicke this last night:  
I do protest, my eares were never better fedde  
With such delightfull pleasing harmonie.      30

*Peri.* It is your Graces pleasure to command,  
Not my desert.

*king.* Sir, you are Musickes maister.

*Peri.* The worst of all her schollers (my good Lord.)

*king.* Let me aske you one thing:

What do you thinke of my Daughter, sir?

*Peri.* A most vertuous Princesse.

*king.* And she is faire too, is she not?

*Peri.* As a faire day in Sommer: woondrous faire.

*king.* Sir, my Daughter thinkes very well of you, 40  
I so well, that you must be her Maister,

15-17. So: separate l.; they .. Knight: 2 ll. ending letter, knight-MALONE. . 22-4. 3 ll. ending choice, delay'd, it-MALONE.

28-9. 2 ll. ending do, fed-MALONE.

And she will be your Scholler; therefore looke to it.

*Peri.* I am unworthy for her Scholemaister.

*king.* She thinkes not so: peruse this writing else.

*Per.* [Aside] What's here, a letter that she loves the knight of Tyre? |

T'is the Kings subteltie to have my life:  
Oh seeke not to intrappe me, gracious Lord,  
A Stranger, and distressed Gentleman,  
That never aymed so hie, to love your Daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her. 50

*King.* Thou hast bewitcht my daughter,  
And thou art a villaine.

*Peri.* By the Gods I have not; never did thought  
Of mine levie offence; nor never did my actions  
Yet commence a deed might gaine her love,  
Or your displeasure.

*king.* Traytor, thou lyest.

*Peri.* Traytor?

*king.* I, traytor.

*Peri.* Even in his throat, unlesse it be the King, 60  
That cals me Traytor, I returne the lye.

*king.* [Aside] Now by the Gods, I do applaude his  
courage. |

*Peri.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relisht of a base discent:  
I came unto your Court for Honours cause,  
And not to be a Rebell to her state:  
And he that otherwise accountes of mee,  
This Sword shall proove, hee's Honours enemie.

*king.* No? heere comes my Daughter, she can wit-  
nesse it. |

45. *What's here:* separate l.—MALONE.

51-6. 5 ll. ending art, not, offence, commence, displeasure—  
Rowe.

69. *No:* separate l.—MALONE.

*Enter Thaisa.*

70

*Peri.* Then as you are as vertuous, as faire,  
 Resolve your angry Father, if my tongue  
 Did ere solicite, or my hand subscribe  
 To any sillable that made love to you?

*Thai.* Why sir, say if you had, who takes offence?  
 At that, would make me glad?

*King.* Yea Mistris, are you so peremptorie?  
 I am glad on't with all my heart,  
 Ile tame you; Ile bring you in subjection. *Aside.*  
 Will you not, having my consent, 80  
 Bestow your love and your affections,  
 Upon a Stranger? who for ought I know,  
 May be (nor can I thinke the contrary) *Aside.*  
 As great in blood as I my selfe:  
 Therefore, heare you Mistris, either frame  
 Your will to mine: and you sir, heare you;  
 Either be rul'd by mee, or Ile make you,  
 Man and wife: nay come, your hands,  
 And lippes must seale it too: and being joynd,  
 Ile thus your hopes destroy, and for further grieve: 90  
 God give you joy; what are you both pleased?

*Tba.* Ycs, if you love me sir?

*Peri.* Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

*King.* What are you both agreed?

*Ambo.* Yes if't please your Majestie.

*King.* It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed,  
 And then with what haste you can, get you to bed. *Exeunt.*

75-6. 2 ll. ending had, glad—MALONE.

87-92. 5 ll. ending wife, too, destroy, joy, sir—MALONE.

90. for further: for a further—MALONE.

## [Act III.]

*Enter Gower.*

Now sleepe yslacked hath the rout,  
 No din but snores about the house,  
 Made louder by the o'refed breast,  
 Of this most pompous maryage Feast:  
 The Catte with eyne of burning cole,  
 Now coutches from the Mouses hole;  
 And Cricket sing at the Ovens mouth,  
 Are the blyther for their drouth:

*Hymen* hath brought the Bride to bed,  
 Whereby the losse of maydenhead,  
 A Babe is moulded: be attent,  
 And Time that is so briefly spent,  
 With your fine fancies quaintly each,  
 What's dumbe in shew, I'le plaine with speach.

10

[*Dumb Show.*]

*Enter Pericles and Symonides at one dore with attendantes,*  
*a Messenger meetes them, kneeles and gives Pericles a*  
*letter, | Pericles shewes it Symonides, the Lords kneele*  
*to him; | then enter Thaysa with child, with Licho-*  
*rida a nurse, | the King shewes her the letter, she re-*  
*joyces: she and Pericles | take leave of her father, and*  
*depart [with Lychorida and their attendants. Then*  
*exeunt Simonides and the rest].*

21

By many a dearne<sup>1</sup> and painefull pearch  
 Of Perycles the carefull search,

<sup>1</sup> secret3. *about the house: the house about*—MALONE.7. *from: fore*—STEEVENS (1803). 8. *Cricket: crickets*—2 ROWE.9. *Are: E'er*—2 SINGER.14. *each: eche*—MALONE.

By the fower opposing Crignes,  
 Which the world togeather joynes,  
 Is made with all due diligence,  
 That horse and sayle and hie expence,  
 Can steed the quest at last from Tyre:  
 Fame answering the most strange enquire,  
 To'th Court of King Symonides,  
 Are Letters brought, the tenour these:  
 Antiochus and his daughter dead,  
 The men of *Tyrus*, on the head  
 Of *Helycanus* would set on  
 The Crowne of *Tyre*, but he will none:  
 The mutanje, hee there hastes t'opprese,  
 Sayes to 'em, if King *Pericles*  
 Come not home in twise sixe Moones,  
 He obedient to their doomes,  
 Will take the Crowne: the summe of this,  
 Brought hither to *Penlapolis*,  
 Iranyshed the regions round,  
 And every one with claps can sound,  
 Our heyre apparant is a King:  
 Who dreamp't? who thought of such a thing?  
 Briefe he must hence depart to Tyre,  
 His Queene with child, makes her desire,  
 Which who shall crosse along to goe,  
 Omit we all their dole and woe:  
*Lichorida* her Nurse she takes,  
 And so to Sea; their vessell shakes,  
 On *Neptunes* billow, halfe the flood,

30

40

50

24. *Crignes*: coigns—<sup>2</sup>Rowe.28. *steed*: stead; period after quest—<sup>MALONE</sup>.41. *Penlapolis*: Pentapolis—<sup>6Q. 3-4F.</sup>42. *Iranyshed*: Y-ravished—<sup>MALONE</sup>.48. question-mark after cross—<sup>MALONE</sup>.

Hath their Keele cut: but fortune mov'd,  
 Varies againe, the grisled North  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That as a Ducke for life that dives,  
 So up and downe the poore Ship drives.  
 The Lady shreekes, and wel-a-neare,  
 Do's fall in travayle with her feare:  
 And what ensues in this fell storme,  
 Shall for it selfe, it selfe performe:  
 I nill relate, action may  
 Conveniently the rest convay;  
 Which might not? what by me is told,  
 In your imagination hold:  
 This Stage, the Ship, upon whose Decke  
 The seas tost *Pericles* appeares to speake.

60

## [Scene i.]

*Enter Pericles a Shipboard.*

*Peri.* The God of this great Vast, rebuke these surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell, and thou that hast  
 Upon the Windes commaund, bind them in Brasse;  
 Having call'd them from the deepe, ô still  
 Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench  
 Thy nimble sulphirous flashes: ô How *Lychorida!*  
 How does my Queene? then storme venomously,  
 Wilt thou speat all thy selfe? the sea-mans Whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the eares of death,                           10  
 Unheard *Lychorida?* *Lucina, oh!*

53. *fortune mov'd:* fortune's mood—MALONE.

64. question-mark out—MALONE.

67. *seas:* sea—2 ROWE.2. *The:* Thou—ROWE.8. *then storme:* Thou stormest—DYCE.9. *speat:* spit—4F.11. period after *Unheard*—MALONE.

Divinest patrionesse, and my wife gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deitie  
 Aboard our dauncing Boat, make swift the pangues  
 Of my Queenes travayles? now *Lychorida*.

*Enter Lychorida [with an Infant].*

*Lychor.* Heere is a thing too young for such a place,  
 Who if it had conceit, would die, as I am like to doe:  
 Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

*Peri.* How? how *Lychorida*? 20

*Lycho.* Patience (good sir) do not assist the storme,  
 Heer's all that is left living of your Queene;  
 A little Daughter: for the sake of it,  
 Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you Gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gyfts,  
 And snatch them straight away? we heere below,  
 Recall not what we give, and therein may  
 Use honour with you.

*Lycho.* Patience (good sir) even for this charge. 30

*Per.* Now mylde may be thy life,  
 For a more blusterous birth had never Babe:  
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions; for  
 Thou art the rudelyest welcome to this world,  
 That ever was Princes Child: happy what followes,  
 Thou hast as chiding a nativitie,  
 As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth, and Heaven can make,  
 To harould thee from the wombe:  
 Even at the first, thy losse is more then can

12. *my wife:* midwife—MALONE.

18-20. 3 ll. ending I, piece, *Lychorida*—MALONE.

30. new l. at *Even*—MALONE. 38. *barould:* herald—MALONE.

38-41. 4 ll. ending first, quit, gods, upon't—STEEVENS.

Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find heere: 40  
Now the good Gods throw their best eyes upon't.

*Enter two Saylers.*

1. *Sayl.* What courage sir? God save you.

Per. Courage enough, I do not feare the flaw,  
It hath done to me the worst: yet for the love  
Of this poore Infant, this fresh new sea-farer,  
I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sayl.* Slacke the bolins there; thou wilt not wilt thou?  
Blow and split thy selfe.

2. *Sayl.* But Sea-roome, and the brine and cloudy  
billow | 50  
Kisse the Moone, I care not.

1. Sir your Queene must overboard, the sea workes  
hie, |  
The Wind is lowd, and will not lie till the Ship  
Be cleard of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1. Pardon us, sir; with us at Sea it hath bin still ob-  
served. |

And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er.

Per. As you thinke meet; for she must over board  
straight; |

Most wretched Queene.

*Lychor.* Heere she lyes sir.

60

Peri. A terrible Child-bed hast thou had (my deare,  
No light, no fire, th'unfriendly elements,  
Forgot thee utterly, nor have I time  
To give thee hallowd to thy grave, but straight,

50. *and:* an—STEEVENS.

52-4. prose—MALONE.

57. *easterne:* custom—SINGER.

58. *for she must over board straight:* given to *First Sailor* after fore-going speech—MALONE.

Must cast thee scarcely Coffind, in oare,  
 Where for a monument upon thy bones,  
 The ayre remayning lampes, the belching Whale  
 And humming Water must orewhelme thy corpes,  
 Lying with simple shels: ô *Lychorida*,  
 Bid *Nestor* bring me Spices, Incke, and Taper,      70  
 My Casket, and my Jewels; and bid *Nicander*  
 Bring me the Sattin Coffin: lay the Babe  
 Upon the pillow; hie thee whiles I say  
 A priestly farewell to her: sodainely, woman.

[*Exit Lychorida.*]

2. Sir, we have a Chist beneath the hatches,  
 Caulkt and bittumed ready.

*Peri.* I thanke thee: Mariner say, what Coast is this?

2. Wee are neere *Tharsus*.

*Peri.* Thither gentle Mariner,  
 Alter thy course for *Tyre*: When canst thou reach it?

2. By breake of day, if the Wind cease.      81

*Peri.* O make for *Tharsus*,  
 There will I visit *Cleon*, for the Babe  
 Cannot hold out to *Tyrus*; there Ile leave it  
 At carefull nursing: goe thy wayes good Mariner,  
 Ile bring the body presently.                            *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*]

\* Enter Lord *Cerymon* with a servant [and some Persons  
 who have been shipwrecked].

*Cery.* Phylemon, hoe.

65. *in oare: in the ooze*—MALONE.

67. *The ayre: And aye-*—STEEVENS.

70. *Taper:* paper—2-6Q. 3-4F.      72. *Coffin:* coffer—MALONE.

75-6. *prose*—MALONE.

*Enter Phylemon.*

*Phyl.* Doth my Lord call?

*Cery.* Get Fire and meat for these poore men,  
T' as been a turbulent and stormie night.

*Serv.* I have been in many; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I neare endured.

*Cery.* Your Maister will be dead ere you returne,  
There's nothing can be ministred to Nature,      10  
That can recover him: [To *Phil.*] give this to the  
Pothecary, |

And tell me how it workes.

[*Exeunt all but Cerimon.*]

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*1. Gent.* Goodmorrow.

*2. Gent.* Good Morrow to your Lordship.

*Cery.* Gentlemen, why doe you stirre so early?

*1. Gent.* Sir, our lodgings standing bleake upon the sea,  
Shooke as the earth did quake:  
The very principals did seeme to rend and all to topple:  
Pure surprize and feare, made me to quite the house. 20

*2. Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early,  
T'is not our husbandry.

*Cery.* O you say well.

*1. Gent.* But I much marvaile that your Lordship,  
Having rich tire about you, should at these early howers,  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose; tis most strange  
Nature should be so conversant with Paine,

8. *neare:* ne'er (ne're) - 3-4F.

15-17. 3 ll. ending Gentlemen, Sir, sea - STEEVENS.

19-20. 3 ll. ending rend, fear, house - MALONE.

20. *quite:* quit - STEEVENS.

24-6. 4 ll. ending having, hours, repose, strange - MALONE.

Being thereto not compelled.

*Cery.* I hold it ever Vertue and Cunning, 29  
 Were endowments greater, then Noblenesse & Riches;  
 Carelesse Heyres, may the two latter darken and expend;  
 But Immortalitie attendes the former,  
 Making a man a god:  
 T'is knowne, I ever have studied Physicke:  
 Through which secret Art, by turning ore Authorities,  
 I have togeather with my practize, made famyliar,  
 To me and to my ayde, the blest infusions that dwels  
 In Vegetives, in Mettals, Stones: and can speake of the  
 Disturbances that Nature works, and of her cures; 39  
 which doth give me a more content in course of true delight  
 Then to be thirsty after tottering honour, or  
 Tie my pleasure up in silken Bagges,  
 To please the Foole and Death.

2. *Gent.* Your honour has through *Ephesus*,  
 Poured foorth your charitie, and hundreds call themselves,  
 Your Creatures; who by you, have been restored;  
 And not your knowledge, your personal payne,  
 But even your Purse still open, hath built Lord *Cerimon*,  
 Such strong renowne, as time shall never. 49

*Enter two or three with a Chist.*

*Serv.* So, lift there.

*Cer.* What's that?

29-40. 14 ll. ending ever, greater, heirs, expend, former, ever,  
 art, have, familiar, infusions, stones, disturbances, me, de-  
 light—MALONE. 41-2. or .. *Bagges:* 1 l.-4-6Q. 3-4F.

42. *pleasure: treasure*—STEEVENS.

44-5. 2 ll. ending forth, themselves—MALONE.

47-8. 2 ll. ending even, Cerimon—MALONE.

49. *never: ne'er decay*—STAUNTON.

51-8. verse, 5 ll. ending now, chest, upon't, be, straight—MA-  
 LONE.

*Ser.* Sir, even now did the sea tosse up upon our shore  
This Chist; tis of some wracke.

*Cer.* Set't downe, let's looke upon't.

*2. Gent.* T'is like a Coffin, sir.

*Cer.* What ere it be, t'is woondrous heavie;  
Wrench it open straight:

If the Seas stomacke be orecharg'd with Gold,      59  
T'is a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon us.

*2. Gent.* T'is so, my Lord.

*Cer.* How close tis caulk'd & bottomed, did the sea cast it  
up? |

*Ser.* I never saw so huge a billow sir, as tost it upon shore.

*Cer.* Wrench it open soft; it smels most sweetly in my  
sense. |

*2. Gent.* A delicate Odour.

*Cer.* As ever hit my nostrill: so, up with it.  
Oh you most potent Gods! what's here, a Corse?

*2. Gent.* Most strange.

*Cer.* Shrowded in Cloth of state, balmed and entreasured  
with full bagges of Spices, a Pasport to *Apollo*, perfect mee  
in the Characters:      [Reads from a scroll.]      71

*Heere I give to understand,  
If ere this Coffin drives aland;  
I King Pericles have lost  
This Queene, worth all our mundaine cost:  
Who finds her, give her burying,  
She was the Daughter of a King:  
Besides, this Treasure for a fee,  
The Gods requit his charitie.*

61-4. 4 ll. ending bitumed, sir, open, sense—STEEVENS (1803).

62. bottomed: bitumed—MALONE.      69-71. 3 ll. ending  
entreasured, too, characters—STEEVENS (1803).

70. to: too—STEEVENS (1803).      73. drives: drive—4-6Q. 3-4F.

If thou livest *Pericles*, thou hast a heart, 80  
 That ever cracks for woe, this chaunc'd to night.

2. Gent. Most likely sir.

Cer. Nay certainly to night, for looke how fresh she looks. |

They were too rough, that threw her in the sea.  
 Make a Fire within; fetch hither all my Boxes in my Closet, | [Exit a Servant.]

Death may usurpe on Nature many howers, and yet  
 The fire of life kindle againe the ore-prest spirits:  
 I heard of an *Egiptian* that had 9. howers lien dead,  
 Who was by good applyaunce recovered.

*Enter one with [boxes] Napkins and Fire.* 90

Well sayd, well sayd; the fire and clothes: the rough and Wofull Musick that we have, cause it to sound beseech you:  
 The Violl once more; how thou sturr'st thou blocke?  
 The Musicke there: I pray you give her ayre:  
 Gentlemen, this Queene will live,  
 Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her;  
 She hath not been entranc'st above five howers:  
 See how she ginnes to blow into lifes flower againe.

1. Gent. The Heavens, through you, encrease our wonder, |

And sets up your fame for ever. 100

Cer. She is alive, behold her ey-lids

81. ever: even-4-6Q. 3-4F.

82-9. 9 ll. ending to-night, rough, within, closet, hours, again, Egyptian, dead, recovered-DYCE.

91-2. 3 ll. ending clothes, have, you-4-6Q. 3-4F.

95-8. Gentlemen: separate l., and 4 ll. ending warmth, entranced, blow, again-STEEVENS. 96. awakes a .. breath:

awakes; warmth breathes-STEEVENS (1788).

99-100. new l. at Through, ending up-MALONE.

101-8. 8 ll. ending behold, jewels, lost, gold, water, Live, creature, Diana-MALONE.

Cases to those heavenly jewels which *Pericles* hath lost  
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,  
 The Diamonds of a most praysed water doth appear  
 To make the world twise rich, live, and make us weep  
 To heare your fate, faire creature, rare as you seeme to bee.

*Shee moves.*

*Thai.* O deare *Diana*, where am I? where's my Lord  
 What world is this? 10

*2. Gent.* Is not this strange? *1. Gent.* Most rare.

*Ceri.* Hush (my gentle neighbours) lend me your  
 hands, |

To the next Chamber beare her: get linnen:  
 Now this matter must be lookt to for her relapse  
 Is mortall: come, come; and *Escelapius* guide us.

*They carry her away.* *Exeunt omnes.*

[Scene iii. *Tarsus.* *A room in Cleon's house.*]

*Enter Pericles, Atharsus, with Cleon and Dionisa [and  
 Lychorida with Marina in her arms].*

*Per.* Most honor'd *Cleon*, I must needs be gone, m  
 twelve | months are expir'd, and *Tyrus* standes in  
 litigious peace: |

You and your Lady take from my heart all thankfulnessse  
 The Gods make up the rest upon you.

*Cle.* Your shakes of fortune, though they hant you mortally |

Yet glaunce full wondringly on us.

*Di.* O your sweet Queene! that the strict fates ha

104. *dotb:* Do—MALONE. 110. new l. at 1. *Gent.*—3-4

110-14. 5 ll. ending neighbours, her, to, come, us—MALONE.

2-5. 5 ll. ending gone, stands, lady, gods, you—MALONE.

6. *shakes .. bant:* shafts .. hurt—STEEVENS.

7. *wondringly:* wanderingly—STEEVENS.

7-9. 3 ll. ending queen, hither, her—ROWE.

pleas'd, | you had brought her hither to have blest  
mine eies with her. |

*Per.* We cannot but obey the powers above us; 10  
Could I rage and rore as doth the sea she lies in,  
Yet the end must be as tis: my gentle babe *Marina*,  
Whom, for she was borne at sea, I have named so,  
Here I charge your charitie withall; leaving her  
The infant of your care, beseeching you to give her  
Princely training, that she may be manere'd as she is borne.

*Cle.* Feare not (my Lord) but thinke your Grace,  
That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,  
The peoples prayers still fall upon you, must in your child  
Be thought on, if neglection should therein make me vile,  
The common body by you reliv'd, 21  
Would force me to my duety: but if to that,  
My nature neede a spurre, the Gods revenge it  
Upon me and mine, to the end of generation.

*Per.* I beleeve you, your honour and your goodnes,  
Teach me too't without your vowes, till she be maried,  
Madame by bright *Diana*, whom we honour,  
All unsisterd shall this heyre of mine remayne,  
Though I shew well in't; so I take my leave:  
Good Madame, make me blessed in your care 30  
In bringing up my Child.

*Dion.* I have one my selfe, who shall not be more deere  
to my respect then yours, my Lord.

*Peri.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cler.* Weel bring your Grace ene to the edge ath shore,

10-17. new l. at The powers, and 8 ll. ending roar, end, whom,  
here, her, you, be, think—STEEVENS.

17-28. new l. at Your, and 11 ll. ending corn, you, neglec-  
tion, body, duty, spur, mine, you, to't, madam, all—MALONE.  
28. unsisterd .. beyre: Unscissor'd .. hair—STEEVENS.

29. well: ill—2SINGER. 32-3. new l. at Who, ending respect—  
MALONE. 35. atb: o'the—MALONE.

then give you up to the mask'd *Neptune*, and the gentle winds of heaven.

*Peri.* I will imbrace your offer, come deerest Madame. Ono teares *Licherida*, no teares, looke to your litle Mis- tris, | on whose grace you may depend hereafter: come my | Lord. [Exeunt.] 41

[Scene iv. Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.]

Enter Cerimon, and Tharsa.

*Cer.* Madam, this Letter, and some certaine Jewels, Lay with you in your Coffer, which are at your command: Know you the Charecter?

*Thar.* It is my Lords, that I was shipt at sea I well remem- | ber, even on my learning time, but whether there delive- | red, by the holie gods I cannot rightly say: but since King | *Pericles* my wedded Lord, I nere shall see againe, a vastall | liverie will I take me to, and never more have joy. |

*Cler.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye speake, 10  
*Dianaes* Temple is not distant farre,  
 Where you may abide till your date expire,  
 Moreover if you please a Neece of mine,  
 Shall there attend you.

*Thin.* My recompence is thanks, thats all,  
 Yet my good will is great, though the gift small. *Exit.*

36-41. verse, 6 ll. ending and, embrace, tears, tears, grace, lord-MALONE. 39. *Licherida*: *Lychorida*-3-4F.

3. are: are now-MALONE.

3-4. new l. at At, ending character-MALONE.

5-9. new l. at That, 7 ll. ending remember, there, gods, Pericles, again, to, joy-STEEVENS.

6. learning: eaning-3-4F.

8. vastall: vestal-4F.

## [Act IV.]

*Enter Gower.*

[*Gow.*] Imagine *Pericles* arrivde at *Tyre*,  
 Welcomd and setled to his owne desire:  
 His wofull Queene we leave at Ephesus,  
 Unto *Diana* ther's a Votarissee.

Now to *Marina* bend your mind,  
 Whom our fast growing scene must finde  
 At *Tharsus*, and by *Cleon* traind  
 In Musicks letters, who hath gaind  
 Of education all the grace,      10  
 Which makes hie both the art and place  
 Of generall wonder: but alacke  
 That monster Envie oft the wracke  
 Of earned praise, *Marinas* life  
 Seeke to take off by treasons knife,  
 And in this kinde, our *Cleon* hath  
 One daughter and a full growne wench,  
 Even right for marriage sight: this Maid  
 Hight *Philoten*: and it is said  
 For certaine in our storie, shee      20  
 Would ever with *Marina* bee.  
 Beet when they weavde the sleded silke,  
 With fingers long, small, white as milke,  
 Or when she would with sharpe needle wound,

5. *tber's:* there—MALONE.9. *Musicks letters:* music, letters—MALONE.11. *bie .. art:* her .. heart—MALONE.15. *Seeke:* Seeks—Rowe.16. *our Cleon bath:* hath our Cleon—MALONE.17. *full growne wench:* wench full grown—STEEVENS (1788).18. *right:* ripe—2-6Q. 3-4F. *sight:* rite—2SINGER.22. *Beet:* Be't—3-4F. *they:* she—MALONE.

The Cambricke which she made more sound  
 By hurting it or when too'th Lute  
 She sung, and made the night bed mute,  
 That still records with mone, or when  
 She would with rich and constant pen,  
 Vaile<sup>1</sup> to her Mistresse *Dian* still,      30  
 This *Phyloten* contends in skill  
 With absolute *Marina*: so  
 The Dove of *Paphos* might with the crow  
 Vie feathers white, *Marina* gets      <sup>1</sup> give homage  
 All pryses, which are paid as debts,  
 And not as given, this so darkes  
 In *Phyloten* all gracefull markes,  
 That *Cleons* wife with Envie rare,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good *Marina*, that her daughter      40  
 Might stand peerlesse by this slaughter.  
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
*Lichorida* our nurse is dead,  
 And cursed *Dioniza* hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath.  
 Prest for this blow, the unborne event,  
 I doe commend to your content,  
 Onely I carried winged Time,  
 Post one the lame feete of my rime,  
 Which never could I so convey,      50  
 Unlesse your thoughts went on my way,  
*Dioniza* does appeare,  
 With *Leonine* a murtherer.      *Exit.*

26. *too'th:* to the—MALONE.27. *night bed:* night-bird—MALONE.33. *The .. crow:* With the Dove of Paphos might the Crow—  
STEEVENS.      48. *carried:* carry—STEEVENS.49. *one:* on—2-6Q. 3-4F.

[Scene i. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*]

*Enter Dioniza, with Leonine.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember, thou hast sworne to doo't,  
tis but a blowe which never shall bee knowne, thou  
canst not doe a thing in the worlde so soone to yeelde  
thee so much profite: let not conscience which is but  
cold, in flaming, thy love bosome, enflame too nicelie,  
nor let pittie which even women have cast off, melt thee,  
but be a souldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I will doo't, but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the Gods should have her. 10  
Here she comes weeping for her onely Mistresse death,  
Thou art resolvde.

*Leon.* I am resolvde.

*Enter Marina with a Basket of flowers.*

*Mari.* No: I will rob *Tellus* of her weede to strowe  
thy greene with Flowers, the yellowes, blewes, the purple  
Violets, and Marigolds, shall as a Carpet hang upon thy  
grave, while Sommer dayes doth last: Aye me poore maid,  
borne in a tempest, when my mother dide, this world to me  
is a lasting storme, whirring me from my friends. 20

*Dion.* How now *Marina*, why doe you keep alone?  
How chaunce my daughter is not with you?  
Doe not consume your blood with sorrowing,  
Have you a nurse of me? Lord how your favours

3-8. 7 ll. ending known, soon, conscience, bosom, which, be,  
purpose—*Rowe*, *MALONE*.

6. *in flaming, thy love bosome:* inflaming love i' thy bosom—  
*KNIGHT.* 10-12. prose—*GLOBE*.

15-20. verse, 8 ll. ending weed, blues, marigolds, grave,  
maid, died, storm, friends—*Rowe*. 18. *dotb:* do—5Q.

20. *is a:* is like a—4-6Q. 3-4F. 22-5. 4 ll. ending  
do not, you have, chang'd, woe—*MALONE* (1790).

24. *Have you:* You have—4Q. 3-4F.

Changd with this unprofitable woe:  
 Come give me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,  
 Walke with *Leonine*, the ayre is quicke there,  
 And it perces and sharpens the stomacke,  
 Come *Leonine* take her by the arme, walke with her.

*Mari.* No I pray you, Ile not bereave you of your servant. | 30

*Dion.* Come, come, I love the king your father, and your selfe, with more than forraine heart, wee every day expect | him here, when he shall come and find our Paragon to all | reports thus blasted,  
 He will repent the breadth of his great voyage, blame both my Lord and me, that we have taken no care to your best courses, go I pray you, walke and be chearfull once againe, reserve that excellent complexion, which did steale the eyes of yong and old. Care not for me, I can go home alone. 40

*Mari.* Well, I will goe, but yet I have no desire too it.

*Dion.* Come, come, I know tis good for you, walke halfe an hour with *Leonine*, at the least, remember what I have sed. |

*Leon.* I warrant you Madam.

*Dion.* Ile leave you my sweete Ladie, for a while, pray walke softly, doe not heat your bloud, what, I must have care of you.

*Mari.* My thanks sweete Madame, [Exit *Dionyza*.] Is this wind Westerlie | that blowes?

*Leon.* Southwest. 50

*Mari.* When I was borne the wind was North.

29-48. verse, new l. at *Leonine-MALONE*, and 21 ll. ending her, you, come, yourself, day, find, blasted, voyage, taken, you, reserve, steal, me, go, it, you, least, madam, while, blood, madam-*ROWE*. 43. with: out-3-4F.

46-7. bave care: have a care-4-6Q. 3-4F.

*Leon.* Wast so?

*Mari.* My father, as nutse ses, did never feare, but cryed | good sea-men to the Saylers, galling his kingly hands ha- | ling ropes, and clasping to the Mast, endured a sea that al- | most burst the decke.

*Leon.* When was this?

*Mari.* When I was borne, never was waves nor windē | more violent, and from the ladder tackle, washes off a can- | vas clymer, ha ses one, wolt out? and with a dropping in- | dustrie they skip from sterne to sterne, the Boatswaine | whistles, and the Maister calles and trebles their confusion. | 62

*Leon.* Come say your prayers.

*Mari.* What meane you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for praier, I graunt it, | pray, but bee not tedious, for the Gods are quicke of eare, | and I am sworne to do my worke with haste.

*Mari.* Why will you kill me?

*Leon.* To satisfie my Ladie. 69

*Mari.* Why would shee have mee kild now? as I can re- | member by my troth, I never did her hurt in all my life, I | never spake bad worde, nor did ill turne to anie living crea- | ture: Beleeve me law, I never killd a Mouse, nor hurt a Fly: | I trode upon a worne against my will, but I wept fort. How | have I offended, wherein my death might yeeld her anie | profit, or my life imply her any danger?

53. *nutse:* nurse—2-6Q. 3-4F. *ses:* said—MALONE.

53-7. verse, 5 ll. ending fear, galling, ropes, sea, this—MALONE.

58-62. verse, 7 ll. ending borne, violent, off, out, skip, and, confusion—MALONE. 60. *wolt:* wilt—4-6Q. 3-4F.

61. *sterne to sterne:* stem to stern—MALONE.

65-76. verse, 2 ll. ending prayer, tedious—ROWE, and 12 ll. ending sworn, me, kill'd, troth, life, turn, mela, fly, will, offended, profit, danger—MALONE.

*Leon.* My Commission is not to reason of the deed, but  
doo't. 78

*Mari.* You will not doo't for all the world I hope: you  
are well favoured, and your lookes foreshew you have a  
gentle heart, I saw you latelie when you caught hurt in par-  
ting two that fought: good sooth it shewde well in you, do  
so now, your Ladie seekes my life Come, you betweene, and  
save poore mee the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworne and will dispatch. [He seizes  
her.] Enter Pirats. |

*Pirat. 1.* Hold villaine. [Leonine runs away.]

*Pirat 2.* A prize, a prize.

*Pirat. 3.* Halfe part mates, halfe part. Come lets have  
her aboord sodainely.

*Exit* [with *Marina*]. 90

*Enter Leonine.*

*Leon.* The rogueing theeves serve the great Pyrate  
*Valdes*, and they have seized *Marina*, let her goe, ther's no  
hope shee will returne, Ile sweare shees dead, and throwne  
into the Sea, but ile see further: perhappes they will but  
please themselves upon her, not carrie her aboord, ifshee  
remaine

Whome they have ravisht, must by mee be slaine.

*Exit.*

[Scene ii. *Mytilene.* *A room in a brothel.* ]

*Enter the three Bawdes.*

*Pander. Boult.*

*Boult. Sir.*

77-8. new l. at Is, ending do it-ROWE. 79-84. verse, 6 five-accent  
ll.-ROWE. 85. new l. at And-MALONE. 92. *The:* These-ROWE.  
92-7. verse, 6 ll. ending Valdes, go, dead, further, her, remain-  
-ROWE.

*Pander.* Searche the market narrowly, *Mettelyne* is full of gallants, wee lost too much much money this mart by beeing too wenchlesse.

*Bawd.* Wee were never so much out of Creatures, we have but poore three, and they can doe no more then they can doe, and they with continuall action, are even as good as rotten.

10

*Pander.* Therefore lets have fresh ones what ere wee pay | for them, if there bee not a conscience to be usde in everie | trade, wee shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou sayst true, tis not our bringing up of poore bastards, as I thinke, I have brought up some eleven.

*Boult.* I to eleven, and brought them downe againe, but shall I searche the market?

*Bawde.* What else man? the stiffe we have, a strong wind will blow it to peeces, they are so pittifullly sodden.

*Pander.* Thou sayest true, ther's two unwholesome a conscience, the poore *Transilvanian* is dead that laye with the little baggadge.

22

*Boult.* I, shee quickly poupt him, she made him roast-meate for wormes, but Ille goe searche the market.

*Exit.*

*Pand.* Three or foure thousande Checkins were as prettie a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why, to give over I pray you? Is it a shame to get when wee are olde?

29

*Pand.* Oh our credite comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commoditie wages not with the daunger: therefore if in our youthes we could pick up some prettie estate, t'were not amisse to keepe our doore hatch't, besides

5. repeated *much* out-2-6Q. 3-4F.

20. *ther's* two .. a: they're too .. o'-MALONE.

26. *Checkins:* chequins-MALONE.

the sore tearmes we stand upon with the gods, wilbe strong  
with us for giving ore.

*Bawd.* Come other sorts offend as well as wee.

*Pand.* As well as wee. I, and better too, wee offend  
worse, neither is our profession any trade, It's no calling,  
but heere comes *Boult*.

*Enter Boult with the Pirates and Marina.* 40

*Boult.* [To *Marina*] Come your wayes my maisters,  
you say shee's a | virgin.

*Sayler.* O Sir, wee doubt it not.

*Boult.* Master, I have gone through for this peece you  
see, if you like her so, if not I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* *Boult* has shee anie qualities?

*Boult.* Shee has a good face, speakes well, and has ex-  
cellent good cloathes: theres no farther necessitie of qua-  
lities can make her be refuz'd

*Bawd,* What's her price *Boult?* 50

*Boult.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand peeces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me my maisters, you shall have your  
money presenly, wife take her in, instruct her what she has  
to doe, that she may not be rawe in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pandar and Pirates.*]

*Bawd.* *Boult*, take you the markes of her, the colour of  
her haire, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her  
virginitie, and crie; He that wil give most shal have her  
first, | such a maydenhead were no cheape thing, if  
men were as | they have beene: get this done as I  
command you. |

*Boult.* Performance shall follow.

*Exit.* 60

*Mar.* Alacke that Leonine was so slacke, so slow, he  
should | have strooke, not spoke, or that these Pirates,

41. period after ways—MALONE. 53. presenly: presently—2-6Q.  
3-4F. 56. ber age: ber out—4-6Q. 3-4F

61-4. verse, 4 ll. ending slow, pirates, me, mother—MALONE.

not enough | barbarous, had not oreboord throwne me,  
for to seeke my | mother.

*Bawd.* Why lament you prettie one?

*Mar.* That I am prettie.

*Bawd.* Come, the Gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light into my hands, where you are like  
to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault, to scape his handes, where I  
was to die.

*Bawd.* I, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes indeed shall you, and taste Gentlemen of all  
fashions, you shall fare well, you shall have the difference of  
all complexions, what doe you stop your eares?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have mee be, and I bee not a  
woman?

80

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marie whip the Gosseling, I thinke I shall have  
something to doe with you, come you'r a young foolish  
sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The Gods defend me.

*Baud.* If it please the Gods to defend you by men, then  
men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you  
up: *Boult*s returnd. [Re-enter *Bolt*.] Now sir, hast  
thou cride her through | the Market?

*Boult.* I have cryde her almost to the number of her  
haires, I have drawne her picture with my voice.

91  
*Baud.* And I prethee tell me, how dost thou find the in-  
clination of the people, especially of the yonger sort?

71-2. new l. at To-MALONE. 73. *pleasure*: pleasure-2-6Q. 3-4F.

79. *and*: an-MALONE. 82. *the*: thee-4-6Q. 3-4F.

87. *men stir*: men must stir-4-6Q. 3-4F.

*Boult.* Faith they listened to mee, as they would have harkened to their fathers testament, there was a Spaniards mouth watred, and he went to bed to her verie description.

*Baud.* We shall have him here to morrow with his best ruffe on.

*Boult.* To night, to night, but Mistresse doe you knowe the French knight, that cowres ethe hams? 100

*Baud.* Who, *Mounsieur Verollus?*

*Boult.* I, he, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a groane at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

*Baud.* Well, well, as for him, hee brought his disease hither, here he does but repaire it, I knowe hee will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the Sunne.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of everie Nation a traveller, wee should lodge them with this signe. 109

*Baud.* [To Mar.] Pray you come hither a while, you have | Fortunes comming uppon you, marke mee, you must | seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willing- | ly, despise profite, where you have most gaine, to weepe | that you live as yee doe, makes pittie in your Lovers sel- | dome, but that pittie begets you a good opinion, and that | opinion a meere profite.

*Mari.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O take her home Mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must bee quencht with some present practise. 120

*Mari.* Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

96. *mouth watred, and:* mouth so watered that—4-6Q. 3-4F.

100. *cowres ethe:* cowers i' the (i'th)—3-4F.

101. *Verollus:* Veroles—MALONE.

114. colon after *Lovers*—MALONE.

*Boult.* Faith some doe, and some doe not, but Mistresse if I have bargained for the joynt.

*Baud.* Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

*Baud.* Who should denie it?

Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

130

*Boult.* I by my faith, they shall not be changd yet.

*Baud.* *Boult,* spend thou that in the towne: report what a sojourner we have, youle loose nothing by custome. When Nature framde this peece, shee meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine owne report.

*Boult.* I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giving out her beautie stirs up the lewdly inclined, Ile bring home some to night.

*Baud.* Come your wayes, follow me.

140

*Mari.* If fires be hote, knives sharpe, or waters deepe, Untide I still my virgin knot will keepe.

*Diana* ayde my purpose.

*Baud.* What have we to doe with *Diana*, pray you will you goe with us?

Exit.

[Scene iii. *Tarsus.* A room in Cleon's house.]

Enter Cleon, and Dioniza.

*Dion.* Why ere you foolish, can it be undone?

*Cleon.* O *Dioniza*, such a peece of slaughter, The Sunne and Moone nere lookt upon.

*Dion.* I thinke youle turne a chidle agen.

*Cleon.* Were I chife Lord of all this spacious world, Ide

128-9. prose—MALONE.

2. ere: are—4-6Q. 3-4F.

MALONE. cbidle: child—4-6Q. 3-4F.

138. stirs: stir—MALONE.

5. new l. at You'll—

6. Ide: I'ld—CAMBRIDGE.

give it to undo the deede. O Ladie much lesse in bloud then vertue, yet a Princes to equall any single Crowne ath earthith Justice of compare, O villaine, *Leonine* whom thou hast poisned too, if thou hadst drunke to him tad beene a kindnesse becomming well thy face, what canst thou say when noble *Pericles* shall demaund his child? 12

*Dion.* That shee is dead. Nurses are not the fates to foster it, not ever to preserve, she dide at night, Ile say so, who | can crosse it unlesse you play the impious Innocent, and | for an honest attribute, crie out shee dyde by foule | play.

*Cle.* O goe too, well, well, of all the faults beneath the heavens, the Gods doe like this worst. 19

*Dion.* Be one of those that thinkes the pettie wrens of *Tharsus* will flie hence, and open this to *Pericles*, I do shame | to thinke of what a noble straine you are, and of how co- | ward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding who ever but his approbation added, though not his prince consent, he did not flow from honourable courses. 26

*Dion.* Be it so then, yet none does knowe but you how shee came dead, nor none can knowe *Leonine* being gone. Shee did disdaine my childe, and stooode betweene her and her fortunes: none woulde looke on her, but cast their gazes on *Marianas* face, whilst ours was blurted at, and helde a Mawkin not worth the time of day.

6-43. verse, 42 ll. ending world, lady, princess, earth, *Leonine*, too, kindness, say, child, fates, preserve, cross it, innocent, out, well, gods, think, hence, shame, are, proceeding, added, flow, then, dead, gone, between, her, face, malkin, thorough, unnatural, find, kindness, it, *Pericles*, hearse, monument, epitaphs, express, us, harpy—MALONE.

8. *atb:* o'the—MALONE.

9. *itb:* I'the—MALONE.

10. *tad:* 't had—DYCE.

11. *face:* fact—2SINGER.

15. *impious:* pious—COLLIER.

20. *thinkes:* think—MALONE.

25. *prince:* prime—DYCE.

29. *disdaine:* distain—SINGER.

It pierst me thorow, and though you call my course un-naturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets mee as an enterprize of kindnesse performd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it.

37

*Dion.* And as for *Pericles*, what should hee say, we wept after her hearse, & yet we mourne, her monument is almost finished, & her epitaphs in glittiring golden characters expres | a generall prayse to her, and care in us at whose expence | tis done.

42

*Cle.* Thou art like the Harpie,  
Which to betray, doest with thine Angells face ceaze with  
thine Eagles talents.

*Dion.* Yere like one that supersticiously,  
Doe sweare too'th Gods, that Winter kills  
The Fliies, but yet I know, youle  
doe as I advise.

[Scene iv. *Enter Gower, before the monument of Marina at Tarsus.*]

*Gower.* Thus time we waste, & long leagues make short,  
Saile seas in Cockles, have and wish but fort,  
Making to take our imagination,  
From bourne to bourne, region to region,  
By you being pardoned we commit no crime,  
To use one language, in each severall clime,  
Where our sceanes seemes to live,  
I doe beseech you  
To learne of me who stand with gappes

44-5. verse, 2 ll. ending face, talons-3-4F.

45. talents: talons-ROWE. 46. Yere: You are-4-6Q. 3-4F.

47. Doe: Doth-4-6Q. 3-4F.

47-9. 2 ll. ending flies, advise-4-6Q. 3-4F.

1. long: longest-3-4F.

2. fort: for't-3-4F.

3. sur: your-MALONE. 7. seemes: seem-3-4F. 7-8. 1 l.-3-4F.

9. with gappes: i'the gaps-3-4F.

9-10. 1 l.-3-4F.

To teach you.

10

The stages of our storie *Pericles*

Is now againe thwarting thy wayward seas,  
Attended on by many a Lord and Knight,  
To see his daughter all his lives delight.

Old *Helicanus* goes along behind,  
Is left to governe it, you beare in mind.

Old *Escenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late  
Advancde in time to great and hie estate.  
Well sayling ships, and bounteous winds  
Have brought

This king to *Tharsus*, thinke this Pilat thought  
So with his sterage, shall your thoughts grone  
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone  
Like moats and shadowes, see them  
Move a while,  
Your eares unto your eyes Ile reconcile.

20

[*Dumb Show.*]

Enter *Pericles* at one doore, withall his trayne, *Cleon* and  
*Dio-* | *niza* at the other. *Cleon shewes Pericles the*  
*tombe, whereat Pe-* | *ricles makes lamentation, puts*  
*on sacke-cloth, and in a mighty* | *passion departs.*  
[Then exeunt *Cleon* and *Dionyza.*] |

30

*Gowr.* See how beleefe may suffer by fowle showe,  
This borrowed passion stands for true olde woe:  
And *Pericles* in sorrowe all devour'd,  
With sighes shot through, and biggest teares ore-showr'd,  
Leaves *Tharsus*, and againe imbarques, hee sweares

12. *tby:* the—2-6Q. 3-4F.14. *lives:* life's—ROWE.15. colon after *along*—HUDSON.16. *you beare in mind:* bear

you it in mind—MALONE.

19-20. 1 l.—4-6Q. 3-4F.

21. *this:* his—MALONE.22. *grone:* grow on.—MALONE.24. *moats:* motes—ROWE.

24-5. 1 l.—4-6Q. 3-4F.

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hayres:  
 Hee put on sack-cloth, and to Sea he beares,  
 A Tempest which his mortall vessell teares.  
 And yet hee rydes it out, Nowe please you wit:  
 The Epitaph is for *Marina* writ, by wicked *Dioniza*.<sup>40</sup>

[Reads the inscription on *Marina's* monument.]

*The fairest, sweetest, and best lyes heere,*  
*Who withered in her spring of yeare:*  
*She was of Tyrus the Kings daughter,*  
*On whom fowle death bath made this slaughter.*  
*Marina was shee call'd, and at her byrth,*  
*Thetis being proud, swallowed some part ath' earth:*  
*Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,*  
*Hath Thetis byrth-childe on the heavens bestowed.*  
*Wherefore she does and sweares sheele never stint,*  
*Make raging Battery upon shores of flint.*      50

No vizor does become blacke villanie,  
 So well as soft and tender flatterie:  
 Let *Pericles* beleeve his daughter's dead,  
 And beare his courses to be ordered;  
 By Lady *Fortune*, while our *Steare* must play,  
 His daughters woe and heavie welladay.  
 In her unholie service: Patience then,  
 And thinke you now are all in *Mittelin*.

*Exit.*

37. *put .. Sea be:* puts .. sea. He-MALONE.

40. new l. at By-MALONE.

46. *atb': o'the-*MALONE.

58. *Mittelin:* Mytilene-MALONE.

55. *Steare:* scene-MALONE.

[Scene v. *Mytilene.* *A street before the brothel.*]

*Enter [from the brothel] two Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent.* Did you ever heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor never shall doe in such a place as this, shee beeing once gone.

1. But to have divinitie preach't there, did you ever dreame of such a thing?

2. No, no, come, I am for no more bawdie houses, shall's goe heare the Vestalls sing?

1. Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out | of the road of rutting for ever. *Exit.* 10

[Scene vi. *The same.* *A room in the brothel.*]

*Enter Bawdes 3.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her shee had nere come heere.

*Bawd.* Fye, fye, upon her, shee's able to freeze the god *Priapus*, and undoe a whole generation, we must either get | her ravished, or be rid of her, when she should doe for *Cly-* | ents her fitment, and doe mee the kindnesse of our pro- | fession, shee has me her quirks, her reasons, her master rea- | sons, her prayers, her knees, that shee would make a *Puri-* | *taine* of the divell, if hee should cheapen a kisse of her. | 10

*Boult.* Faith I must ravish her, or shee'le disfurnish us of all our Cavalereea, and make our swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now the poxe upon her greene sicknes for mee.

*Bawd.* Faith ther's no way to be ridde on't but by the way to the pox. Here comes the Lord *Lysimachus* disguised. |

12. *Cavalereea:* cavaliers (cavaleers—3 F.)—4 F.

*Boult.* Wee should have both Lorde and Lowne, if the peevish baggadge would but give way to customers.

*Enter Lysimachus.*

*Lysim.* How now, how a douzen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now the Gods to blesse your Honour. 20

*Boult.* I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

*Li.* You may, so t'is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legges, how now? wholsome iniquitie have you, that a man may deale withall, and defie the Surgion?

*Bawd.* Wee have heere one Sir, if shee would, but there never came her like in *Meteline*.

*Li.* If shee'd doe the deedes of darknes thou wouldest say. |

*Bawd.* Your Honor knows whatt'is to say wel enough.

*Li.* Well, call forth, call forth. 30

*Boult.* For flesh and bloud Sir, white and red, you shall see a rose, and she were a rose indeed, if shee had but.

*Li.* What prithi?

*Boult.* O Sir, I can be modest.

*Li.* That dignities the renowne of a Bawde, no lesse then it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

[*Exit Boult.*]

*Bawd.* Heere comes that which growes to the stalke,  
Never pluckt yet I can assure you.  
Is shee not a faire creature?

[*Re-enter Boult with Marina.*]

*Ly.* Faith shee would serve after a long voyage at Sea, |

Well theres for you, leave us. 40

22. *You may, so:* shift comma after 20-4-6Q. 28. *shee'd:* she'd—  
CAMBRIDGE. *deedes:* deed—5-6Q. 37-43. prose—MALONE.

*Bawd.* I beseeche your Honor give me leave a word,  
And Ile have done presently.

*Li.* I beseech you doe.

*Bawd.* [To *Marina*] First, I would have you note,  
this is an Honorable man.

*Mar.* I desire to finde him so, that I may worthilie  
note him. |

*Bawd.* Next hees the Governor of this countrey, and  
a man whom I am bound too. 49

*Ma.* If he governe the countrey you are bound to him  
indeed, but how honorable he is in that, I knowe not.

*Bawd.* Pray you without any more virginall fencing,  
will you use him kindly? he will lyne your apron with  
gold. |

*Ma.* What hee will doe gratiouly, I will thankfully  
receive.

*Li.* Ha you done?

*Bawd.* My Lord shees not pac'ste yet, you must take  
some paines to worke her to your mannage, come wee will  
leave his Honor, and her together, goe thy wayes.

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pandar, and Boult.*] 50

*Li.* Now prittie one, how long have you beene at  
this trade? |

*Ma.* What trade Sir?

*Li.* Why, I cannot name but I shall offend.

*Ma.* I cannot be offended with my trade, please you  
to name it. |

*Li.* How long have you bene of this profession?

*Ma.* Ere since I can remember.

*Li.* Did you goe too't so young, were you a gamester  
at five, or at seven?

*Ma.* Earlyer too Sir, if now I bee one.

57. *pac'ste*: paced (pace't)-3-4F.

62. *name*: name't-3-4F.

*Ly.* Why? the house you dwell in proclaines you to be a Creature of sale. 70

*Ma.* Doe you knowe this house to be a place of such resort, and will come intoo't? I heare say you're of honour- | able parts, and are the Governour of this place. |

*Li.* Why, hath your principall made knowne unto you who I am?

*Ma.* Who is my principall?

*Li.* Why, your hearbe-woman, she that sets seeds and rootes of shame and iniquitie. 78

O you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloft for more serious wooing, but I protest to thee prettie one, my authoritie shall not see thee, or else looke friendly upon thee, come bring me to some private place: Come, come.

*Ma.* If you were borne to honour, shew it now, if put upon you, make the judgement good, that thought you worthie of it.

*Li.* How's this? how's this? some more, be sage.

*Mar.* For me that am a maide, though most ungentle Fortune have plac't mee in this Stie, where since I came, diseases have beene solde deerer then Phisicke, that the gods would set me free from this unhalowed place, though they did chaunge mee to the meanest byrd that flyes i'th purer ayre. 93

*Li.* I did not thinke thou couldst have spoke so well,

80. *aloft:* aloof—Rowe.

84-5. new l. at If, ending good—Rowe.

88-94. verse; new l. at That, 7 ll. ending fortune, came, phys-  
sic, gods, place, bird, think—Dyce.

90. *that:* O, that—4-6Q. 3-4F.

94-9. verse; new l. at Thou, 5 ll. ending couldst, mind, thee,  
goest, you—Rowe.

nere dremp't thou could'st, had I brought hither a corrupted minde, thy speeche had altered it, holde, heeres golde for thee, persever in that cleare way thou goest and the gods strengthen thee.

*Ma.* The good Gods preserve you.

99

*Li.* For me be yqu thoughten, that I came with no ill intent, for to me the very dores and windows savor vilely, | fare thee well, thou art a peece of vertue, & I doubt not but | thy training hath bene noble, hold, heeres more golde for | thee, a curse upon him, die he like a theefe that robs thee of | thy goodnes, if thou doest heare from me it shalbe for thy | good.

[*Re-enter Boult.*]

*Boult.* I beseeche your Honor one peece for me.

*Li.* Avaunt thou damned dore-keeper, your house but for this virgin that doeth prop it, would sincke and overwhelme you. Away. [Exit.] 110

*Boult.* How's this? wee must take another course with you? if your peevish chastitie, which is not worth a breake- | fast in the cheapest countrey under the coap, shall undoe a | whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel, come your wayes. |

*Ma.* Whither would you have mee?

*Boult.* I must have your mayden-head taken off, or the | common hang-man shal execute it, come your way, weeble have | no more Gentlemen driven away, come your wayes I say. |

95. *nere dremp't:* ne'er (ne're) dream'd-3-4F.

100-4. verse; new l. at That, 6 ll. ending *me, vilely, and, noble, thee, thief*-MALONE.

104-6. verse; new l. at That *robs*, 2 ll. ending *dost, good*-Dyce.

108-10. verse, 3 ll. ending *door-keeper, it, away*-Rowe.

117. *way: ways*-Dyce.

*Enter Bawdes.*

*Bawd.* How now, whats the matter? 120

*Boult.* Worse and worse mistris, shee has heere spoken holie words to the Lord *Lisimachus*.

*Bawd.* O abominable.

*Boult.* He makes our profession as it were to stincke afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marie hang her up for ever.

*Boult.* The Noble man would have dealt with her like | a Noble man, and shee sent him away as colde as a Snowe- | ball, saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* *Boult* take her away, use her at thy pleasure, crack | the glasse of her virginitie, and make the rest maliable. | 131

*Boult.* And if shee were a thornyer peece of ground then shee is, shee shall be plowed.

*Ma.* Harke, harke you Gods.

*Bawd.* She conjures, away with her, would she had ne- | ver come within my doores, Marrie hang you: shees borne | to undoe us, will you not goe the way of wemen-kinde? | Marry come up my dish of chastitie with rosemary & baies. | [Exit.]

*Boult.* Come mistris, come your way with mee.

*Ma.* Whither wilt thou have mee?

140

*Boult.* To take from you the Jewell you hold so deere.

*Ma.* Prithee tell mee one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now your one thing.

*Ma.* What canst thou wish thine enemie to be.

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to bee my master, or rather my mistris.

119. *Bawdes:* Bawd-ROWE.

132. *And:* An-MALONE.

124. *He:* She-ROWE.

139. *way:* ways-4F.

*Ma.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they | doe better thee in their command, thou hold'st a place for | which the painedst feende of hell would not in reputation | change: Thou art the damned doore-keeper to every cu- | sterell that comes enquiring for his Tib. To the cholericke | fisting of every rogue, thy eare is lyable, thy foode is such | as hath beene belch't on by infected lungs. | .

153

*Bo.* What wold you have me do? go to the wars, wold you? | wher a man may serve 7. yeers for the losse of a leg, & have | not money enough in the end to buy him a woodenne one? |

*Ma.* Doe any thing but this thou doest, emptie olde receptacles, or common-shores of filthe, serve by indenture, to the common hang-man, anie of these wayes are yet better then this: for what thou professest, a Baboone could he speak, would owne a name too deere, that the gods wold safely deliver me from this place: here, heers gold for thee, if that thy master wold gaine by me, proclaime that I can sing, weave, sow, & dance, with other vertues, which Ile keep | from boast, and will undertake all these to teache. I doubt | not but this populous Cittie will yelde manie schollers. |

*Boult.* But can you teache all this you speake of?

*Ma.* Proove that I cannot, take mee home againe, And prostitute mee to the basest groome that doeth frequent your house.

170

147-50. verse, 4 ll. ending art, command, fiend, change—**Rowe.**

150-3. verse, 5 ll. ending every, Tib, rogue, such, lungs **MALONE.**

157-66. verse, 14 ll. ending empty, filth, hangman, this, speak, gods, place, thee, me, dance, boast, teach, will, scholars—**MALONE.**

165. and will: and I will—**Rowe.**

169. new l. at That—**Rowe.**

*Boult.* Well I will see what I can doe for thee: if I can place thee I will.

*Ma.* But amongst honest woman.

*Boult.* Faith my acquaintance lies little amongst them, But since my master and mistris hath bought you, theres no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall finde them tractable enough. Come, Ile doe for thee what I can, come your wayes.

*Exeunt.*

[Act V.]

*Enter Gower.*

[*Gow.*] *Marina* thus the Brothell scapes, and chaunces Into an *Honest-house* our Storie sayes:  
 She sings like one immortall, and shee daunces As Goddesse-like to her admired layes.  
 Deepe clearks she dumb's, and with her neele compo-  
 ses, |  
 Natures owne shape, of budde, bird, branche, or berry.  
 That even her art sisters the naturall Roses  
 Her Inckle,<sup>1</sup> Silke Twine, with the rubied Cherrie,  
 That puples lackes she none of noble race,      10  
 Who powre their bountie on her: and her gaine  
 She gives the cursed Bawd, here wee her place,  
 And to hir Father turne our thoughts againe,      <sup>1</sup> tape  
 Where wee left him on the Sea, wee there him left,  
 Where driven before the windes, hee is arriv'd  
 Heere where his daughter dwels, and on this coast,  
 Suppose him now at *Anchor*: the Citie striv'de

173. *woman:* women—MALONE.

175. *bath:* have—4F.

6. *dumb's:* dumbs—3-6Q. *neele:* needle—Dyce.

9. *Silke Twine:* silk, twin—MALONE.

14. *left:* lost—MALONE.

15. *Where:* Whence—STEEVENS.

God *Neptunes* Annuall feast to keepe, from whence  
*Lysimachus* our *Tyrian* Shippe espies,  
 His banners Sable, trim'd with rich expence,      20  
 And to him in his Barge with fervor hyes,  
 In your supposing once more put your sight,  
 Of heavy *Pericles*, thinke this his Barke:  
 Where what is done in action, more if might  
 Shalbe discoverd, please you sit and harke.      *Exit.*

[Scene i. On board *Pericles'* ship, off *Mytilene*. A close pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; *Pericles* within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the *Tyrian* vessel.]

*Enter Helicanus*, to him 2. *Saylers* [one belonging to the *Tyrian* vessel, the other to the barge].

1. *Say*. Where is Lord *Helicanus*? hee can resolve you, |

O here he is Sir, there is a barge put off from *Metaline*, and in it is *Lysimachus* the *Governour*, who craves to come aboard, what is your will?

*Helly*. That hee have his, call up some Gentlemen.

2. *Say*. Ho Gentlemen, my Lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

1. *Gent*. Doeth your Lordship call?

*Helli*. Gentlemen there is some of worth would come aboard, I pray greet him fairely.      11

[The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.]

3-5. verse, 4 ll. ending is, *Mytilene*, governor, will—*STEEVENS*.  
 11. pray greet: pray ye (thee-3-4F.) greet—*ROWE*.

Enter [from thence] Lysimachus [and Lords; with the Gentlemen and the two Sailors].

*Hell.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would resolve you.

*Lys.* Hayle reverent Syr, the Gods preserve you.

*Hell.* And you to out-live the age I am, and die as I would doe.

*Li.* You wish mee well, beeing on shore, honoring of Neptunes triumphs, seeing this goodly vessell ride before us, I made to it, to knowe of whence you are. 20

*Hell.* First what is your place?

*Ly.* I am the Gouvernour of this place you lie before.

*Hell.* Syr our vessell is of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three moneths hath not spoken to anie one, nor taken sustenance, but to prorogue his grieve.

*Li.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hell.* Twould be too tedious to repeat, but the mayne grieve springs from the losse of a beloved daughter & a wife. |

*Li.* Nay wee not see him? 29

*Hell.* You may, but bootlesse. Is your sight hee, will not speake to any, [Lys.] yet let me obtaine my wish.

*Lys.* [Hel.] Behold him, [Pericles discovered.] this was a goodly person. |

13. *Sir:* separate l.—MALONE.

14. *resolve you:* separate l.—MALONE.

16-17. *you to:* you, sir, to, and new l. at And—MALONE.

18-20. new l. at Being, 2 ll. ending triumphs, us—ROWE.

22. new l. at Of—DYCE.

23-5. new ll. at Our, A man, To, But—STEEVENS.

27-8. 3 ll. ending repeat, loss, wife—MALONE.

30. *bootlesse.* Is your sight bee, will: bootless is your sight. He will (comma after sight)—2-6Q. 3-4F.

30-1. new ll. at But, To—COLLIER.

31, 32. bracketed corrections of speakers—4-6Q. 3-4F.

*Hell.* Till the disaster that one mortall wight drove him | to this.

*Lys.* Sir King all haile, the Gods preserve you, haile royll sir.

*Hell.* It is in vain, he will not speake to you.

*Lord.* Sir we have a maid in *Metiline*, I durst wager would | win some words of him. 39

*Lys.* Tis well bethought, she questionlesse with her sweet | harmonie, and other chosen attractions, would allure and | make a battrie through his defend parts, which now are | midway stopt, shee is all happie as the fairest of all, and her | fellow maides, now upon the leavie shelter that abutts a- | gainst the Islands side.

[Whispers a Lord who goes off in the barge of  
*Lysimachus.*]

*Hell.* Sure all effectlesse, yet nothing weeble omit that beares recoveries name. But since your kindnesse wee have stretcht thus farre, let us beseech you, that for our golde we may provision have, wherein we are not destitute for want, but wearie for the stalenesse. 50

*Lys.* O sir, a curtesie, which if we should denie, the most | just God for every graffe would send a Caterpillar, and so | inflict our Province: yet once more let mee intreat to | knowe at large the cause of your kings sorrow.

33. *Hell.*: out-4-6Q. 3-4F. *wight*: night, and new l. at Drove-MALONE. 35. new l. at Hail-STEEVENS.

38-9. new ll. at We, Would-DYCE.

40-54. verse, new l. at She, 18 ll. ending harmony, allure, parts, stopp'd, all, upon, against, side, omit, kindness, you, have, want, courtesy, gods, caterpillar, more, cause-MALONE.

42. *defend*: deafen'd-MALONE.

43. *and ber*: and with her-MALONE.

44. *maides, now*: maids is now-MALONE.

46. *all*: all's-MALONE.

52. *God*: gods-DYCE.

*Hell.* Sit sir, I will recount it to you, but see I am prevented.

[*Re-enter from the barge, Lord, with Marina, and a young lady.*] ]

*Lys.* O hee'rs the Ladie that I sent for,  
Welcome faire one, ist not a goodly present?

*Hell.* Shee's a gallant Ladie.

*Lys.* Shee's such a one, that were I well assurde  
Came of a gentle kinde, and noble stocke, I do wish  
No better choise, and thinke me rarely to wed,  
Faire on all goodnesse that consists in beautie,  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient  
If that thy prosperous and artificiall fate,  
Can draw him but to answere thee in ought,  
Thy sacred Physicke shall receive such pay,  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir I will use my utmost skill in his recoverie, pro-  
vided that none but I and my companion maid be suffered  
to come neere him.

71

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her, and the Gods make her  
pro- | sperous. [*Marina sings.*] *The Song.*

*Lys.* Marke he your Musicke?

*Mar.* No nor lookt on us.

*Lys.* See she will speake to him.

55. new l. at But-COLIER. 57. bee'rs: here is-STEEVENS.

57-8. new ll. at The, Is't-STEEVENS.

58. present: presence-MALONE.

61. I do: I'd (I'd)-CAMBRIDGE; beginning new l.-DYCE.

62. to: out-4-6Q. 3-4F.

63. on .. beautie: one .. bounty-STEEVENS (1788).

65. fate: feat-STEEVENS (1788).

69-70. new ll. at My, Provided, That, Be-MALONE.

72. new l. at And-STEEVENS.

74. Marke: Mark'd (Markt)-4-6Q. 3-4F.

*Mar.* Haile sir, my Lord lend eare.

*Per.* Hum, ha.

78

*Mar.* I am a maid, my Lorde, that nere before invited eyes, but have beene gazed on like a Comet: She speaks my Lord, that may be, hath endured a grieve might equall yours, if both were justly wayde, though wayward fortune | did maligne my state, my derivation was from ancestors, | who stood equivolent with mightie Kings, but time hath | rooted out my parentage, and to the world, and augward | casualties, bound me in servitude, [Aside] I will desist, but there is | something glowes upon my cheek, and whispers in mine | eare, go not till he speake. |

*Per.* My fortunes, parentage, good parentage, to equall mine, was it not thus, what say you? 90

*Mari.* I sed my Lord, if you did know my parentage, you would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do thinke so, pray you turne your eyes upon me, | your like something that, what Countrey women heare of | these shewes?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shewes, yet I was mortally brought | forth, and am no other then I appeare. 97

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping: my | dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one my daugh- | ter might have beene: My Queenes square

79-92. new l. at My, 16 ll. ending eyes, speaks, grief, weigh'd, state, ancestors, kings, parentage, casualties, desist, cheek, speak, parentage, you, parentage, violence—MALONE.

85. *augward:* awkward—2-6Q. 3-4F.

94. *your:* You are, and new l. at You—MALONE.

95-6. *shewes .. shewes:* shores .. shores—MALONE.

96-122. new l. at Yet, 28 ll. ending am, appear, weeping, one, brows, straight, like, Juno, hungry, live, deck, bred, which, owe, seem, speak, look'st, palace, thee, relation, look'st, friends, back, camest, did, said'st, injury, mine—MALONE.

browes, her | stature to an inch, as wandlike-straight,  
as silver voyst, | her eyes as Jewell-like, and caste as  
richly, in pace an o- | ther Juno. Who starves the  
eares shee feedes, and makes | them hungrie, the more  
she gives them speech, Where doe | you live?

*Mar.* Where I am but a straunger from the decke,  
you | may discerne the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred? and how atchiev'd you  
these | indowments which you make more rich to owe?

*Mar.* If I should tell my hystorie, it would seeme like  
lies disdaind in the reporting. III

*Per.* Prethee speake, falsnesse cannot come from thee,  
for thou lookest modest as justice, & thou seemest a *Pallas* |  
for the crownd truth to dwell in, I wil belieue thee  
& make | senses credit 'hy relation, to points that seeme  
impossible, | for thou lookest like one I loved indeede:  
what were thy | friends? didst thou not stay when I  
did push thee backe, | which was when I perceiv'd  
thee that thou camst from | good discending. *Mar.*  
So indeed I did. 119

*Per.* Report thy parentage, I think thou saidst thou  
hadst | beene toss'd from wrong to injurie, and that thou  
thoughts | thy griefs might equall mine, if both were  
opened. |

*Mar.* Some such thing I sed, and sed no more, but what  
my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy storie, if thine considered prove the  
thou- | san'd part of my enduraunce, thou art a man,  
and I have | suffered like a girlc, yet thou doest looke  
like patience, | gazing on Kings graves, and smiling ex-

113. *Pallas:* palace—MALONE.

117. *stay:* say—MALONE.

121. *thought'st*: thought'st—3-4F. 123-4. new ll. at I, Did—COLLIER.

125-31. new l. at If, 7 ll. ending *part, I, look, smiling, friends, virgin, me*—MALONE.

tremifie out of | act, what were thy friends? how lost  
thou thy name, | my most kinde Virgin? recount I doe  
beseech thee, Come | sit by mee.

131

*Mar.* My name is *Marina*.

*Per.* Oh I am mockt, and thou by some insenced God  
sent hither to make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

*Per.* Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst howe  
thou | doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

*Mar.* The name was given mee by one that had  
some | power, my father, and a King.

139

*Per.* How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

*Mar.* You sed you would beleeve me, but not to bee a  
troubler of your peace, I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and bloud?  
Have you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?  
Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?  
And wherefore calld *Marina*?

*Mar.* Calld *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

*Plr.* At sea, what mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a King, who  
died | the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Licherida*  
hath | oft delivered weeping.

151

*Per.* O stop there a little, [Aside] this is the rarest  
dreame |

That ere duld sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,

129. *tbou thy:* them? Thy—MALONE.

133-4. new ll. at And, To—MALONE.

135-40. new ll. at Or, Thou, To, Was My, And—STEEVENS.

141-3. new ll. at But, I—MALONE. 145. Motion well, speake:  
(Motion?—3-4F.) Motion! Well; speak—DYCE.

147. new l. at For—MALONE. 148. *Plr.:* misprint 1Q.

149-51. verse; new ll. at Who, As, Delivered—MALONE.

152-60. new l. at This, 9 ll. ending sleep, be, bred, story, you,  
o'er, syllable, leave, bred—MALONE.

153. *duld:* dull—4-6Q. 3-4F.

This cannot be my daughter, buried, well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie, and never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You scorne, beleeve me twere best I'did give ore. |

*Per.* I will beleeve you by the syllable of what you shall | deliver, yet give me leave, how came you in these parts? | where were you bred? 160

*Mar.* The King my father did in *Tharsus* leave me, Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife, Did seeke to murther me: and having wooed a villaine, To attempt it, who having drawne to doo't, A crew of Pirats came and rescued me, Brought me to *Metaline*, But good sir whither wil you have me? why doe you weep? | It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good fayth: I | am the dsughter to King *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be. |

*Hell.* [Per.] Hoe, *Hellicanus*? 170

*Hel.* Calls my Lord.

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble Counsellor, Mostwise in generall, tell me if thou canst, what thismayde is, or what like to bee, that thus hath made mee weepe.

*Hel.* I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She never would tell her parentage, 178  
Being demaunded, that she would sit still and weepe.

154. *be my daughter, buried:* be: My daughter's buried—STEEVENS.

163-4. new l. at A villain, ending do't-MALONE.

166-70. 5 ll. ending sir, be, faith, Pericles, *Hellicanus*—STEEVENS. 168. *imposture:* impostor—4F. 169. *dsughter:* misprint 1Q.

170. given to *Per.*—3-4F. 173-9. new l. at What, 6 ll. ending be, but, *Mytilene*, tell, that, weep—MALONE.

178. *never would:* would never—STEEVENS.

179. comma after demaunded shifted after *that*—3-4F.

*Per.* Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, give mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of joyes rushing upon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortalitie, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither, thou that begetst him that did thee beget, Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*, And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*, Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud As thunder threatens us, this is *Marina*. What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that for truth can never be confirm'd inough, Though doubts did ever sleepe. 190

*Mar.* First sir, I pray what is your title?

*Per.* I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*, but tell mee now my Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you sayd, Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes, And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

*Ma.* Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my mothers name was *Thaisa*, *Thaisa* was my mother, who did | end the minute I began.

*Pe.* Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child. 200 Give me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not | dead at *Tharsus* as shee should have beene by savage *Cleon*, | she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and justifie in | knowledge, she is thy verie Princes, who is this? |

*Hel.* Sir, tis the governor of *Metaline*, who hearing of your melancholie state, did come to see you.

180-3. verse, 5 ll. ending sir, pain, me, mortality, hither—**MALONE**.

192-3. new ll. at **What, My-STEEVENS**.

195-6. 3 ll. ending perfect, like, father—**GLOBE**.

197-9. 4 ll. ending than, *Thaisa*, end, began—**MALONE**.

201-10. 12 ll. ending *Helicanus*, been, all, knowledge, this, *Mytilene*, state, you, beholding, music, him, doubt—**MALONE**.

*Per.* I embrace you, give me my robes.  
 I am wilde in my beholding, O heavens blesse my girle,  
 But harke what Musicke tell, *Hellicanus* my *Marina*,  
 Tell him ore point by point, for yet he seemes to doat.  
 How sure you are my daughter, but what musicke?

*Hel.* My Lord I heare none.

212

*Per.* None, the Musicke of the Spheres, list my *Marina*.

*Lys.* It is not good to crosse him, give him way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds, do ye not heare?

*Lys.* Musicke my Lord? I heare.

[*Music.*]

*Per.* Most heavenly Musicke.

It nips me unto listning, and thicke slumber

Hangs upon mine eyes, let me rest. [Sleeps.]

*Lys.* A Pillow for his head, so leave him all. 220  
 Well my companion friends, if this but answeres to my  
 just | beliefe, Ile well remember you.

[*Exeunt all but Pericles.*]

*Diana* [appears to *Pericles* as in a vision].

*Dia.* My Temple stands in Ephesus,  
 Hie thee thither, and doe upon mine Altar sacrifice,  
 There when my maiden priests are met together before the  
 people all, reveale how thou at sea didst loose thy wife, to  
 mourne thy crosses with thy daughters, call, & give them  
 repetition to the like, or performe my bidding, or thou li-  
 vest in woe: doo't, and happie, by my silver bow, awake  
 and | tell thy dreame. [Disappears.] 231

*Per.* Celestiall *Dian*, Goddesse *Argentine*,

210. *doat*: doubt—MALONE. 213. *None*: separate l.—MALONE.

216. *Musicke*: out and printed as stage direction—DYCE.

220-2. 4 ll. ending *head*, *friends*, *belief*, *you*—STEEVENS.

224-31. 10 ll. ending *thither*, *sacrifice*, *together*, *all*, *wife*,  
*call*, *life*, *woe*, *bow*, *dream*—ROWE.

229. *like*: *life*—MALONE.

I will obey thee *Hellicanus*. [Re-enter *Hellicanus*, *Lysimachus*, and *Marina*.] Hell. Sir. |

*Per.* My purpose was for *Tharsus*, there to stike,  
The inhospitable *Cleon*, but I am for other service first,  
Toward *Ephesus* turne our blowne sayles,  
Eftsoones Ile tell thee why, [To *Lysimachus*] shall we  
refresh us sir upon your | shore, and give you golde for  
such provision as our in- | tents will neede.

*Lys.* Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a shore,  
I have another sleight. 241

*Per.* You shall prevaile were it to woe my daughter,  
for | it seemes you have beene noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arme.

*Per.* Come my *Marina*.

*Exeunt.*

[Scene ii. Enter *Gower* before the temple of *Diana*  
at *Ephesus*.]

*Gower.* Now our sands are almost run,  
More a little, and then dum.  
This my last boone give mee,  
For such kindnesse must relieve mee:  
That you aptly will suppose,  
What pageantry, what feats, what showes,  
What minstrelsie, and prettie din,  
The Regent made in *Metalin*.  
To greet the King, so he thrived,  
That he is promisde to be wived  
To faire *Marina*, but in no wise,

10

233. point after thee, exclamation after *Hellicanus*-3-4F. Hell.  
*Sir:* separate l.-2-4F.

235-44. 10 ll. ending am, *Ephesus*, why, shore, provision,  
sir, ashore, prevail, seems, arm-MALONE.

241. sleight: suit-MALONE.

Till he had done his sacrifice.  
 As *Dian* bad whereto being bound,  
 The *Interim* pray, you all confound.  
 In fetherd briefenes sayles are fild,  
 And wishes fall out as they'r wild,  
 At *Ephesus* the Temple see,  
 Our King and all his companie.  
 That he can hither come so soone,  
 Is by your fancies thankfull doome.

20

[Scene iii. *The temple of Diana at Ephesus; Thaisa standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter Pericles with his train; Lysimachus, Helicanus, Marina, and a Lady.]*

*Per.* Haile *Dian*, to performe thy just commaund,  
 I here confesse my selfe the King of *Tyre*,  
 Who frighted from my countrey did wed at *Pentapolis*,  
 the faire *Thaisa*, at Sea in childbed died she, but  
 brought forth a Mayd child calld *Marina*, whom O  
 Goddesse wears yet thy silver liverey, shee at *Tharsus* was nurst with *Cleon*, who at fourteene yeares he  
 sought to murder, but her better stars brought her to  
*Meteline*, gaist whose shore ryding, her Fortunes  
 brought the mayde aboorde us, where by her owne  
 most cleere remembrance, shee made knowne her  
 selfe my Daughter.

II

13. *bad:* bade—Rowe.20. *fancies:* fancy's—Rowe.3-7. 7 ll. ending *wed*, *Thaisa*, *forth*, *goddess*, *Tarsus*, *years*, *stars*—Rowe.8. new ll. at *Brought*, *Riding*—MALONE.9-II. new ll. at *Where*, *Made*, ending *daughter*—Rowe.

*Tb.* Voyce and favour, you are, you are, O royll  
*Pericles.* [Faints.]

*Per.* What meanes the mum? shee die's, helpe Gentlemen.

*Ceri.* Noble Sir, if you have tolde *Dianaes* Altar true, this is your wife?

*Per.* Reverent appearer no, I threwe her over-boord with these verie armes.

*Ce.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

20

*Pe.* T'is most certaine.

*Cer.* Looke to the Ladie, O shee's but over-joyde, Earlie in blustering morne this Ladie was throwne upon this shore.

I op't the coffin, found there rich Jewells, recovered her, and plac'ste her heere in *Dianaes* temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great Sir, they shalbe brought you to my house, whither I invite you, looke *Thaisa* is recovered. 29

*Tb.* O let me looke if hee be none of mine, my sancttie will to my sense bende no licentious eare, but curbe it spight of seeing: O my Lord are you not *Pericles*? like him you speake, like him you are, did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?

*Per.* The voyce of dead *Thaisa*.

*Tb.* That *Thaisa* am I, supposed dead and drownd.

*Per.* I mortall *Dian*.

*Tb.* Now I knowe you better, when wee with teares

14. *mum:* nun (woman-3-4F.)-2COLLIER.

16-19. 4 ll. ending sir, true, no, arms-MALONE.

18. *reverent:* reverend-3-4F.

23-36. new l. at Thrown, 13 ll. ending coffin, her, them, house, is, look, sanctity, ear, lord, speake, tempest, *Thaisa*, dead-MALONE.

37. *I mortall:* Immortal-4-6Q. 3-4F.

parted *Pentapolis*, the king my father gave you such a ring. [Shows a ring.] | 39

*Per.* This, this, no more, you gods, your present kindenes makes my past miseries sports, you shall doe well that | on the touching of her lips I may melt, and no more be | seene, O come, be buried a second time within these armes. |

*Ma.* My heart leaps to be gone into my mothers bosome. [Kneels to *Thaisa*.]

*Per.* Looke who kneeles here, flesh of thy flesh *Thaisa*, thy burden at the Sea, and call'd *Marina*, for she was yeel- | ded there.

*Tb.* Blest, and mine owne.

*Hell.* Hayle Madame, and my Queene.

50

*Tb.* I know you not.

[*Per.*] *Hell.* You have heard mee, say when I did flie from | *Tyre*, I left behind an ancient substitute, can you remem- | ber what I call'd the man, I have nam'de him oft. |

*Tb.* T'was *Hellicanus* then.

*Per.* Still confirmation, imbrace him deere *Thaisa*, this is hee, now doe I long to heare how you were found? how | possiblie preserved? and who to thanke (besides the gods) | for this great miracle?

59

*Tb.* Lord *Cerimon*, my Lord, this man through whom the Gods have shouyne their power, that can from first to last resolve you.

38-9. new l. at When, 2 ll. ending *Pentapolis*, ring—Rowe.

40. *This, this, .. gods:* This, this; no more, you gods!—MALONE.

41-5. new l. at Makes, 5 ll. ending well, may, buried, heart, bosom—MALONE. 47-9. 2 ll. ending *Marina*, own—Rowe.

52. [*Per.*]—3-4F.

53-9. new l. at I, 8 ll. ending substitute, man, then, confirmation, he, found, thank, miracle—Rowe.

60-6. 6 ll. ending man, can, sir, officer, deliver, lord—STEEVENS.

*Per.* Reverent Syr, the gods can have no mortall officer more like a god then you, will you deliver how this dead Queene relives?

*Cer.* I will my Lord, beseech you first, goe with mee to my house, where shall be showne you all was found with | her. How shee came plac'ste heere in the Temple, no | needfull thing omitted. 69

*Per.* Pure *Dian* blesse thee for thy vision, and will offer | night oblations to thee *T'haisa*, this Prince, the faire betro- | thed of your daughter, shall marrie her at *Pentapolis*, and | now this ornament makes mee looke dismall, will I clip to | forme, and what this fourteene yeeres no razer touch't, to | grace thy marridge-day, Ile beautifie. |

*Th.* Lord *Cerimon* hath letters of good credit. Sir, my father's dead.

*Per.* Heavens make a Starre of him, yet there my Queene, wee'le celebrate their Nuptialls, and our selves will in that kingdome spend our following daies, our sonne and daughter shall in *Tyrus* raigne. 81

Lord Cerimon wee doe our longing stay,  
To heare the rest untolde, Sir lead's the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

65. *relives:* re-lives—Rowe.

66-9. new l. at Beseech,  
4 ll. ending house, her, temple, mitted—Rowe.

69. *needfull:* misprint 1Q.

70. *and will:* I will—3-4F.  
70-5. 8 ll. ending vision! I, Thaisa, daughter, now, ornament, form, touch'd, beautify—Dyce.

77. verse; new l. at My—Dyce.

78-81. verse, 4 ll. ending queen, ourselves, days, reign—Rowe.

FINIS.

[Enter] *Gower.*

[*Gow.*] In *Antiochus* and his daughter you have heard  
Of monstrous lust, the due and just reward:  
In *Pericles* his Queene and Daughter seene,  
Although assayl'de with *Fortune* fierce and keene.

Vertue preferd from fell destructions blast,  
Lead on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.  
In *Helycanus* may you well descrie,  
A figure of trueth, of faith, of loyaltie:  
In reverend *Cerimon* there well appeares,      10  
The worth that learned charitie aye weares.

For wicked *Cleon* and his wife, when Fame  
Had spred his cursed deede, the honor'd name  
Of *Pericles*, to rage the Cittie turne,  
That him and his they in his Pallace burne:  
The gods for murder seemde so content,  
To punish, although not done, but meant.  
So on your Patience evermore attending,  
New joy wayte on you, heere our play has ending.

6. *preferd*: preserved—MALONE.

13. *bis*: their—6Q. *the*: and—3-4F.

17. *punish, although*: punish them; although—MALONE.

FINIS.









